GANG WARS *in* BOXING

25 CENTS

JUNE

The RING

PEDRO MONTANEZ
PUERTO RICAN
LIGHTWEIGHT SENSATION

The Ring Book Shop

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ARCADE, 8th Avenue between 49th and 50th Streets

Books for the Boxer, Trainer, Promoter, Second, Boxing, Wrestling and Jiu Jitsu Fan.

BIOGRAPHY, FICTION, HISTORY

From Milo to Londos. The story of wrestling from 2000 B.C. to 1936. By Nat Fleischer. Price, $3.25. De Luxe Edition, limited to 1000 copies.

Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana—The story of the greatest fighter of recent years. Revised Edition to 1936.—By Nat Fleischer. Price $1.25

"Relief to Royalty." The story of the career of Jimmy Braddock. By "LUD."—Price $1.25.

"Everything Happened to Him." The story of Tex Rickard's life as told by Mrs. Rickard. A true and humane story of the greatest sports promoter of all time. Price.....$2.50

"The Bruiser." The greatest story on a fighting man's career ever written by this famed author. Realistic. His fighting talk holds you spellbound.—By Jim Tully.—Price $2.00

Sins of New York. While they last. Only a few copies left. Famous pictures from o'd Police Gazette and stories of the Bare-Knuckle Days. By Ed Van Every — Our Special Price $4.00

Sins of America—By Ed Van Every. With many old time Police Gazette pictures—Our Special Price—Only a few left $4.00
The two for $7.00

The Solid Man of Sport—The Life of William Muldoon.—By Ed Van Every. Regular Price $3.00. Our price $2.00

Joe Louis, Man and Superman. By Ed Van Every. (Highly recommended.) Price $1.00

Joe Louis, The Brown Bomber. By Gene Kessler. Price.....35 cents

The Roar of the Crowd. By James J. Corbett $1.25

"Wise Guy." By Marcus Griffin. Regular price $2.00. Our price $1.00

"Fighting For Fun." By Eddie Eagan—A splendid fight story. Price $2.50. Our Special price $1.50

"Champions off Guard."—The thrilling story of ring champions. By William O. Inglis. Price $3.00. Our Special price.....$1.50

Gene Tunney, The Enigma of the Prize Ring—by Nat Fleischer. Cloth bound, many photographs. Price.....75 cents

Ten and Out—(A History of Boxing)—By Alexander Johnston. Regular $3.50—Our price, $2.50.

Young Griffo, The Will-o'-the-Wisp of The Squared Circle—By Nat Fleischer ....25 cents

"Ruby Robert," The Life of Bob Fitzsimmons. By Bob Davis. Regular Price $1.50. Our Special Price $1.00

In And Out The Ring (Life of Jack Johnson). By Jack Johnson. Regular Price $2.00. Our Special Price.....$1.00

Black Prince Peter, the life of the great Peter Jackson. By A. G. Hales. Price.....$1.50

Bohun Lynch's Prize Ring—De Luxe, Limited Edition. Each numbered. Regular Price $30.00. Our price $7.00 and 50 cents for postage.

MISCELLANEOUS BOXING BOOKS

Bound Volumes of the Ring—1926—Price $12.00. 1928-1929—Price Each $10.00. 1930-1931—Price Each $9.00. 1932-1933-1934—Price Each $9.00. 1935—Price $8.00. 1936—Price $7.00. No other years available.

The Post Record Book for 1937—By John J. Romano. Price 35 cents and 40 cents by mail.

The Everlast Record Book for 1937—By Eddie Borden. Price 35 cents and 40 cents by mail.

BOOKS ON WRESTLING

From Milo to Londos—(The story of wrestling through the ages—from 2000 B.C. to 1936.) Limited, autographed Edition—Price $3.25. By Nat Fleischer.

Revised—New Second Edition—Modern Wrestling, Its Methods and Its Holds. By Jack Curly and Nat Fleischer. With special chapters on "Training Hints by George Bothner" and Frank Gotch's Famous Holds illustrated and Explained. Price.....$1.00

Complete Science of Wrestling. By George Hackenschmidt. 70 full-page illustration. $1.65

Scientific Wrestling. By George Bothner. Price .....50 cents

Wrestling. By Frank Gotch. Price.....50 cents

Text Book of Wrestling. By Ernest Gruhn. Price $1.00

The Text Book of Jiu Jitsu, as practiced in Japan. By S. K. Uyenishi .....Price $1.75

Jiu Jitsu and other methods of self-defense. By Percy Longhurst.....Price 75 cents

The Science of Wrestling and Art of Jiu Jitsu. By Earle Liederman. Price $2.00, and 15 cents for postage.

BOOKS ON BODY BUILDING

The Way to Live in Health and Physical Fitness—By George Hackenschmidt.....$1.15

Thomas Inch's Book on Strength with special Chapters on Weight Lifting.....Price $1.40

Muscle Control. By Maxick. Price.....$1.50

Feats of Strength. By Sid Harmer $1.00

"Muscle Building." By Earle Liederman. Price $2.00, plus 15 cents for postage.

Simple Strength Tests.....75 cents

Endurance. By Earle Liederman. Regular Price, $2.00. Our Price.....$1.25

Secrets of Strength. By Earle Liederman. Regular Price, $3.00. Our Price.....$2.00

Super Physique, Body Building Bar-bell Course. By Siegmund Klein. Highly illustrated....$1.00

Maxick's Muscle Control. Price.....$1.50

Weight Lifting. By W. A. Pullum.....$1.50

BOXING BOOKS

Scientific Blocking and Hitting and Other Methods of Defense. By Nat Fleischer. Price $1.00

How to Second and How to Manage a Boxer. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$1.00

Training for Boxers—With a Foreword by Jack Dempsey. By Nat Fleischer. Price...$1.00

How to Box—With a Foreword by James J. Corbett. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$1.00

Favorite Ring Tricks. By Freddy Welsh, Bombardier Wells and Jem Driscoll $1.00

Ring Strategy and Tactics.....$1.00

Scientific Boxing. By Tommy Burns $1.00

Boxing Through the Slow Motion Film. By Georges Carpentier. Price $1.15

The Straight Left and How to Cultivate It. By Jem Driscoll. Price $1.00

Modern Boxing. A Guide to Present-Day Methods. By Bombardier Billy Wells $1.00

Hitting and Stopping. By Jimmy Wilde. Price $1.00

The Art of In-Fighting. By Frank Klaus. Price $1.00

Text Book of Boxing. By Jem Driscoll....$1.40

Out-Fighting. By Jem Driscoll.....$1.00

Ringcraft. By Jem Driscoll.....$1.00

Prof. Attila's 5-pound Dumb-Bell Exercises. Price .....15 cents

My Methods. By Georges Carpentier.....$1.15

How to Referee and How to Judge a Fight. By Nat Fleischer $1.00

The Technique on How to Become Scientific in the Art of Self-Defense. By Eddie Toy. Price 75 cents.

No Books Sent C.O.D.
Don't send cash. Send money order.

The Three Greatest Books on Boxing Ever Published

Endorsed by the greatest critics of boxing, the stars of the roped square, men who know all there is to be known about boxing, training and seconding.

The New "TRAINING FOR BOXERS"

With a foreword by the greatest of modern fighters, Jack Dempsey

Containing the following chapters not in the old training book: 1—Your body and how to care for it. 2—Muscle tensing. 3—How to Gain Weight. 4—What a Trainer should know. 5—Sound advice to the beginner. 6—What a boxer should do on the day of a fight. What he should eat before a fight. 7—How to strengthen the skin of the hands and face. 8—How to overcome heart stitches, pains in the groin. 9—How to build up endurance. 10—How to make mixtures for rub downs. All for only $1.00.

"HOW TO BOX"

(With a Foreword by James J. Corbett)

A book that not only tells you how to learn this great sport, but gives a reason for everything you are asked to do, with heaps of photographs.

In addition, a special section with fourteen full-page photographs by Benny Leonard on his "Lessons on Boxing," and specially posed pictures by James J. Corbett. Price $1.00.

There are many books on the market on boxing and training, but not one that compares to the masterpieces on the sport published and written by* THE RING *publisher, Nat Fleischer.

PLEASE USE THIS COUPON:

The Ring Book Shop, Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York, N.Y.

Enclosed please find { $3 / $1 } Money Order for for which send me Nat Fleischer's

"How to Second and How to Manage a Boxer"
"How to Box" "Training for Boxers"

Please mark books desired.
No books sent C.O.D.

Name .....
(Print)
Street Number .....
City ..... State.....

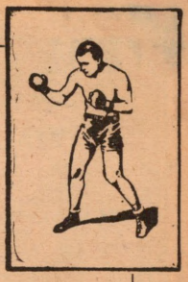
REVISED EDITION

"How to Second a Boxer and How to Manage a Boxer"

(The American Way) with a foreword by William A. Brady, is making a hit with fight managers and promoters and boxers. Every manager and second should have a copy and study its contents.

Nothing like it ever published. Contains heaps of valuable information for boxer, trainer and second. The chapter devoted to the medical end, the first-aid department of a second's job, is worth ten times the cost of this book. Only $1.00 for a book that teaches you all a handler of a boxer, amateur or professional, need know. Also all a fight manager should know.

The RING



World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

(Trade Mark Registered in U. S. Patent Office) (Copyright, The Ring, Inc., 1937—All Rights Reserved)

Vol. XVI **JUNE, 1937** **No. 5**

Published Monthly by The Ring, Inc.

Cable Address—"NATRING"—New York

CONTENTS

WAKE UP AMERICANS!	Hype Igoe	2
THE RING'S ALBUM OF FAMOUS FIGHTERS (Bob Pastor—No. 20)		5
WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S WHAT	T. W. McNiel	6
GANG WARS AND POLITICS OF THE PRIZE RING	George T. Pardy	8
COMING UP IN THE FISTIC WORLD (Photos)		11
NAT FLEISCHER SAYS (Editorial Comment)		12
THE MONTANEZ-AMBERS FIGHT IN PICTURES		13
HEADLINERS FROM ALL SECTORS (Photos)		15
NEW JERSEY'S NEW TITLE CONTENDERS	Ted Carroll	16
THE HEAVYWEIGHT WHIRLPOOL	Hype Igoe	18
THE RING'S GLOBE TROTTER	Daniel M. Daniel	20
DEMPSEY NEVER WORE ONE	Bob Edgren	22
MEMORABLE MIDDLEWEIGHT MILLS	George T. Tickell	24
BOXING BOOKS	Bill Doherty	27
NEW FACES	Meyer Ackerman	28
TERRY McGOVERN, PRIDE OF HUMPHREYS, AS FIGHTER ACTOR	Joe Humphreys	30
COLLEGE CHAMPIONS	Gerald P. McCracken	32
THE BLOND HERCULES	Bernice Sandboe	33
WRESTLING ABROAD	Jack Curley	34
OLD AND NEW FAVORITES	Al Mayer	36
GETTING ACQUAINTED	Nat Frank	38
NEWS OF THE MAT WORLD	Emery Clarke	40
LETTERS FROM OUR READERS		42
IN OUR QUESTION BOX		49

IN RINGS AROUND THE WORLD

A CORNER IN THE FISTIC MARKET	Eddie Borden	50
IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER, HOLYOKE NEWS, BOXING IN CUBA		51
BROADCASTS FROM NEW YORK	Eddie Borden	52
IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA, BOXING IN JAMAICA, IN THE NORTHWEST		53
NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM GREATER BOSTON		54
MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, PITTSBURGH AND ROCHESTER BOXING NOTES		55
TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN	John S. Sharpe	56
SOUTH AFRICA, CANADIAN TOPICS; ONTARIO, CANADA; NORTHERN CANADA		57
NEWS FROM TEXAS AND SOUTHERN OHIO JABS		58
IN AND NEAR CHICAGO, IN THE COAL FIELDS, UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES, KANSAS AND VICINITY		59
IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO, ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS		60
MAINE, CONNECTICUT AND SYRACUSE NOTES		61
IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTHERN DAKOTA SPARKS AND LOUISIANA NEWS		62
BUFFALO AND CLEVELAND		63
IN HAWAII, PHILIPPINES AND LIMA, PERU		64

In Our Next Issue

Fistic fans are all agog over the latest developments in the heavyweight situation. Who's who and what's what in the fistic whirlpool. Let The Ring keep you abreast of the times. You'll get the kind of information that your newspaper is unable to give you, in the July issue.

Joe Louis has awakened the Negro race. He has instilled new life into the colored boys. Some of the outstanding fighters in each division are Negro boys. The "Fighting Sons of Ham" is a story which you'll enjoy.

Down in Australia, one of the few veterans of the roped square who made ring history, is still active as a writer. His stories are awaited with eagerness the world over because he knows the game from A to Z and a participant in the days when ring romance was at its height, Bill Doherty, three score and ten years old, has a splendid contribution in "Hearts and Frames", the story of the tough battlers of the old brigade.

These in addition to the continuation of the series on "Gang Wars, Politics and Fisticuffs", Daniel M. Daniel's Globe Trotter, Hype Igoe's latest pugilistic dope, Nat Fleischer's Editorials and heaps of photographs, past and present, to make it worth your time to read and digest The July Issue of The Ring.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of The Ring guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

The entire contents and photographs of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be used without permission.

Our readers are earnestly requested to forward changes of address at least 30 days before publication of next issue. The price of this magazine in Europe is 30 cents. All subscriptions should be mailed to The Ring, Madison Square Garden Arcade, 8th Avenue and 49th Street, New York, N. Y.

The Ring, Inc., 29 Worthington Street, Springfield, Mass.
Subscription, Editorial and Executive Offices—Madison Square Garden Arcade, 8th Avenue and 49th Street, New York City—Telephone Circle 7-3845
Send subscriptions to The Ring, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

Sole British Distributors of The Ring Magazine, Atlas Pub. and Distributing Co. Ltd., 18, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, London, E. C. 4, England.

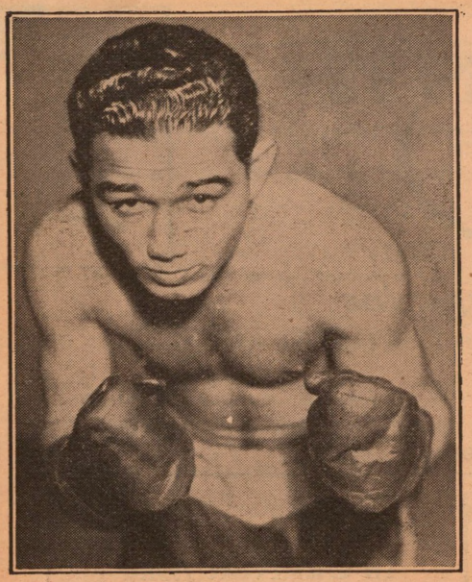
Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor.
A. D. Phillips, Secretary. Advertising Manager, D. P. Riker, Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York City.

Price—25 cents per copy in United States and Canada. Subscription Price—$2.50 per year in United States and possessions; Canada, Cuba, Panama and Mexico, $3.25, and all other countries $4.00 in U. S. currency.

Entered as second-class matter January 17, 1933, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Phelps Publishing Co., Springfield, Mass.

WAKE UP



Sixto Escobar of Puerto Rico, holder of the world bantamweight title.

JACK BRITTON, former welterweight champion of the world, was standing by my side in the Pioneer Gymnasium. Britton, though he has been in retirement for several years, still visits the gymnasiums and exercises for health's sake, if nothing else. We were watching nearly a hundred boys go through their drilling for bouts to come. Not all of them were professionals.

Many of the boys were amateurs; the professionals, nine out of ten of them, were NOT AMERICANS! By that I mean boys born in the United States.

Everywhere I peered, there were groups of Italians, Cubans, Puerto Ricans, lads from Panama, South America, Spain, England, Ireland, Philippines and Canada.

This astonishing situation, and its possible influence on the future of boxing in this country, struck me like a sock on the chin.

"They surprise you, these invaders, do they?" asked Britton, when I mentioned it in a tone perhaps all too serious. "Well, it doesn't astonish me, Hype. I've been watching our own great fighters come and go for a great many years. They're lazy.

"I'll go a little further. It may be something more serious than the desire to train. I might go a little stronger and say that it is swell headedness.

"Once they win a title, the hats which originally slipped down around their ears won't serve them as a demi-tasse. They know it all. You can't tell them a thing."

Just then our attention was attracted to a little world's champion who came rushing into the gymnasium. He had been matched to defend his title a week hence. He came a-running. He was late!

"There's your answer. There's your answer to the foreign invasion and their startling success, Hype," said Britton.

"This fellow who is hurrying into his training clothes isn't hurrying because he is feverish about getting at his chores. Really, he is rushing because he's probably anxious to rejoin whom he left at a table in some afternoon highball hangout. There's dancing to be continued, and a little thing like getting into proper shape to defend his world's championship must not interfere with the painted wrens' pleasure.

* * *

"OH, that's important, Hype. A modern ring champion must keep up his social standing. Never let it be said that he missed a waltz or a gin fizz.

"Now you have part of the answer. These foreigners train. They love their work and are ambitious. They don't forget work or ambition on the way up, or after they have attained ring success.

"The boy we just saw galloping here won't be fit. He used to be when he was an amateur and when he joined the professionals for a career. Success came. A title! Money! Applause! Back-slapping! Autographs—and then—mash notes.

"He became afraid of the wear and tear of gymnasiums and the ring. Suppose he should get a bashed beezer or a hateful cauliflower ear? What excuse could he give the Jenny Wrens in the night clubs?

"They'd drop him like a hot potato! That must not be!

"After awhile, he actually hated his title! It blocked social advancement as it is doled out in the 'hot spots.' He trained only for appearance sake.

"They said he did his hardest work on the road in the morning and that this afternoon gymnasium stuff was only to limber up legs and arms which had been overworked as the sun came creeping up out of the East!

"Roadwork my eye!

"I'll wager that he hasn't been on the road in a week and if he did go out, he went around a bend in the park and spent his terrific leg drill sitting on a bench! Oh, it's been done by other foolish champions before, Hype."

"You're right about that roadwork, Jack," I replied. "I met a certain little champion in this same gymnasium the other day. He, too, was making ready for a fight. He had finished his chores on the floor and was standing in the rear of the gymnasium watching an 'invader' doing floor exercise which had his young body in a sea of perspiration.

"I, too, watched the young fellow drilling as if his soul were at stake. In a spirit of fun, I asked the young title-holder, 'Did you go on the road this morning?'

" 'Why, certainly, Hype.'

" 'How far did you travel?'

" 'Oh, about a mile and a half—mebbe two miles.'

" 'Two miles?' I said with a feeling that I would have relished turning him over my knee and spanking him.

" 'Two miles, you say? Listen, you young squirt. I'll be sixty years old in June. I did EIGHT miles this morning myself, four miles out and four miles back.' "

Jack Britton, who was listening, looked at me with a look of doubt. He confessed it when he said:

"You don't mean to tell me, Hype, that you did eight miles this morning!"

"Yes, eight miles this morning, Jack, and every morning of my life, sun, rain, sleet or snow.

"I'm in better condition than you are right now. I'll bet on my legs and wind against yours if you want to join me on the road tomorrow."

Jack didn't accept. After he had begun to believe me, he didn't dare. He knew I'd win my bet.

* * *

THEN Britton talked on about condition:

"This is the usual routine of our own fighters when they get to the top.

"After a hard fight, he disappears from the gymnasium until a week before his next fight. Maybe two weeks. The important thing, the fatal thing, is he doesn't come back a day or two after a hard fight.

"This is absolutely important, whether he is cut up or not. At least, he can get up a sweat! Those muscles are sore and over-taxed. They've got to be limbered up or they'll stiffen up and remain so.

"What is the result? He gets slow without knowing why. Co-ordination of hands, feet and mind desert him and he doesn't last as a champion.

"You can't swell up and loaf around after a hard fight. Why do I last nearly twenty-five years as a boxer? In all but four of five of which I was a top-notcher. It was because I wasn't afraid of a gymnasium. I never entered a ring fearing that my legs or my wind would not last.

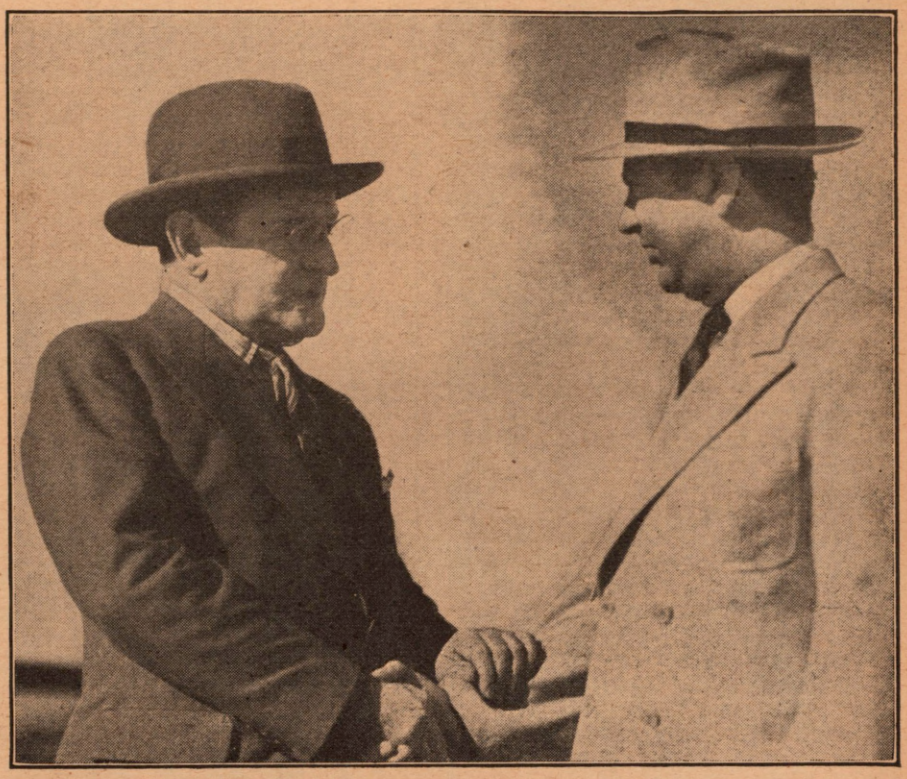
"I knew I'd be as perfect, if not better than my opponent in this respect because no man ever was more faithful in training. I never was more than two or three pounds above my normal fighting weight.

"I didn't race into a gymnasium and try to take off a 'slop stomach' in eight or ten days. I was always ready to begin serious

AMERICANS!

While Our Boys Are Asleep at the Switch, Fighters From Foreign Lands and Talent From U. S. Possessions Are Taking the Helm of Fisticuffs

By HYPE IGOE



Eliseo Combas Guerra (right), boxing scribe from the "El Mundo" of San Juan, Puerto Rico, greeting Hype Igoe on his arrival on the Isle of Enchantment to judge the Escobar-Salica fight.

training by being fit before I started. That's why I lasted so long. That's why champions of today fly in one window and out the other, and you never hear of them again. That's why you see, on this floor right now, ninety foreigners working, while ten of ours are doing their drilling.

"It's the reason the fellows from other countries are reaching for all our titles. It's the reason that a lot of them are going away from here."

There is no question about the soundness of Britton's warning. Condition, the desire to train, the ambition to win ring glory and hold on to it through hard work—that's the answer.

I noticed one little fellow, Indian Quintana, going through his drill.

They told me that never a day goes by but he is on the floor. It doesn't make any difference whether there is a fight on or not, he works faithfully just the same.

He doesn't bear right down to give his all, but he works just the same. He is ready to step into the ring at a moment's notice—and fit!

There is another lesson here. I've noticed that when there is a substitution among the little fellows, a foreigner is asked to fill in. Why? Because you can't find one of them who isn't in first class condition, so much so that they usually make good by winning the fight.

* * *

SIXTO ESCOBAR, proud little bantamweight champion of the world, is a prodigious worker. Long before he became champion, and when he was training for fights which eventually made him a world's title-holder, I used to meet him on the road at Pompton Lakes. I ran along the railroad.

There was a fine stretch of cinder path beside the rails, yet I couldn't induce Escobar to desert the little dirt road which ran beside the tracks.

He was methodical. He probably thought the road lucky. On the other hand, Jack Sharkey used to hit the asphalt roads when he trained there. Roads for fellows. They all have their likes and dislikes.

Escobar didn't leave his room at night. You seldom saw him in the day. He'd stretch out and tune in Puerto Rico.

He had a short wave radio and he could fish those Puerto Rican programs out of the air with uncanny accuracy.

I slept in a room close to his when Joe Louis was training there and was always fascinated by the Puerto Rican tunes which came over the air, the tapping of those sticks, the weird rhythm of the maracas, gourds with a sprinkle of rice inside and fashioned on the end of sticks.

Recently, on a visit to Puerto Rico to act as judge with the editor of this paper in the Escobar and Salica championship bout, I was presented with a pair of maracas by Tony Sanchez, the drummer in the band at the Escombron Beach Club in San Juan, and they are on the table beside me as I write the lines in pleasant memory of a visit to a country which is in a boxing delirium.

The success of Escobar in winning a world's title and of Pedro Montanez's steady advance on the light and perhaps welterweight championship of the world, has set our beautiful Island Possession by the ears.

If Sixto Escobar and Pedro Montanez have done so magnificently, what will the future bring? Every boy of boxing age in that Island wants to come to the "States." Sixto and Pedro are the pathfinders, and how they'll come!

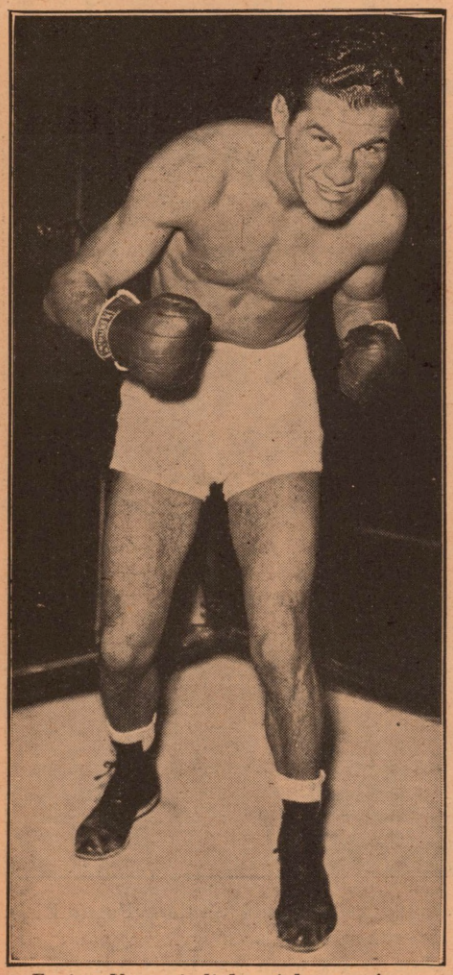
* * *

THE roster of invaders right now is enough to appall the average United States fighting man. Every division is being swarmed over. Our country's fighters stand with their backs to the wall. They'll have to be champions in every class to offset the deluge.

Primo Carnera started all of it. He came, huge, lumbering, inarticulate, but he made good after a weird career. He became the champion of the world. Then Joe Louis, the Brown Panther, came along to clean up the heavyweight division. He seemed like the unbeatable king to come until he ran into methodical Max Schmeling.

Jim Braddock settled Max Baer's hash and we were entrenched in that division for awhile at least.

The heavyweight division has not been seriously menaced by invasion. Seldom do real good big 'uns come our way.



Enrico Venturi, lightweight star from sunny Italy.

Right now, Arturo Godoy, Maurice Strickland, Gunnar Barlund, Jorges Brescia, André Lenglet and Italio Caronelli, Cuban Louie and Izzy Gastanaga are the threats.

Joe Louis can whip any one of the lot. They'd never reach Braddock or his title while Brown Joe was around.

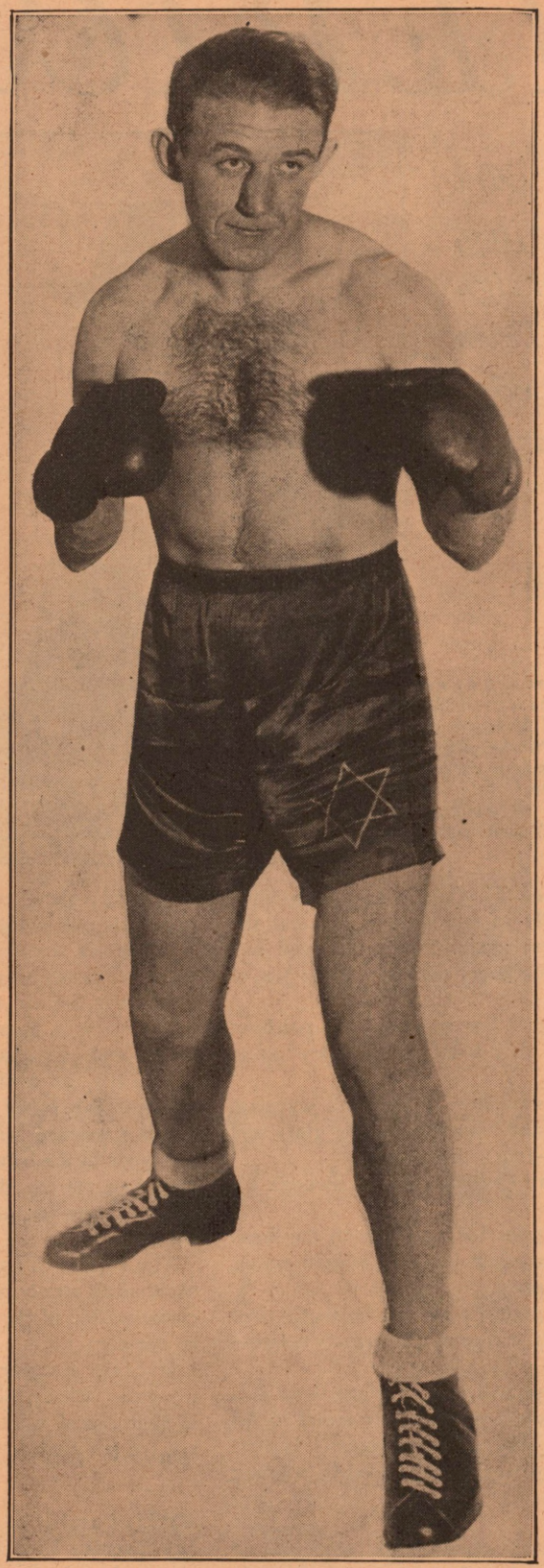
From Italy, there is Vittorio Tamagnini, lightweight champion of Europe, who never has lost a fight in this country. There are the brothers, Vittorio Venturi, the welter, and Enrico Venturi, the great lightweight, and Mano Caroselli.

Eddie McGuire, an Irishman from South Africa, is also here. Not a bad fighter. Kid Chocolate, the sleek boy from Havana, who started the parade from Cuba, is back on a new lease on life. "Havana Kid" is a new sensation.

Maurice Strickland, who held Arturo Godoy to a draw in his first New York appearance, is a slick, tricky performer. He has a "rolling" head and it will take a real sharpshooter like Joe Louis to bring him down.

Eddie Pierce, in the same stable, is a South African middleweight. Two more great Italian fighters are Aldo Spoldi, a lightweight, and Cleto Locatelli, a welter. Then there is Edwardo Primo, a heavyweight, and Baltasar Sangchili of Spain, who came here claiming the bantamweight championship of the world, he having beaten Al Brown, the elongated champion from Panama.

Sangchili was on the road to a victory over unfortunate Tony Marino when he collapsed from a nerve ailment. Marino afterwards died following a bout.



Erich Seelig of Germany, an outstanding middleweight.

The bantamweight division is threatened with the coming of Aurel Toma, champion of Europe.

Puerto Rico has sent also, Attilio Sabattino, a middleweight, and Fogonarol, a welter.

From Germany have come Erich Seelig and Walter Neusel, though he is doing most of his fighting in England just now.

Small Montana, from Hawaii, went to England with our flyweight championship and lost it to Benny Lynch.

Indian Hurtado, lightweight, who at this writing has lost but one bout in his career, is the menace from Panama.

Ceferino Garcia, a Filipino, is a dangerous welter contender. There is Joe Mendiola from the Philippines, also.

From Canada have come Frank Battaglia, Eddie Carroll, Orvil Droulliard, Oliver Shank, Tommy Bland and Al McCoy, covering all divisions.

There is Gaston Le Cadre of France, a welter. There are Baby Cazanova, Star Frisco, Baby Arizmendi, Juan Zurita, Varias Milling and Young Dempsey from the Philippines, and Christobal Jaramillo from Puerto Rico, a bantam.

* * *

IF that isn't invasion, what is it? Let them come. The more the merrier. If it doesn't wake our own fighters up, then nothing will. If they can spend time, energy and most of their winnings TRYING to reach the top, they must succeed.

That's what they're doing. That's why they've come here to make fame and fortune. That's why our own boxers are standing on the curb, watching the parade go by.

Another thing. Splendid trainers like Doc Bagerly, Coogan, Harry Garsh, Billy Madden, Doc Kearns, Harry Foley, Harry McGuinness, Billy Delaney, Spider Kelly, Tim McGrath, Jack Dougherty, Charley Mayhood, Doc Jeffrey and Harry Tuthill are either dead or have gone back to work.

This is true of the first three mentioned. There are so few prospects around that these fellows gave up the ghost. They developed as well as trained.

Those who come here from other lands are connected. There is no place for the good trainer-manager. The invasion has done it.

The great cavalcade to ring fame passes before our eyes but boys, capable boys, of the United States are not among the marchers. Wake up, American boxers. The game which was yours has slipped through your fingers and you don't seem to realize it. Awaken, I say—AWAKEN!!

The RING'S Album of Famous Fighters

No. 20

Bob Pastor, former New York University football star and aspirant for world heavyweight honors. Twenty-two years old, weighs 185 pounds, stands 5 feet 11½ inches. Has lost only one fight since becoming a pro, to Steve Dudas, whom he later beat. Has engaged in more than one hundred fights as amateur and pro. Managed by Jimmy Johnston, Jr., son of matchmaker of the Garden. Won eleven bouts in 1936 and scored six kayoes. Knocked out Ray Impellitiere in seven rounds and lost to Joe Louis in ten. Was born in New York. Has plenty of courage, as he showed in bout with Louis. Has a big following. Will figure prominently in New York's summer attractions.

WHO'S WHO *and*

Max Schmeling, German heavyweight, who is fighting tooth and nail to get Braddock into the ring with him.

WITH the plans for the next heavyweight championship in a turmoil of uncertainty, and everybody connected with it running around in circles, little wonder, then, that patient old John Public is getting fed-up with the championship talk. The thing has boiled down to the point where it has become the worst mess the heavyweight division has bogged down in in a great many years. It's a strange and comical situation, mates; yes, indeed. "Who's Looney Now?" would be a good title for the mess.

Here is Jim Braddock, champion now for nearly two years, and he hasn't realized a dime out of the crown that was once worth millions to the holder.

Here is Joe Louis, the dusky gem, the biggest box-office attraction since the palmy days of Jack Dempsey, willing, ready, even anxious to fight any bloke in the business, regardless of race, color or creed.

And here is Max Schmeling, by virtue of a victory over Louis, the legitimate challenger, but unfortunately, because of racial hatred and international politics, he is being given the cold shoulder.

Braddock, who doesn't care two hoots in Hades about the old "color line," wants to fight Louis. He figures he can lick the "Brown Bomber," in spite of the fact that precious few others think so. But licking or no licking, Jersey Jim knows he'll get well paid for his efforts in a brawl with the sepia-tinted "Bomber" —more than he figures he can get from a Schmeling fight.

Joe Louis, Brown Bomber, who may be the next world heavyweight king.

WHAT'S WHAT

By
T. W. MCNIEL

SCHMELING, despite the fact that he is the legitimate challenger, refuses to listen to "reason," as expressed by Braddock. He insists on his rights as he sees them. He has worked his way to the top flight and he sees no reason why he should be shoved aside to make room for the man who was knocked out by him—Joe Louis—and there are thousands of fight fans the world over who feel as does Max about the situation.

He demands that he get the first crack at Braddock and is willing to give Louis a return engagement should Max win the title, as most fans expect he will if he fights Braddock. Louis' mentors, on the other hand, guided by the boycott talk, say they will give Schmeling a chance at the championship if Louis should whip Jimmy.

A Chinese puzzle, whichever way you consider it.

It would be all so simple if Herr Max would only stand back and see his title shot taken from him without letting out any yelps, but somehow, Max is keen about that shot and he says "no" to such a proposition. He declares that if the boycott is going to hurt his standing in a fight with Braddock now and will cause a big drop in the gate receipts, then that same situation will exist when he fights Louis after Joe gets the chance at the crown. Hence, why wait, he asks. He has his eye on becoming the first world heavyweight champion to regain the crown, and the German is determined to fight his way to that honor.

If Schmeling can get Braddock before Louis gets him, it's a whale of a good gamble that he'll realize the goal of his ambition to cart the old diadem back to his native land. In spite of our admiration for Jimmy Braddock, there is no getting away from the fact that he doesn't class with any of the previous title-holders and that he'll be a mark for the first good boxer and hard hitter he meets—for example, Max Schmeling.

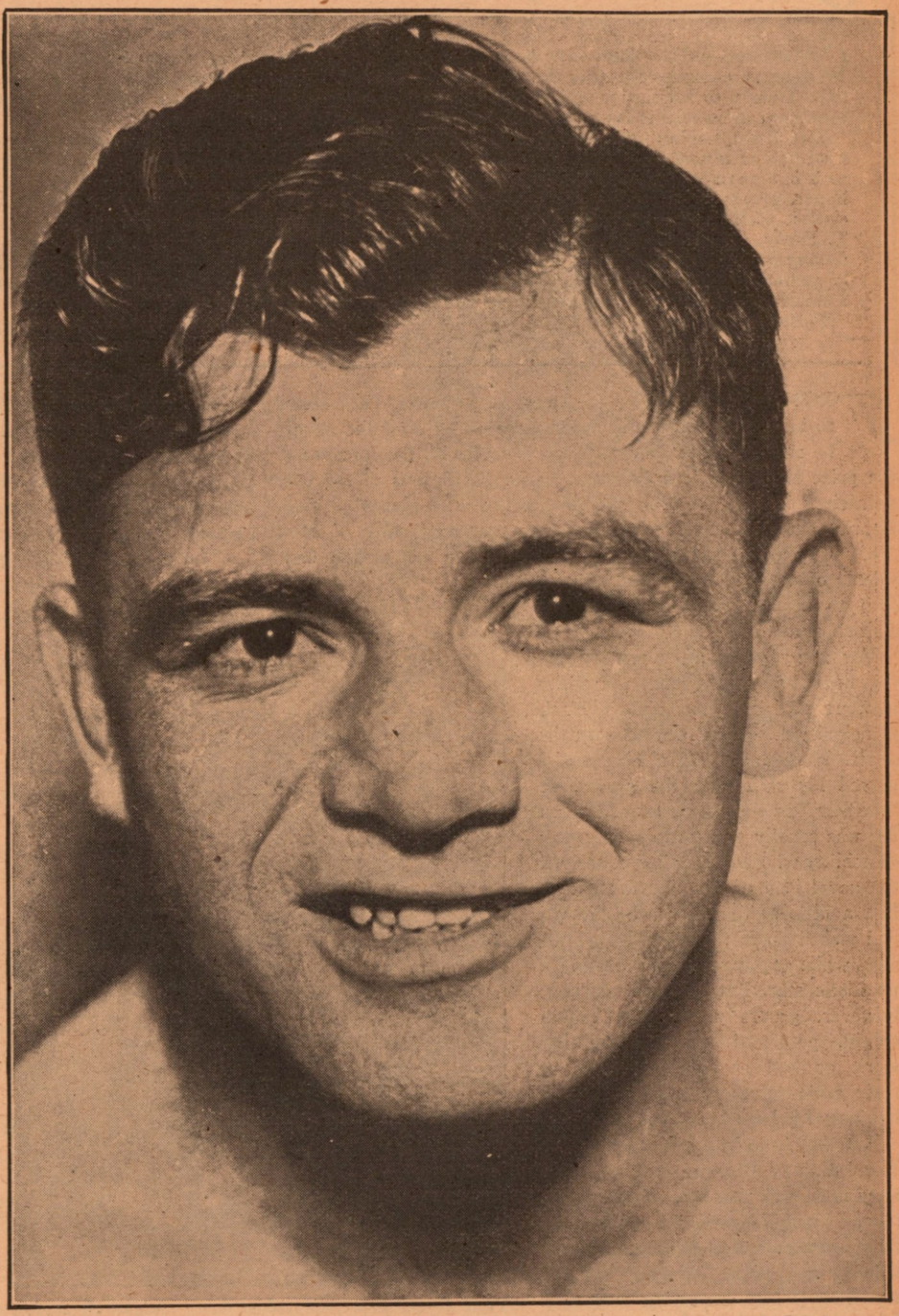
* * *

IT is my humble opinion that both Louis and Schmeling can take Braddock, and the first one to face him will be the new world title-holder. There are many experts who figure that Schmeling will have even a better chance to turn the trick than would the Brown Bomber because Herr Max is a fighter who can hit a moving target, such as Braddock would present, with greater force and more easily than can Louis, who requires a stationary target to get over the haymaker.

So it is to Schmeling's interest to get Braddock before some brash young fellow does if he wants to go down into ring history as the first to regain a heavyweight title, an accomplishment that such sterling gladiators as Jim Corbett, Jeffries, Dempsey and others failed to record. Schmeling can do it, because the field is ripe right now for such a performance with nary a first rate heavyweight, judged by the kings of the past, to encounter.

That's why Joe Gould, the diminutive, hustling manager of Braddock, is wary about having his James tackle Herr Max. He is giving Max the run-around for obvious reasons—money plus fear. If Gould for a moment thought that Jim could take Schmeling, boycott or no boycott, little Joe would have his champ fight the German this summer.

Coming down to the present, we have a picture of Braddock holding forth on the supreme bench of Fistiana. He is an admirable character, a fine fellow personally, an honest-to-goodness fighter, who has not been able to get anywhere with the title he won from Baer. While other champions have reaped fortunes, he hasn't earned $50,000 in two years, *(Continued on page 47)*



Jimmy Braddock, world heavyweight champion, who prefers a bout with Louis.

GANG WARS and POLITICS

CRIME and politics have ever been a thorn in the side of boxing. From the birth of the sport in this country to the advent of commission rule, the progress of boxing has been hampered by politicians and criminals or associates of criminals. Thanks to legislative action throughout the nation, pugilism is now conducted on a high plane even though in some localities, there still is found the interference by gangsters and politicians.

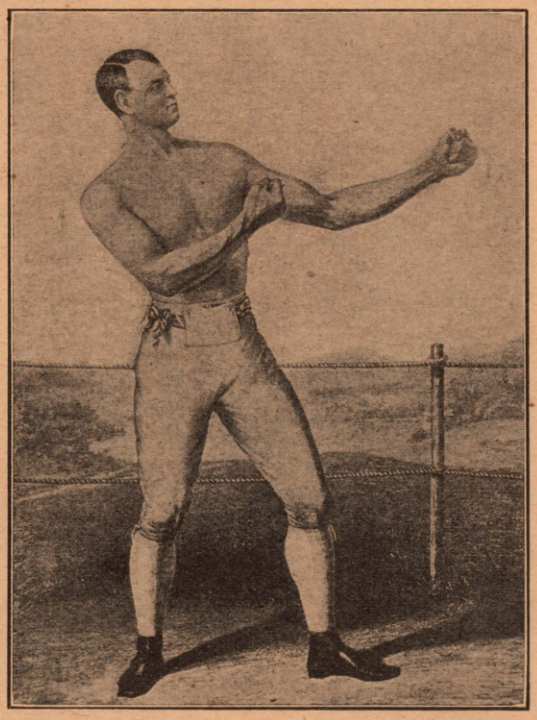
THE RING, beginning with this issue, will present a most interesting story of the hazards which boxing has hurdled over a stretch of almost 100 years to survive gang warfare, hoodlumism and murders, a story which is as thrilling in its details as it is a novelty. THE RING Editor, following an edict of the New York State Boxing Commission that "no manager of a boxer, promoter or fighter, shall be licensed who has committed a felony and has been convicted of same; nor whose association with gangsters makes his presence as a licensed member of the boxing profession, objectionable," assigned George T. Pardy, a staff member, to dig into the past and write a story on the influence of politicians and criminals on boxing during the century that the sport has flourished in America. His research, aided by data that THE RING Editor had previously gathered for a book, has brought to the front the best story on boxing ever published. It is most complete in all details, a thrilling tale from start to finish and you'll enjoy every chapter.

Follow the series in THE RING.

FROM the earliest days of American pugilism, Fate seems to have willed that the powers governing civil life should be actually, if not officially, connected with the fortunes of the prize ring. And long before the potential figures of the wily politicians became familiar operators behind the scenes of gladiatorial strife, history records how a temporary ruler of New York City was accidentally responsible for promoting the fistic talents of the first native-born American to acquire high honors in the British arena.

For many years after prize fighting flourished in England, the white man reigned supreme and a black principal was seldom seen between the ropes. Here and there a Negro displayed his skill with the gloves, or "mufflers," as the Fancy termed them. He was usually servant to some spark of nobility whose master had conceived the novel idea of teaching the underling a little of the science he himself had picked up in the role of Corinthian while taking lessons from a pugilistic star. Few of these darkies, however, generally of West Indian origin, possessed the true fighting spirit or had enough confidence in their sable selves to engage in turf-battles with bare knuckles.

But in America, even while the Revolutionary War was raging, there lived many colonists with large estates who, having learned the then fashionable rudiments of boxing when residing or visiting abroad, amused themselves by imparting sparring knowledge to their slaves and pitting them against one another in impromptu mills. Bill Richmond, son of a slave born on a Virginia plantation, whose father drifted north as the property of the Reverend John Charlton, and lived on Staten Island, is said to have benefited by the fistic instructions of his male parent, a graduate of the plantation thumping-school.



Tom Hyer, first recognized heavyweight champion of America.

* * *

AT all events, during 1777, while British troops held New York, Richmond attracted the attention of Earl Percy, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, by whipping in quick succession three English soldiers who set upon the black in a tavern. One of the assailants was a pugilist, known as the "Birmingham Blacksmith," who had fought successfully in the ring before enlisting. Nevertheless, the bruiser, whose name was Joseph Burns, proved the first to go down and out under Richmond's powerful blows. The others, trying to execute a retreat, were intercepted and soundly thrashed by the colored man.

Naturally Burns' amazed comrades talked freely about Richmond's feat. Up to that time, no colonist had been seriously considered a fit opponent for an Englishman in a fistic encounter. Yet here was the incredible marvel of a despised man of color actually whipping a genuine John Bull bruiser, as well as a couple of the latter's cronies for good measure!

The private soldiers' gossip filtered through to their officers' quarters and in due time reached the ears of General Earl Percy. The latter, an ardent "P.R." patron, his sporting instincts aroused by this extraordinary tale, ordered that the Negro be brought to him. Although New York was a comparatively small burg then, finding Richmond might not have proved an easy task had it not been that on the same night of his victory over the three predecessors of Tommy Atkins, the Negro was apprehended as a runaway slave, having taken French leave from his master's household.

Consequently, Bill soon made his appearance before the General, who sent for the discomfited Burns. Then and there the two were matched for a bout with the mufflers. Percy and his officers applauded generously when the Negro, showing wonderful dexterity and hitting power, compelled the soldier to quit after three minutes of quick slugging. The General, highly pleased with his find, took Richmond into his service. When Percy and his troops embarked for England, after disaster befell the British arms, Richmond accompanied the general.

Under Percy's patronage, Richmond, who was really but a middleweight, fought and signally defeated several leading British heavies. Like most of his race, he was a difficult proposition to handle in training. A good-natured, easy-going individual with a liking for fast company and liquor, he found life in London a pleasing contrast to his former monotonous existence and fell into convivial ways.

So when he faced Tom Cribb, then fighting his way toward the championship, the well-trained white man defeated his black adversary, who was in poor physical condition. Despite this handicap, Richmond fought so desperately that one hour and a half elapsed before Cribb knocked him out.

The Cribb contest virtually marked the finish of Richmond as a formidable ringster, but the colored boxer continued high in favor with the sporting fraternity. It was a fad with gentlemen Corinthians to hire noted members of the fistic brotherhood as bodyguards and Richmond was much in demand in that capacity.

of the PRIZE RING

By GEORGE T. PARDY

The Story of the Part Played by Gangsters and Politicians in the Rise of Boxing in America From Its Earliest Days to the Present

Copyright, The Ring, Inc., 1937—Reproduction strictly prohibited without written permission. All rights reserved by The Ring, Inc.

In his latter days he was in the livery of the Duke of York's household and a prominent figure at ringside gatherings.

* * *

IT was Richmond's success that induced another brunette warrior, also hailing from this side of the Atlantic, the celebrated Thomas Molineaux, to invade the London field. Boxing was beginning to attain a certain degree of popularity in the new Republic and Molineaux, victor of several battles whose details have been lost to posterity, claimed the title of American champion.

Molineaux defeated Burrows, the "Bristol Unknown," and Tom Blake, better known as "Tom Tough." In a battle with Cribb for the championship, the Negro was cheated out of victory when the Englishman was unable to answer the call of time for the twenty-ninth round. An illegal extension of the rest period allowed Cribb to recover sufficiently to toe the scratch. As the cold and rain of a bleak English December sapped the stamina of the man from sunny Virginia, he was unable to keep up the pace, and succumbed at the end of fifty-five minutes of fighting.

In a second meeting, Cribb, trained to the minute and in splendid form, easily beat the hog-fat, poorly conditioned Negro, breaking his jaw and knocking him out in nineteen minutes and eleven seconds. But Molineaux, at any rate, must be given credit for demonstrating, like Richmond, the falsity of the theory that all English fighters were invincible. And if Richmond's noble patron, Earl Percy, was not exactly a promoter according to the modern meaning of the term, he was the first of a long line of "men higher up" to be interested in the development of American pugilism.

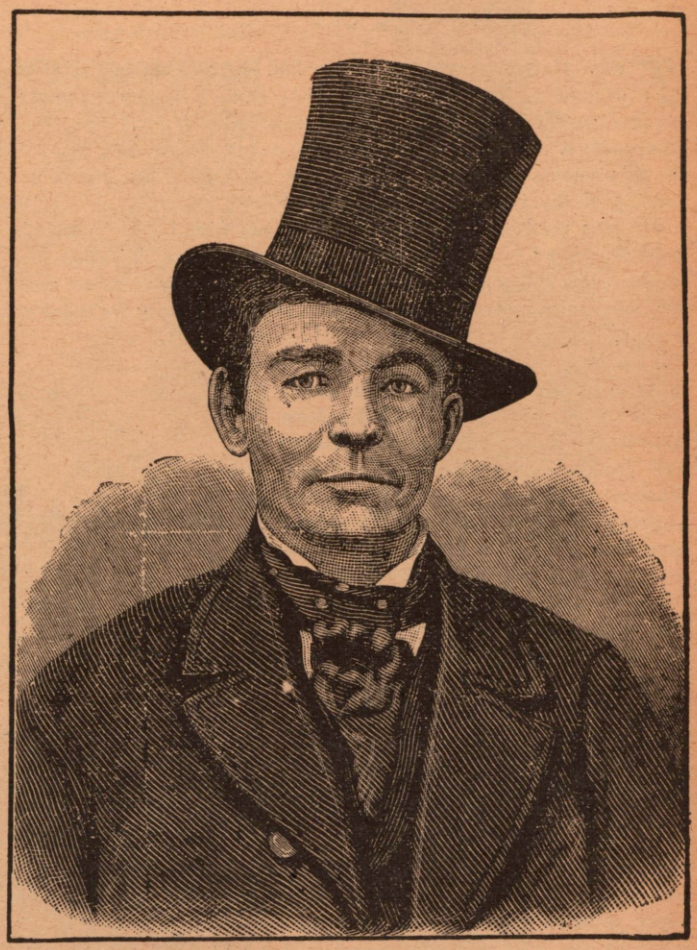
Many years were to pass before other American fighters were to emulate the deeds of Richmond and Molineaux. Prizefighting was so sternly frowned upon and repressed by United States authorities that it was mostly conducted in a sort of hole-and-corner style, anything but conducive to the bringing out of native talent.

* * *

THE first authentic battle of any consequence fought in America under regulation rules was a contest between Jacob Hyer and Tom Beasley in 1816. But for a quarter of a century, although minor bouts took place in various sections of the country, there was no recognized American heavyweight champion. Until Tom Hyer, son of Jacob, beat Country McClusky at Caldwell Landing on the Hudson, September 9, 1841, in an encounter of one hundred and one rounds lasting two hours and fifty-five minutes, no native pugilist was conceded the right to wear the crown.

It is not difficult to trace the intermingling of pugilism, gang warfare and politics. The law's condemnation of prizefighting drew the politicians into the game with their tough henchmen. For the powers-that-be could protect as well as punish and the lawbreakers either flourished under the existing rulers, or they plotted and fought with fists and lethal weapons to turn them out.

Until 1840 immigration from Europe to this country was limited. But there came hard times in Ireland following a failure of the potato crop, staple food of the Irish peasants of that day, starvation drove them into exile, and the big exodus from the Emerald Isle began.



Yankee Sullivan, the first gangster in American boxing history.

The Celts flocked in droves to America's hospitable shores, and Castle Garden at the Battery, now the Aquarium building, became the Irish entrance to an earthly Paradise in the eyes of thousands of famished wretches.

The old American stock resented this continuous Irish invasion and political forces pledged against unrestricted immigration came into being. The "A.P.A." (American Protective Association) was organized. A faction variously known as the Native Americans, the Loco Focos, or Know Nothings, broke away from Tammany Hall as a gesture of defiance to foreign domination and adopted as its slogan—"No Irish Need Apply!"

It was an age when Murderer's Alley and Cow Bay were dangerous sections of the Five Points section of New York City, where bloody homicides were of daily and nightly occurrence. Adelina Patti, at the age of eleven, was delighting audiences at Noblo's Theatre on the Bowery. The City Council members were stealing splendidly and earning the significant sobriquet of "The Forty Thieves."

At the National Theatre the new drama, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was playing to crowded houses. Commodore Stevens, with his racing yacht, the "America," had won the cup from the British off the Isle of Wight. The New York *Times*, with Henry J. Raymond as editor, was becoming a force to reckon with in American journalism. Rachel, greatest of Jewish feminine actresses, newly arrived from France, was appearing at the New York Theatre.

The chief topic of conversation was the loss of the steamer

"Pacific" of the Collins Line, stove in by an iceberg and vanished in the Atlantic with all on board. The new Metropolitan, Broadway and Prince Street, described in current print as the universe's grandest hotel, was doing a tremendous business, with the elite of the sporting, theatrical, legal and literary contingents thronging its brilliantly gas-lighted cafe.

* * *

THE Native American party had a formidable fighting brigade to look after its interests, headed by such eminent leaders as Tom Hyer and Bill Poole. The latter, who was famous as a rough-and-tumble expert, never sought ring laurels. It was enough for him that he was considered as invincible outside of the ropes.

He was perfectly content that his bosom friend, Hyer, should hold the ring honors. Bill Poole, huge, long-armed, broad-shouldered, a veritable human grizzly bear, the man who never met his equal in a go-as-you-please encounter, was a truly formidable person.

Tammany Hall and the Irish Americans were also equipped with a standing army of bruisers. In its ranks, John Morrisey, Yankee Sullivan, Lew Baker and James Turner were pre-eminent. Yankee Sullivan, whose hatred and jealousy of Hyer amounted to mania, once flew into such a tempest of rage when some joker slyly intimated that Yankee was afraid of the big Native American pugilist, that, with his none too placid temper overheated by liquor, nothing would prevent him from sallying forth immediately in search of his foe.

Sullivan's quest ended at a saloon on the corner of Park Place and Broadway, where he found and assaulted Hyer. But Yankee speedily discovered that he had undertaken a task beyond his powers. In less than three minutes, Hyer pounded him senseless. Nevertheless, the upshot of this off-the-reel mill was a formal defiance from Sullivan to Hyer for a ring battle involving the American championship, and a match was made for a $10,000 stake.

Bill Richmond, who surprised the British by his fighting ability.

* * *

TOM HYER was a singularly handsome man, six feet two inches tall, usually well behaved, always dressed with good taste in the prevailing fashion, but as savagely dangerous as a Bengal jungle tiger when his passions were aroused.

Yankee Sullivan, three inches shorter and thirty pounds lighter than Hyer, of stocky build and bulldog countenance, was a turbulent spirit. Yankee was ready to fight at a second's notice in the street, a saloon, or the ring—any location was good enough for this product of the old sod, who was born in Bandon, near the city of Cork, Ireland, on April 12, 1813.

The spot originally selected for the battle-ground was Peel's Island on the border of the state of Maryland. There on the night of February 6, 1849, both pugilists were temporarily domiciled in the only two houses standing on that lonely stretch of land. In the offing hovered two steamers, aboard of which were several hundred sports, all members of one or the other rival political parties. For this battle was considered of as much importance from the political, as from the actual fighting angle.

Meanwhile Constable Gifford and a force of officers set sail from Baltimore intent on preserving the peace, Peel's Island being under Maryland jurisdiction. Gifford's party landed and surrounded the house where Hyer lay sleeping. Awakened by the sound of tramping feet, Hyer realized his danger. Hastily putting his trainer, George Thompson, in his bed, Tom fled downstairs and hid on the ground floor.

The officers proceeded to the bedroom vacated by Hyer. Seeing big George Thompson lying snugly under the covers, they believed him to be the man they wanted. Thompson meekly submitted to arrest. Placing a guard over him, the sleuths sought Sullivan's resting place. Hyer meanwhile lost no time hurrying to the beach and boarded a boat awaiting him. Yankee Sullivan, confronted by the minions of the law, turned to his sparring partner, Tom O'Donnell, pushed him toward the door and exclaimed: "Run, Sullivan, run like hell!"

The constables, completely deceived by the quick-witted Irishman's ruse, secured O'Donnell, who pretended to struggle. While the officers were subduing him, Sullivan slipped deftly away and soon found himself safe aboard the boat designed for his reception. The constables' steamer, attempting to pursue the fugitives, ran upon a rock and stuck hard and fast, while the merry law-breakers sailed triumphantly away.

It was agreed to land upon the most convenient spot, regardless of state authority, and the ring was finally pitched at Rock Point, Maryland, where time was called shortly before sundown on February 7. A suggestion by one of Sullivan's backers that the battle ought to be postponed on account of threatening darkness was promptly overruled, the pugnacious Yankee declaring that much light wouldn't be needed as he meant to finish Hyer off inside of fifteen minutes.

The combat was a hurricane affair from the start, remarkable for the hatred displayed toward each other by the principals. Sullivan made a rushing fight. He was supposed to be Hyer's superior in wrestling and his friends fancied the lithe, slim-waisted champion would be helpless in the iron grip of his adversary. They were badly mistaken.

In the first three rounds, Sullivan was repeatedly thrown with stunning force, Hyer falling heavily upon him. Hyer utilized his abnormally long reach to splendid advantage, staggering Sullivan with trip-hammer counters, while Yankee's leads frequently fell short of their target.

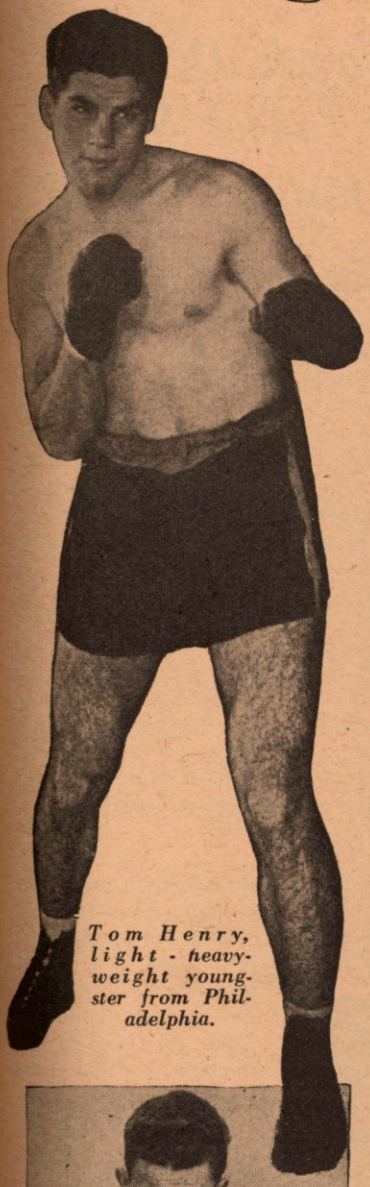
Sullivan was soon in dire distress from the terrific punishment he received. Yet, courageous to the last, he fought on desperately until near the close of the sixteenth round. As he reeled to the ropes, his second, Country McCluskey, the man from whom Hyer won his title, stepped forward, seized the beaten fighter and removed him from the ring without awaiting the call of time. Hyer was then officially declared winner, after seventeen minutes and eighteen seconds of battling.

Great was the exultation of the Native Americans over their champion's victory, and correspondingly deep, the gloom overshadowing Tammany Hall. For Hyer's victory not only hurt Tammany's pride but seriously decreased the Tammany bankroll, which had been heavily drawn upon to back Yankee Sullivan. Among those who benefited financially by the battle's outcome was the famous politician, George Law, whose wagers on the contest netted him over sixty thousand dollars.

Prior to this contest, the bulk of ring followers regarded Hyer as the legitimate champion, but there were some who dissented, difficult as it would have been to name any pugilist with a better right to the title. Sullivan's defeat left no room for further controversy on the subject. Even Yankee's Tammany supporters did not venture to dispute the victor's supremacy as king of the American ring.

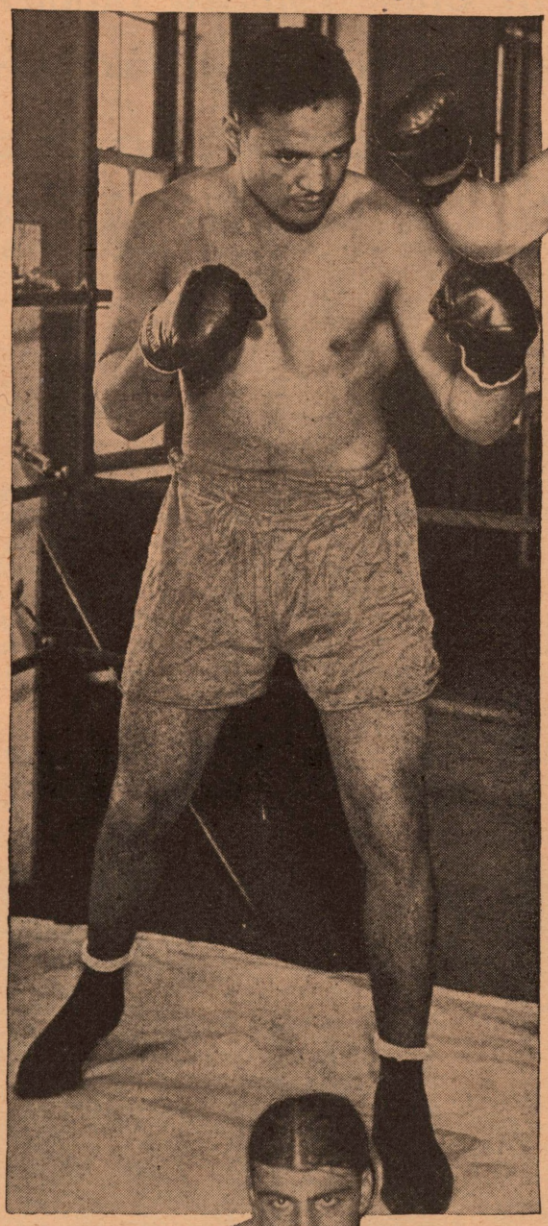
In the years that followed, the feud between the rival political factions continued on both sides with unabated venom. Constant clashes occurred, involving fighting men of both organizations. Some of the massed street battles *(Continued on page 44)*

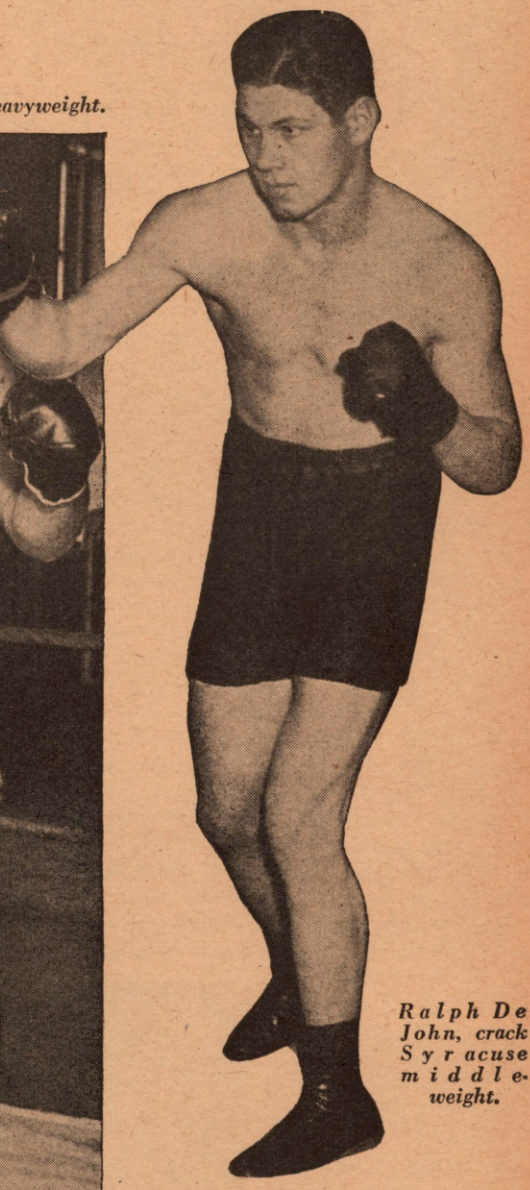
Coming Up in the Fistic World



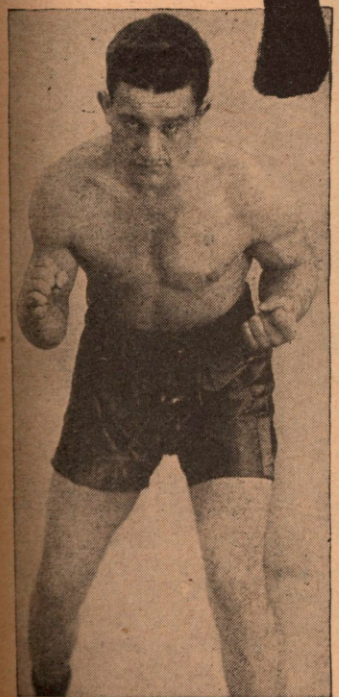
Tom Henry, light-heavyweight youngster from Philadelphia.

Willie Reddish, Philadelphia's coming heavyweight.

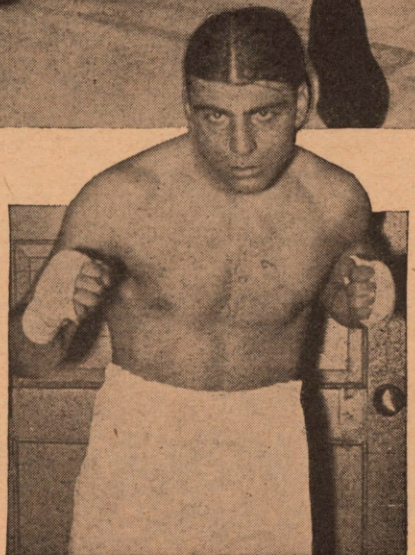




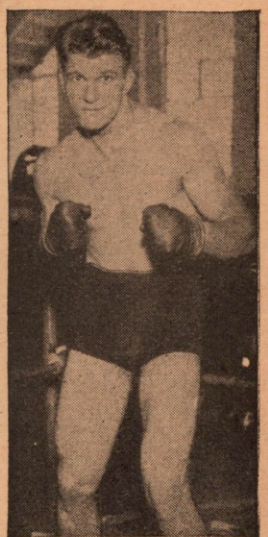
Ralph De John, crack Syracuse middleweight.



Henry Palmeri, Cleveland's hard-hitting light-heavyweight.



Ralph Zannelli, Providence, R. I. welterweight pride.



Frank Tymosko, Richmond, Va., heavyweight.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Ambers Regains Prestige Though Defeated
Small Clubs Enjoyed Banner Indoor Season
Double Decision in Perroni-Knight Contest

"HE'S a fighting champion." That's what the fight fans who crowded Madison Square Garden on April 5, throught of Lou Ambers following his thrilling battle with Pedro Montanez. The lightweight king, boxing his leading challenger in an over-the-weight match before 17,353 persons who paid $54,257.54 for the privilege of seeing the mix-up, lost the contest by a hairline margin, but for the first time during his career as titleholder, he left the vast arena amidst a wild acclaim.

Ambers in defeat—though he, his manager and a large portion of the fans thought he had won—looked greater than at any time I have seen him in ring combat. He showed at his best—a real, two-fisted fearless crown wearer who tore into his highly-touted opponent and fought him to a standstill. At least that is what I thought. I gave four rounds to each of the fighting demons and called two even for a draw decision, but had the bout gone to fifteen rounds, there is no doubt in my mind as to who the victor would have been—Ambers.

While Ambers was coming along as the fight progressed, Montanez, Puerto Rico's standard bearer in the lightweight ranks, was fading by degrees. Montanez's best stand was made in the first six rounds during which I gave him three and only one to Ambers, but starting with the seventh, Herkimer Lou carried the fight to his sturdy opponent and by ripping in some hefty blows at close range, he gained the lion's share of the honors in the last half of the fight. I gave Lou three of the last four rounds and called the sixth even, while Arthur Donovan, the referee, handed the last four to Ambers and the first six to Pedro. Marty Monroe did the same and Charley Lynch, the other judge, gave Ambers three and Montanez six rounds.

* * *

THE fight was close whichever way one figured and it proved that Montanez's high rating in the division was not a fluke. While every newspaper at the ringside, with only two exceptions, gave Montanez the fight and thus agreed with the unanimous verdict of the officials — the other two making it a draw—all were unanimous in praising both boys for giving the fans a treat in fisticuffs such as they viewed in the recent Ventura-Montanez battle—two of the best seen in the Garden in many months.

By his victory, the Puerto Rican has earned a shot at Ambers' title and if Herkimer Lou is defeated by Tony Canzoneri, against whom he will defend his crown on May 7, then Montanez should be awarded first crack at the new titleholder. Pedro is a great, two-fisted fighter, one of the best lightweights developed in recent years and a contest between him and whoever holds the crown when he gets the title shot, should gross $200,000.

I venture to predict that an Ambers-Montanez or a Montanez-Canzoneri championship bout will equal in receipts the $194,329, which McLarnin and Barney Ross grossed. That's how popular Pedro is with the New York fight followers. Such a contest is certain to take place during the outdoor season and the winner, if Ambers is Pedro's opponent, should be a toss-up. It will be anybody's fight with Lou going in a slight favorite because of his uphill battle in their recent Garden mill. If Montanez should face Canzoneri, I predict that Pedro will whip Tony handily.

* * *

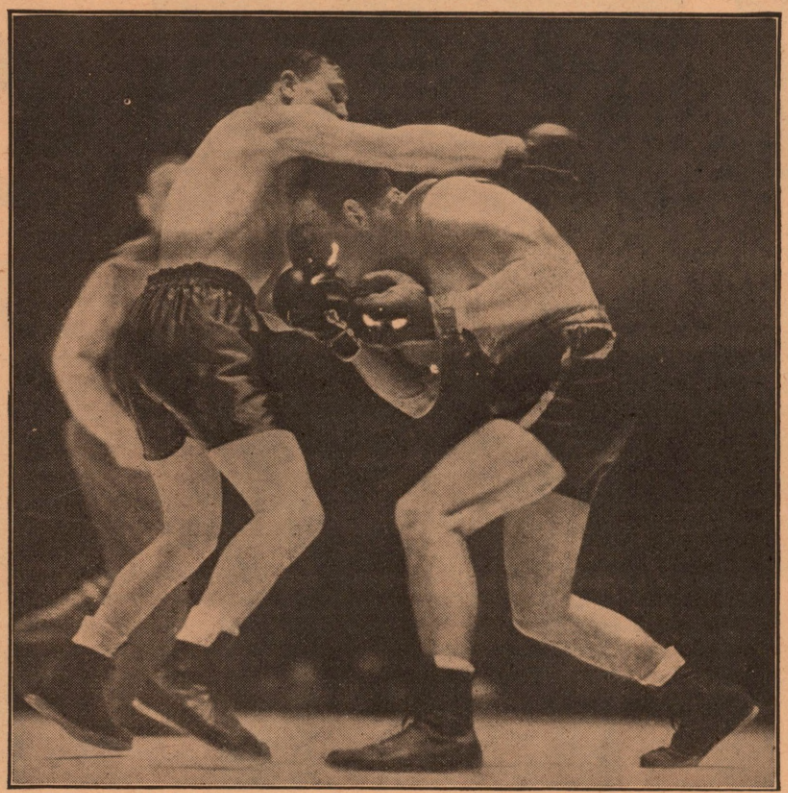
THE Garden encounter was a furious one, with neither boy giving ground at any stage of the affair. Unlike his previous engagements in which Ambers stabbed and stepped back—a style of fighting which he had always followed, Lou, angered by unfounded, dastardly reports that all had been fixed for him to win through political influence, went at his opponent in hammer-and-tong fashion. He took all that the sturdy, terrific punching Puerto Rican delivered, and never as much as winced.

He was in there to show the crowd that he was not the ham champion which many fans called him, and he resented the talk that Montanez would pepper-shot him until he was out of the picture.

* * *

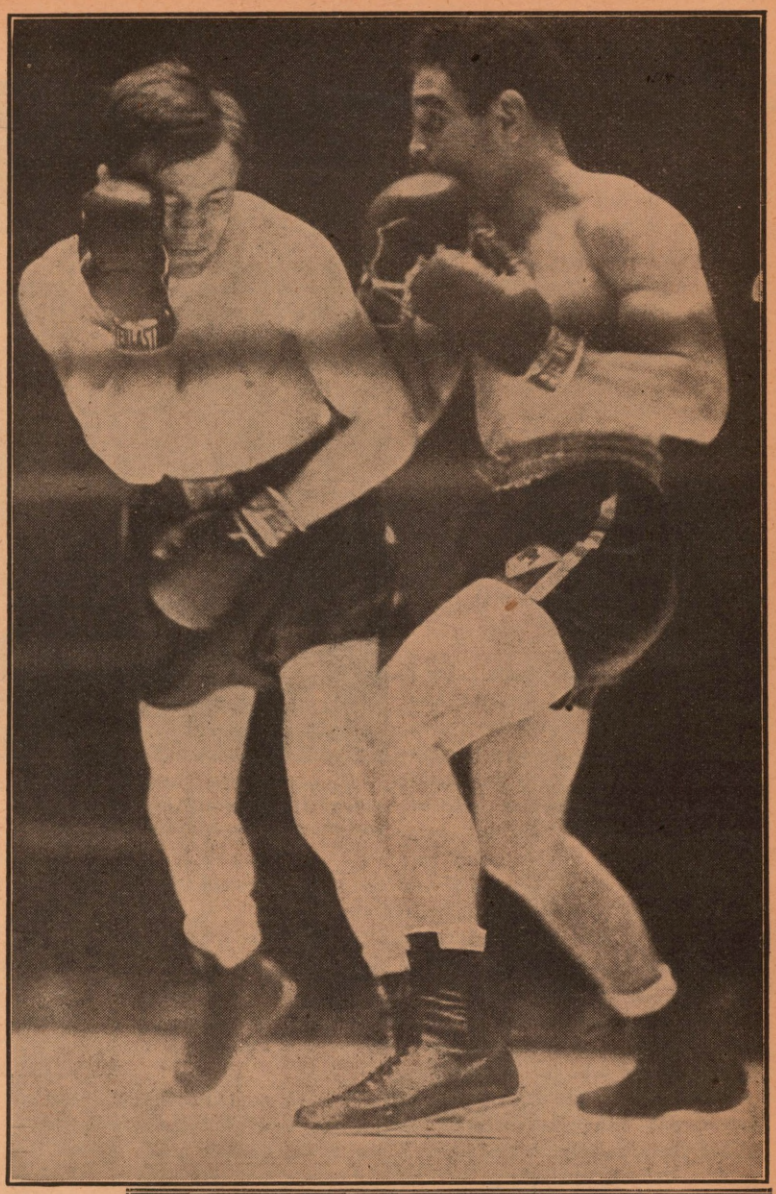
WITH the stories of his mediocre ability, the talk of the "fix" and the statements of the Montanez camp that Pedro would kayo the champ within five rounds stirring him up to frenzied fighting form, Ambers went into the Garden ring with a heart of iron,

(Continued on page 14)

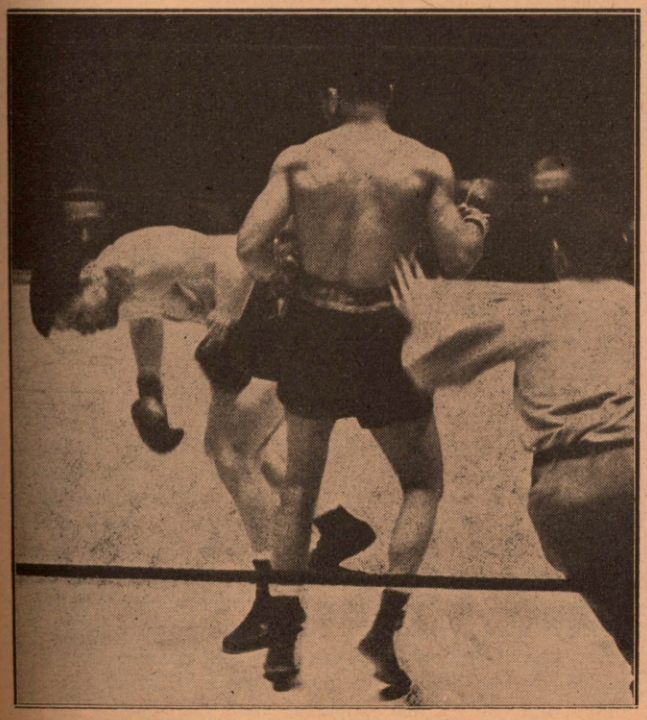


A scene in the fourth round as Ambers misses a straight right which goes over the head of Montanez and the Puerto Rican tears into a savage body attack.

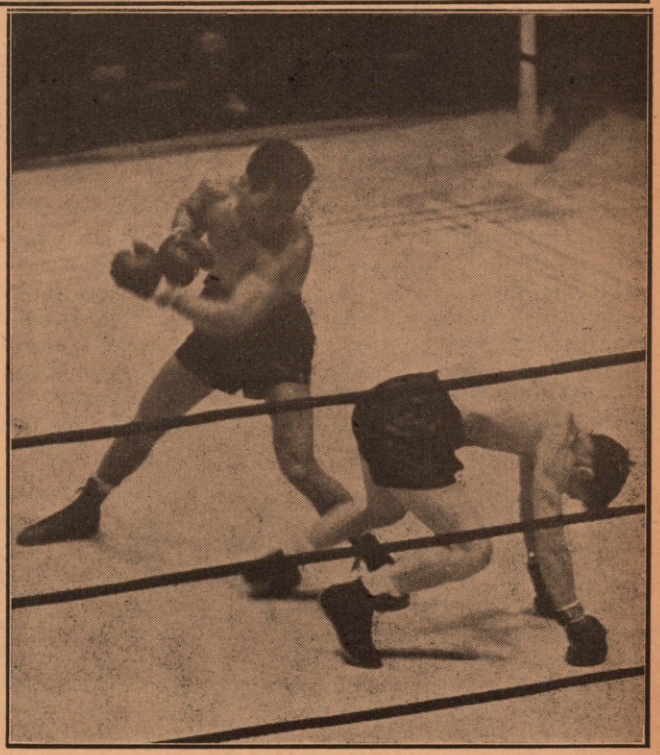
Tense Moments in Montanez-Ambers Fight



Lou Ambers, showing signs of anguish, in the first round after Montanez's left hook caught him in the stomach. Lou is about to fall.



Here we see Ambers sinking down to the canvas and Referee Artie Donovan rushing towards Montanez to send him to a neutral corner.



And in this photograph we get the windup of the action in the first round with Ambers' hands touching the canvas as he toppled over, only to spring right back to his feet again and resume a furious mixup with Pedro.

(Continued from page 12)
a fighting spirit such as he had never before displayed and a determination to prove to the world once and for all time that he was a champion not only in name but in ability. And prove it he did to the satisfaction of all—even the Puerto Ricans who jammed every inch of space in the gallery.

For once they left an arena singing the praises of the opponent of their beloved idol—Pedro Montanez. There wasn't a dissenting voice, not a boo from the usual hecklers as Ambers left the arena. Instead, even the Puerto Ricans, the wildest fight fans in New York, cheered lustily and the champion had earned that testimonial.

* * *

IT was Montanez's hard hitting that brought him into favor with the scribes and officials. Shooting terrific right and left hand thumps to the champion's body and engaging in powerful right hand jolts at close range, he jarred Lou on many occasions, but Ambers likewise forced him to give ground by scoring effectively with a short right hand uppercut.

The first round knockdown which was scored by Pedro, sent him on the way to victory with a big margin. It was a hard left hook to the body followed by a right to the jaw that sent Lou on his haunches, but he jumped up without a count and battled away at a whirlwind clip until the bell sent the pair of fighting gamecocks to their corners.

Thereafter, until the sixth session, it was a give-and-take battle with heavy bombardment about the body keeping the crowd on edge. From the sixth to the tenth, Ambers made a great comeback, his flicking lefts and rights to the Puerto Rican's face and occasional straight left stabs to Pedro's nose giving him the majority of those rounds.

* * *

ON defense, Ambers had a clear margin over his opponent, whose attack was unceasing. As the fight progressed, Lou took much of Pedro's hard wallops on the elbow where the effectiveness was considerably lost.

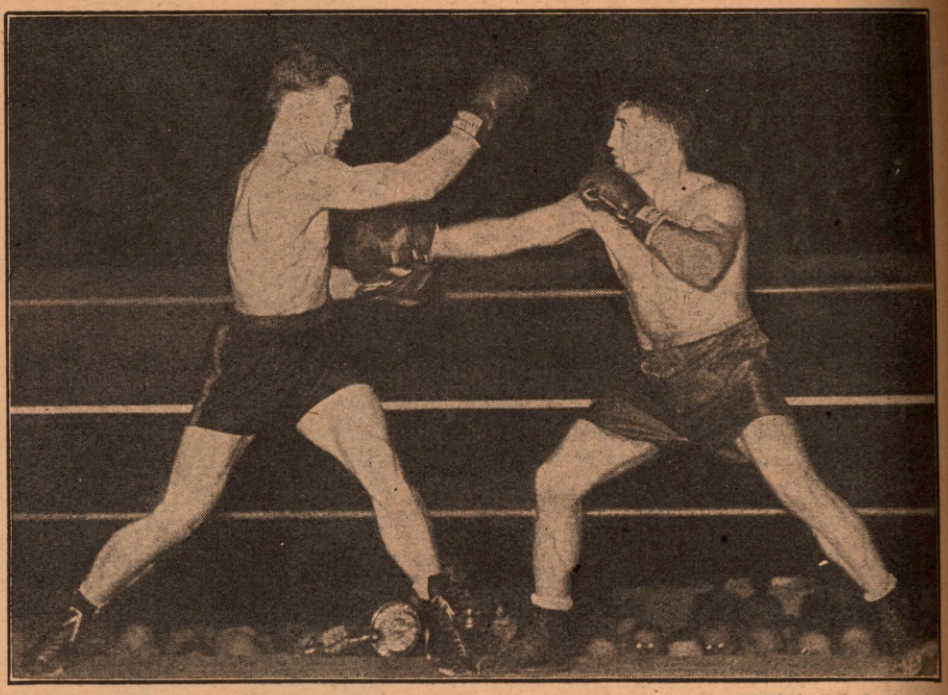
Whatever complaint Al Weill, manager of Ambers, had about the verdict, was offset by the fact that the divided opinion of the spectators tossed into his lap a little fortune. It gave to the lightweight division one additional outdoor shot that should be as big as any staged among the smaller boys in years whereas had Montanez won by a decided advantage, the edge would have been taken off any future engagement between the pair.

Montanez's victory was his eighteenth consecutive since coming to the States.

* * *

RECENTLY Joe Knight and Patsy Perroni were billed for a ten round fight in Detroit and in the seventh round, Slim McClelland, the referee, called a halt and sent both boys to their corners and declared the bout "no contest." McClelland announced that he had tried to get Knight to fight, but since the Southern lad had refused to open up, he disqualified him.

That decision of McClelland opens up a field for considerable argument and I was not in the least surprised when I was flooded with letters, many from Detroit, asking me what the official verdict in such a case should be. The reason for the confusion is the fact that in the official verdict, there are really two decisions rendered—one, both fighters are tossed out because of non-trying and therefore the bout in that case is a "no-contest" affair, and in the other, Knight is disqualified by the referee for refusing to fight. That's rather a novelty in decisions and because of that, I wrote to Frank McDonnell, Michigan commissioner, asking for his opinion on how the fight should be recorded. Here is his answer:



Young Corbett, former world welterweight champion, now on a successful comeback campaign. Here we see him against Gus Lesnevich. Blood was streaming from Lesnevich's eye, and the referee called a halt, giving Corbett credit for a technical knockout.

"Perroni tried to make a fight out of it but Knight refused to throw any punches. Referee Slim McClelland coaxed, begged, warned and threatened Knight for not trying and then stopped the fight in the seventh when Knight refused to open up.

"Perroni was not blamed for the bad fight and he was paid off. Knight's guarantee was $400. I took his purse and then allowed him $150 for training expenses and suspended him indefinitely. I will not allow him to box in Michigan again.

"Officially it was 'no contest' but Knight was disqualified for not trying. In fairness to Perroni, I believe the record books should state that he won by a disqualification."

* * *

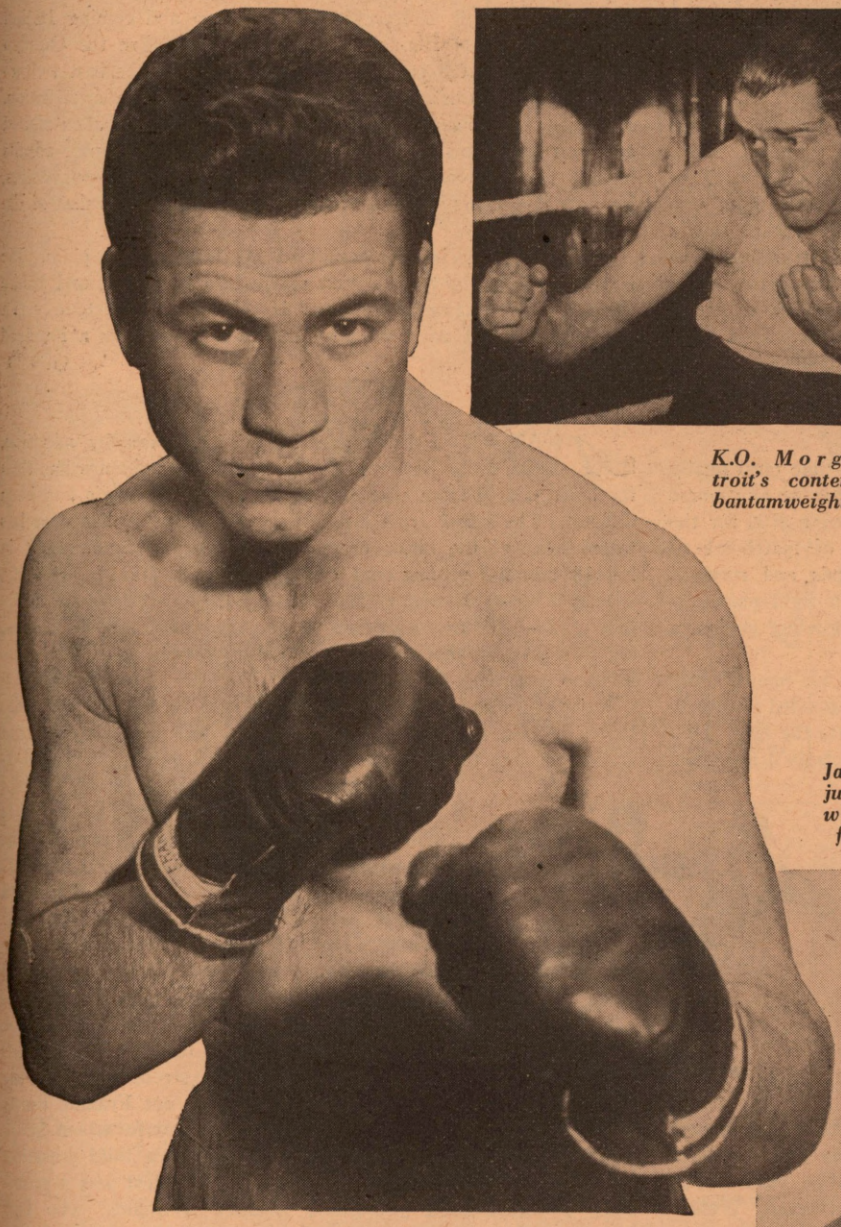
UNDER the ruling of the commission, therefore, Perroni must be given a "win," since both the referee and the boxing moguls state that Knight, not Patsy, was disqualified. Yet there is a double verdict—you can't get away from that. It would have been far better, had McClelland made the announcement that he had disqualified Knight, rather than call the bout "no-contest" and add to that statement that he had penalized the Southerner.

The decision of Referee McClelland differs somewhat from that of Referee Billy Cavanaugh in the New York Hippodrome a few weeks previously when he stopped the bout between Eddie Blunt and Leroy Haynes in the seventh round and handed the decision to Blunt, as in that contest the referee officially disqualified Haynes for not trying and gave the award to his rival. Hence those who argue that it was "no-contest" were wrong.

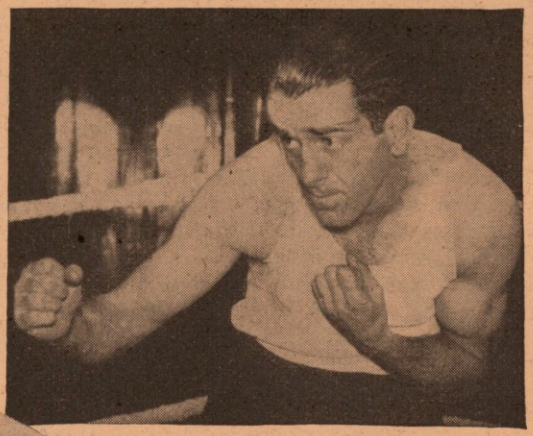
I think it would be a good thing for the sport if all commissions notified their officials to make certain that in a bout in which one fighter is doing his best to make a go of it and the other is stalling, only the one who fails to give what is expected of him, should be disqualified instead of calling the fight "no-contest" and stipulate that one fighter had been disqualified. That would avoid penalizing the fighter who tries his level best.

(Continued on page 17)

Headliners from All Sectors

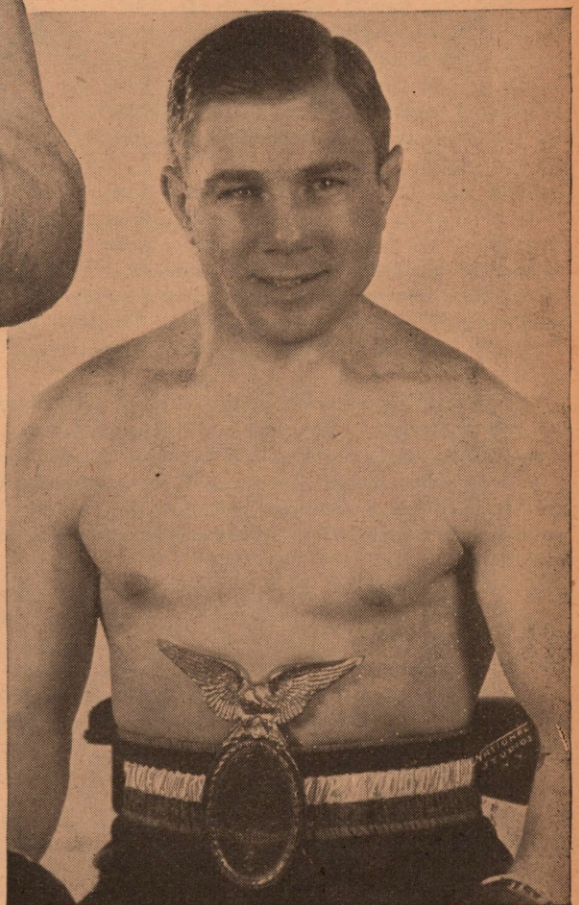


Fred Apostoli, San Francisco middleweight flash, now campaigning in the East.

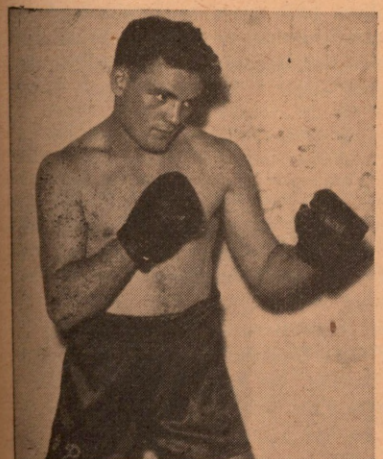


K.O. Morgan, Detroit's contender for bantamweight honors.

Jackie Wilson, rejuvenated featherweight aspirant from Pittsburgh.



Wildcat O'Connor, welterweight champion of the Coal Regions of Pennsylvania.



Joey Parks, latest light-heavyweight phenom from St. Louis.

Jimmy Leto, Hartford, Conn. welterweight, now in Australia.

New Jersey's New Title Contenders

By TED CARROLL

LIKE the flowers that bloom in the spring, along with the mosquitoes of the Skeeter State, a couple of real honest-to-goodness boxing title contenders have sprung up within the confines of the state of New Jersey since last Fall. Right across the river from Philadelphia, the city of Camden, N. J., boasts one of the most dangerous welterweight threats to come along in some time in rugged Frankie Blair, born Frank Tannerello, some 23 years ago. Less than six months ago, this stalwart Italian, whose brother, Mickey Blair, was a fairly successful lightweight a few years back, was a struggling prelim boy in the small clubs of New York and New Jersey.

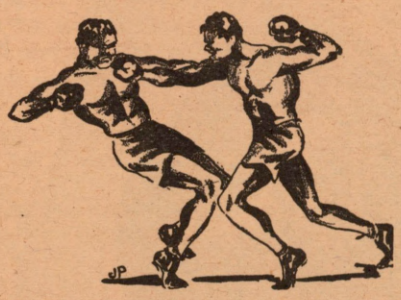
Things finally reached the stage where Frankie's manager, despairing of ever getting anywhere with his charge, cast a wary eye about for a prospective purchaser of his contract and his headaches. At this point Mr. Eddie Walker, whose fortunes with fighters had been anything but happy for a number of years, entered the picture.

Seller and customer haggled over terms for a time until finally Mr. Walker, probably figuring that Blair couldn't be any worse than some of his more recent protégés, turned over $100 for the Jerseyman. Then he began the usual round of matchmakers' offices, receiving the usual supply of runarounds and refusals. Eventually Eddie wound up where all ambitious fight managers do, pleading his case before James J. Johnston, guiding genius of Madison Square Garden's fistic destinies.

"I gotta guy—" began Mr. Walker. "What's his name?" said Mr. Johnston. "Never mind his name," responded Edward, "this fellow will chase all of your boys right outta the ring. He's better'n Mickey Walker and twice as tough. Nobody'll fight him over in Jersey."

* * *

ALL this was an old story to Mr. Johnston, who had heard the same sort of spiel so many times he had his answer all ready. "Come around tomorrow," spoke James J. as he grabbed his derby and made a bee line for the Garden restaurant and his daily 4 o'clock tea and muffins.



Eddie was there the next day and a good many days after that. After he had been ushered into the Johnstonian sanctum for what seemed the millionth time by the petite Miss Margie Regan, a sudden idea occurred to James J. "Say, you say your guy is a welterweight?" began the canny James. "Will he fight Bobby Pacho?" This sudden offer gave even the desperate Walker pause.

The veteran Mexican was in the midst of a knockout streak, and nobody wanted to fight him. Eddie cogitated a minute, took rapid calculation of the time and finances expended in Blair's behalf, and then blurted, "Sure, we'll fight anybody, this guy is better'n Mickey Walker, and twice as tough, he'll—" "I know, I know," interrupted Mr. Johnston. "Margie, bring in those contracts."

Walker had expressed a confidence he did not feel and he was as popeyed as anyone in the audience the night of January 8 in the Garden as the Camden boy stood toe-to-toe with the hard hitting Pacho for eight bruising rounds, and when the decision was announced in Pacho's favor, the huge arena became the scene of one of the wildest demonstrations of disapproval seen there in its history.

* * *

AFTER that, there was nothing to do but bring Blair back and once again the rugged Frankie drew a tough one. Paulie Walker was his foe this time and Blair beat his Jersey rival in a close fight that further established him as a worthy opponent for any boxer in his class. Still picking the toughest nuts around, he was next tossed in with the crack Johnny Clinton, and once again Frankie prevailed.

Saverio Turriello, up and coming Italian star, followed and Blair beat him, too. This gave the Camden crack a record of 3 straight victories over 3 of the best welterweights in the East, and practically exhausted the competition. In action, the powerful Italian is no Jim Corbett. Oaken ribbed and iron jawed, his Jersey pals call him Tarzan. Frankie admits he will never threaten Robert Taylor in the beauty sweepstakes, his nose is flat, his jaw huge and rugged, his profile is that of the typical pugilist.

His personality is as pleasant as his features are plain. He is 100 per cent fighter, his best punch is a left hook, and Eddie Walker's punch line these days is, "I spend a fortune on a lotta bums and I wind up with the next champ for a hundred bucks."

* * *

A NATIVE of St. Louis, but a Jerseyman by adoption, stylish Billy Beauhold's road to fistic prominence has thus far been as free from obstacles as his fellow Skeeter's has been difficult. The blond Irish lad, whose real name is Madden, has tasted none of the bitter dregs of defeat or disappointment in his 18 months' professional career. Back in the Mound City, young William showed great aptitude as both a boxer and baseball player. He was a catcher on the diamond, and handled the big mitt so well that the St. Louis Cards found a spot for him in their extensive farm system.

Equally as good with the padded gloves as he was with the baseball ones, young Beauhold found himself forced to make a choice between the ring and the diamond. Beauhold, or Madden-senior, allowed the youngster to use his own judgment as to which career he preferred to follow, and Billy decided to become a boxer. Apparently the young man made the correct decision for he is already contending with major league opposition in the pugilistic ranks. He captured the national amateur lightweight crown in St. Louis in 1935, and was brought to Jersey City by Frank Connelly, who discovered him out there.

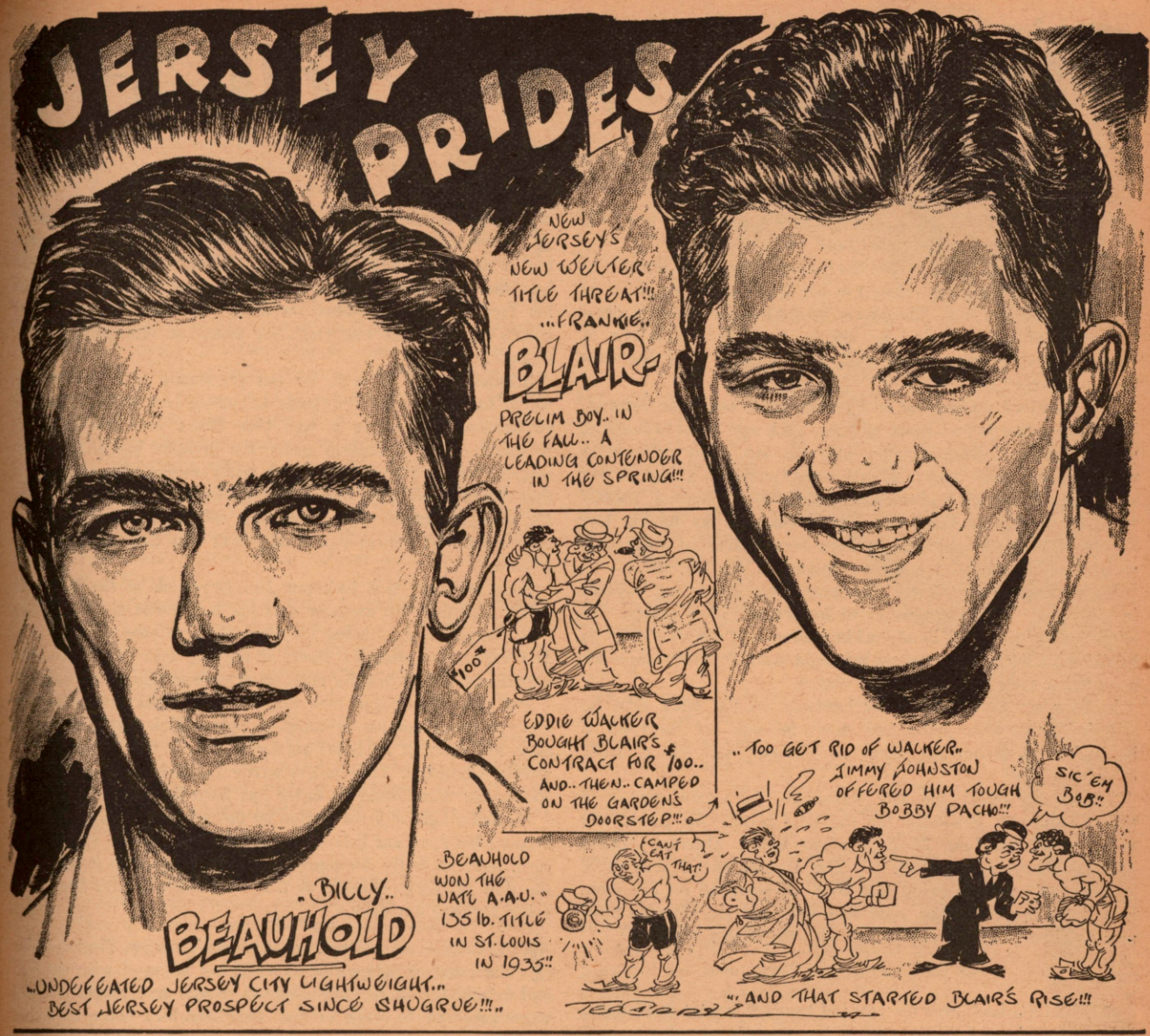
Settling in Jersey City's famous Horseshoe section, an Irish stronghold, and the neighborhood which sent out Frankie Burns and Joe Shugrue, old-time lightweight star, with whom he is frequently compared, young Beauhold became a mild sensation in his very first start. His opponent in this contest was a promising young colored youngster, Frankie Williams, who had been sweeping aside all opposition.

Billy dropped his capable foe several times, in winning a clean cut decision, and Jersey fans immediately hailed him as a coming champion. This bout took place at Braddock Arena, in Jersey City, in 1935, and less than a year and a half later the transplanted St. Louisan was engaging boxers of the class of Spoldi, Feldman, Guggino, etc.

* * *

A STRAIGHT standup fighter who fences artfully and fires a sharp right hand through the tiniest of openings with devastating effect, Beauhold is a picture boxer in action. Unlike Blair, he stresses finesse rather than ferocity, and belongs to the class of boxers called "smart."

He has been particularly impressive in his two Garden appearances to date against Carl Guggino and George Zengaras, both of whom he defeated handily. He had wily Lou Feldman on the floor twice but ringwise Lou finished fast to get a draw. Most of the fans thought he had gained a slight edge over the more experienced Aldo Spoldi, but this bout was also declared even. He has yet to be defeated although four of his battles have resulted in drawn verdicts.



Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 14)

WHEN promoters keep crying about the lack of good drawing cards and the fact that the public will not attend any shows unless headliners are billed, they should go up to the New York Coliseum and learn from Joe McKenna, its able matchmaker, how to pair the boys and I'll venture the prediction that there will be far less crying in the future. The amazing success of the Coliseum, even during depression times, is a noteworthy feat in modern boxing. Situated in a spot that is far removed from the center of sports attractions, this club has been playing to capacity houses of 16,000 persons with regularity. The reason? Two-fold—giving the fans the type of bouts that carry a huge appeal in action and color and by holding down the prices from 40 cents to $1.50 for ringside seats.

While the big shots around New York have been wasting their time hunting for headliners who refuse to be matched unless they get all the dough in the house and the club tossed in with it, McKenna has been pairing local talent, boys who are just coming up, with here and there some local lads who already have made the grade and the club has shown a handsome profit on its venture.

WHAT McKenna has been doing around New York Joe Waterman has accomplished on the Pacific Coast, but through a change in the management that forced Waterman to resign at the Olympic, Los Angeles, after he had restored boxing back to pre-war popularity, the club is certain to suffer in prestige. Waterman has the knack of developing local talent and during the two years that Joe, the former gob, was in charge he brought to the fore Henry Armstrong, Bob Nestell, Wally Hally and Glen Lee among other coast stars —who are fighting star bouts there weekly and are established as headliners.

* * *

BOXING, like every sport, suffered in the days of depression and the scale of prices in those days was a little too much for the average pocketbook. An admission fee of $1.10 was the customary charge but that amount could purchase much more valuable things than a gallery seat at a fight club.

Then the twenty-five cents plan was conceived for gallery seats. At the Olympic, 4000 of these seats were on sale at every show and people, in preference to going to the moving pictures or other entertainment to forget the depression, found that that price suited their purses. Gradually, fans began to gain confidence in the attractions and a sellout was a customary thing.

In New York City, the New York Coliseum started the forty cents admission with the ringside seats scaling at $1.10 and before long the inhabitants of the Bronx and Harlem and even Mount Vernon and Pelham residents found a steady place to visit on Tuesday evenings.

McKenna, an experienced matchmaker, started off slowly but when he gained the confidence of the fans and began to develop local talent, it was only a question of time before sellouts were ordinary occurrences. A few weeks ago, all records were broken when Leonard Del Genio of Harlem and Eddie Brink of the Bronx clashed there and more than twenty thousand fans stormed the gates but only 17,000 were admitted before the fire department stopped the sale of tickets. The gate amounted to $6,100, which remains the record in receipts for the Coliseum.

In two years time, the Coliseum promoters have amassed a profit of $90,000 for their pugilistic ventures, which is a tidy sum in any language. More power to Joe McKenna, Joe Waterman and others of their promotion caliber.

The HEAVYWEIGHT

By HYPE IGOE

WHATEVER in all the world has come over the heavyweight whirlpool?

Perhaps I shouldn't characterize the muddle as a whirlpool since the big laddybucks are doing so precious little whirling. They have been giving a beautiful demonstration of insincerity to say the least. They remind one of Rocky Mountain goats, what with their leaping from one contract to another.

Jim Braddock walked out on his contract to box Max Schmeling in the Long Island Bowl in New York and Max Schmeling, with everything dropped right into his lap, tried desperately to swing the same match to his own Germany, going so far as to offer Braddock a guarantee of $350,000 for himself, $50,000 to Madison Square Garden as recompense for its having lost the Bowl bout, this $50,000 to have been shared in some way with Mike Jacobs who holds an option on the German.

Right now, so far as the European situation among heavies is concerned, Max Baer seems to be sitting rather pretty. He might get off to a real swashbuckling effort and electrify them as he did the folks in this country before he suddenly went blooie for no good reason at all.

If Baer can make any great headway on the other side, he will hold the whip hand and don't be one bit surprised if he and Max Schmeling meet on German soil for a LOT of money.

Schmeling, unless the law intercedes, is frozen out of a title match with Braddock for the time being. Joe Louis will get the call on June 22 in Chicago unless Madison Square Garden's lawyers can block it. The Illinois crowd will move Heaven and earth to swing that bout. A powerful lot are those behind the project. They want that fight and the Chicago business and hotel men are entrenched with the others, solidly.

* * *

LOOKING back over the years of troubled waters in Fistiana, never have I known such a heavyweight situation as confronts us right now. Folks, most of them at least, don't give Braddock a chance against Louis, yet Jim defeated Baer who knocked out Schmeling who knocked out Louis! How's that for dope which goes twisting this way and that?

They didn't give Schmeling a ghost of a chance to whip Louis. I guess at ringtime you could have got as high as 20 to 1 that Louis would win and perhaps 10 to 1 that he'd win with a knockout; yet when the pinch came, Schmeling played with a fellow who was made to order for him.

It might come to pass, indeed I think it will, that Braddock's style will be one which hard-hitting Joe won't be able to fathom. Braddock is NOT easy to hit with a right hand. He is NOT easy to hit with a left hook, both of which blows Joe possesses with gestures.

It must be taken into account that Braddock can HIT with a right himself. He has a nice left and the hard-thumping Baer was utterly lost against both of these hands. Max can sock, you know, but he couldn't make head nor tail of Braddock's old-fashioned but mighty useful technique.

Baer will have Jack Doyle, Farr and Foord to deal with on the other side. Walter Neusel will have to be reckoned with. Right now he is the sensation of England, though Max Schmeling crimped him a lot when he stopped him.

The chances are that no man living is held in higher esteem than the German is on the other side. His own country, late in warming up to him because of several indifferent fights on this side, flocked to him in droves after he knocked out Louis.

Schmeling is the money man, the box office attraction, and so is Louis. Schmeling will fight Louis if he wins from Braddock and he'll fight Jim if the Irishman whips Joe.

THOUGH he may be shunted for the time being, the whole keystone arrangement for a showdown must have Schmeling as an actor in the play. They'll never be able to take from him the fact that he exploded Louis. Joe may have been off his feed that night. Most certainly he fought stupidly. He couldn't get off the one track on which he stubbornly rode to disaster.

Schmeling had little to do but checkmate him mechanically, watch for his aimless left leads and cross him with rights. The remarkable part about it was that Louis was able to absorb so many before collapsing under the dreadful punishment, punishment which I fear he'll never never forget. The memory of that clouting will ever linger in Joe Louis' mind and that is why I'll always contend that Schmeling will whip him every time they meet. Of course age finally will run Schmeling into the ground.

Some will say that luck put Jim Braddock at the top of the ladder and that the moment that his luck turns there will be a new champion. His being up there is a tribute to experience. His experience whipped Baer, if nothing else did. Schmeling's experience, plus a healthy right-hand wallop, whipped Louis.

Put two experienced men together, Braddock and Schmeling, and you could look for anything, though I think that Jim's experience, his heart of gold, his ability to take it and to give, would wreck Schmeling. They might wreck Louis in the same manner. Remember that Braddock never has been knocked out.

He had a fight stopped on him by the referee out in Los Angeles because his eyes, cut before he entered the ring for much needed cash, were so badly damaged that they had to stop it because of the flow of blood. Outside of that, Braddock doesn't know what being knocked out means.

* * *

THERE is an odd side to Braddock's career. He has looked bad against fellows he should have whipped with one hand tied behind his back. Other fellows, rough and tough, and who were supposed to walk in and slaughter him, were themselves knocked out.

Tuffy Griffith was one of these. Never defeated in a long string of fights, he came into Madison Square Garden a five to one shot over Jim. Braddock knocked him into a cocked hat in a couple of rounds, causing one of the ring's great upsets.

That's why I say, barring the fact that he has not turned a hand at boxing in nearly two years' time, you can expect anything from him. It was no surprise to a lot of his friends that he landed on the heavyweight throne. He's lucky that way.

In the long ago, when Jim Jeffries was at the top of his prime, he had to quit the ring because there were no more worlds to conquer. He had whipped the best men of his time twice over. He finally had to give his title away, though, of course, few took this seriously. Most of the fans felt that when the proper opponent came along, Jim would return to the ring.

It was nearly six years before Jack Johnson arrived at the point where Jeffries had to come out to defend the "honor of the white race," as they called it. It was a fatal and a foolish move on Jim's part. He was fat and certainly past any coming back.

True he reduced, got rid of his paunch and looked something like the Jeffries of old, but he was a shell of the stalwart youngster who battered down Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Corbett years before. Johnson had a soft touch. His boxing skill was superb against Jim's creaking, rusty efforts.

* * *

LITTLE JACK McAULIFFE, undefeated and retired lightweight champion of the world, picked the fight to a round and told the story of it before the men had their hands up.

"Jim does not realize what six or seven years' absence from the ring means. He will suddenly find himself unable to hit the mark

WHIRLPOOL

he aims at. He will become desperate when that truth dawns on him. There is no such feeling in the world and he will go out pitifully. I feel sorry for him. You can't quit the ring, live the life of Reilly and come back six years later and win."

How different it is today among these big fellows! It seems only yesterday that the sheriffs were loping after Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons and Dan Stewart, the promoter who stuck to his guns and his project until he fell into the friendly arms of Nevada and her governor who wanted the fight for publicity sake.

Money didn't count so much with fellows like Corbett and Fitzsimmons. They placed their bitterness, the urge to win, high above the pennies of the game. They pulled noses, spat in each other's faces and even went so far as to promise each other a street brawl every time they met. They were not even thinking of the money they might get for a personal contact.

John L. Sullivan was that sort. He went so far as to CHALLENGE all his challengers at one time. He had been under contract with a theatrical man and couldn't get away to fight. When that contract expired, John lost no time in calling the bluffs of all of them.

Corbett wasn't bluffing even if John L. thought so. I hardly think he did. Always, from the night he and Corbett, then a gangling big kid, boxed in evening clothes in San Francisco, Sullivan had a peculiar and an utterly unheard of respect for the gabby young Californian. Corbett got John's goat from the moment they met.

Jim often told me of visiting Sullivan's theatrical performance in Chicago. Jim had come on from San Francisco and he bought a whole stage box for himself. Sullivan introduced Corbett from the stage when he saw him. John L. sent word that Jim must join him after the show.

* * *

IF Sullivan had a hidden or a strange respect for Corbett, he deliberately tried to awe the young fellow that night.

They went into one of the best known cafés in Chicago and Sullivan began buying wine right and left. Corbett drank milk. This was the cue for Sullivan. He began to tell the world that he could lick any son-of-a-sea-cook in the whole wide world. He would pound the mahogany bar and upset all the glasses as he proclaimed himself.

Sullivan kept repeating between new drinks that he could lick anybody living.

Finally Corbett became nettled. He was a fiery, fresh kid at best. He often admitted it to me. He wheeled on Sullivan in a rage, though he spoke with quietness.

"Look here, Sullivan. I'm in the same business that you're in. You've been shooting off your bazzoo about licking anybody in the world. That is belittling me at the moment. I won't permit you to make a mugg out of me in front of all these people. Repeat that crack about licking anybody in the world and I'll bust you right on the nose."

The effect was magical! Sullivan eyed the handsome young giant in front of him and then he grew soft.

"Ah, don't take it so seriously, young feller. I was only kidding. You and I must be friends. Let's have another drink and forget all about it."

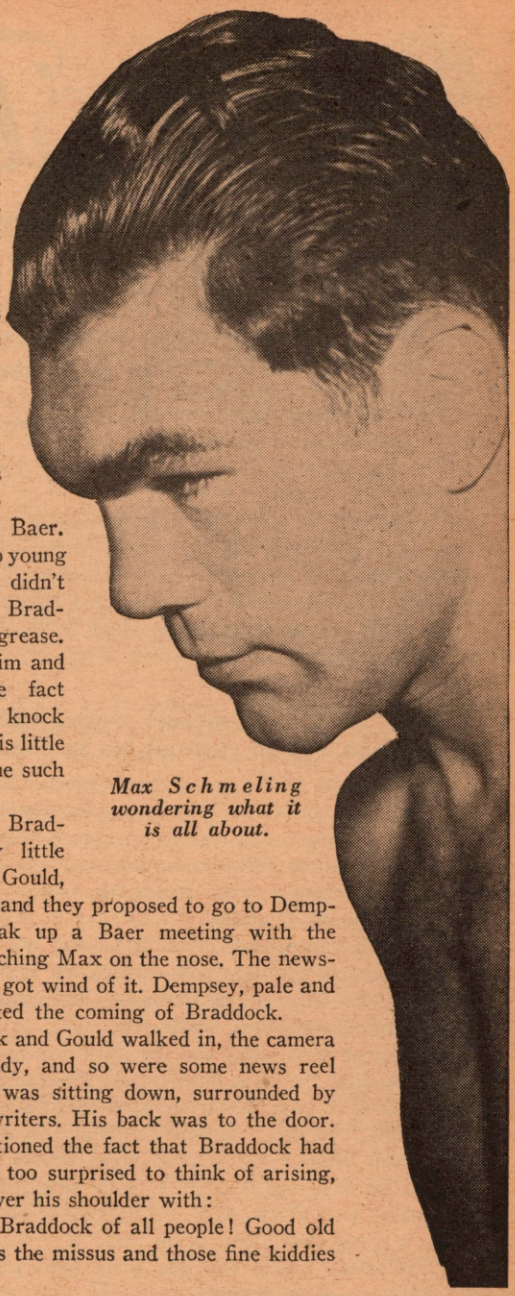
That ended the episode, but it didn't end the hidden hatred for each other. Sullivan was an old man, broken and long since through before they ever made up.

It was Sullivan who sent for Corbett. John was in an old uptown hotel. Jim came into the room. Sullivan went toward him and, throwing his arms around Corbett, tears streaming down his face, he muttered:

"Jim, I've been a damned old fool."

They never were enemies after that, and when I attended Sullivan's wake and funeral in Boston, they were awaiting Jim's arrival. He was out West at the time, but the Sullivans thought that Jim would arrive in time to see the "Greatest Roman of Them All" laid to rest in the frozen ground of the old Roxbury Cemetery in Massachusetts.

The nearest thing to an old Corbett and Fitzsimmons pre-battle brawl was the day Jim Braddock walked into Jack Dempsey's restaurant to beard Max Baer. Baer was a glib young man and he didn't mind putting Braddock in the grease. He belittled Jim and mentioned the fact that he would knock him out with his little finger—or some such remark.



Max Schmeling wondering what it is all about.

In any case, Braddock's spunky little manager, Joe Gould, heard about it and they proposed to go to Dempsey's and break up a Baer meeting with the scribes by punching Max on the nose. The newspapermen had got wind of it. Dempsey, pale and anxious, awaited the coming of Braddock.

As Braddock and Gould walked in, the camera men were ready, and so were some news reel fellows. Baer was sitting down, surrounded by a canyon of writers. His back was to the door. Someone mentioned the fact that Braddock had arrived. Baer, too surprised to think of arising, greeted him over his shoulder with:

"Why, Jim Braddock of all people! Good old Jimmy! How's the missus and those fine kiddies of yours?"

Well, that sunk Jim. If there had been murder in his Irish heart the moment before, the mere mention of his wife and his beloved children was too much for Jim and he wound up by shaking hands and wishing Baer luck.

Dempsey ran into an ante room, banged his head against the wall.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" he moaned. "Think of a front page story in every printed paper in the world gone blooie! The greatest ad my restaurant could possibly get, and Jim blows it when he goes mushy!"

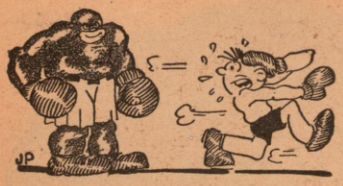
But that's the nature of big Jim. He will have a tremendous following when he enters the ring against either Louis or Schmeling. He came up off the docks and the "relief" to become the world's heavyweight champion. There is no picture book story of the ring like his, and don't we all love fairy stories, especially this one in real life?

As matters stand, Joe Louis has the better chance of going on to win the title and keeping it for a long period. His turn will come. Schmeling ditched him for the time being, but Joe has YOUTH on his side. When Schmeling, Braddock, Baer, Neusel, Farr, Foord and Peterson have been forgotten, he will be in his prime.

Who will challenge him? Will a man come from Africa, Australia, Ireland, Germany, Italy, South America, or the U. S.?

They come and they go, and so long as old age and the death of enthusiasm doesn't set in upon us, we'll all see another Dempsey, a Corbett, a Jeffries come along.

That's why boxing will live FOREVER!



The RING'S

Ambers' defeat, the Dance of the Fifteen Writs in the New York-Chicago big fight controversy, an Argentinian with a vendetta—all get high attention.

In eighteen fights in the United States, Montanez does very well, indeed, with a one hundred per cent average of victories. There is ample food for thought for Ambers, McLarnin, Canzoneri and Barney Ross.

THE RING'S Globe Trotter has travelled far and wide since the last previous effusion in these columns. He has seen the glories of the great Southwest, the empire of the Deep South—and everywhere has noted, with the keenest satisfaction, heightened interest in boxing, new faces, new blood, new champions in the making.

Yes, the country is astir with athletic interest, and the boxing rally leads in the rush for something with which to be entertained, something with which to vary the humdrum, something with which to get away from sitdowns and sitins and sitallovers. And so, with this small preamble, let us go right on ambling down the fistic highway, thus:

New York, N. Y.:—Montanez whips Ambers before more than 17,000 enthusiasts in the Garden.

HERE we see Lew Ambers, Italian puncher from Herkimer, N. Y., the lightweight champion of the world, a title-holder in a dynasty which reaches back to Benny Leonard and Joe Gans—Ambers, at 137 pounds, two over the title defending limit, taking a beating from Pedro Montanez, Puerto Rico's contender for the championship.

Ambers' adherents watch their pride and joy as he moves through ten highly spiced rounds—in six of which he takes a beating, and then, like a true champion, he carries the fight to his opponent and proves his mettle.

Montanez goes in at 138½ and that furnishes food for thought for those who think that he is unable to get down to the lightweight limit. Be that as it may, the fact remains that Pedro is the better man this night. He sets a terrific pace for Lew in the first six heats. Ambers believes the thumper from Puerto Rico will tire himself out. Perhaps, had the fight gone the title distance of fifteen heats, Ambers would have worn his antagonist down. It seemed that way, anyhow. But there is no room for ifs and perhapses, because this is ten rounds and this is the fight which Montanez plans for the ten-round distance.

In the first round, Ambers goes to his knee from a right cross, after being jolted by the first punch, a left.

Give it to Ambers that he puts up a hard, courageous battle in the last four heats and makes a grand rally in the tenth. His adherents see him win—but the score sheet shows that Montanez gets the fight, and the prestige of beating a champion in an overweight fiesta.

So much for the fight, a good, hot battle it is. Then the crowd. 17,352—every Puerto Rican, Cuban, Central American fight enthusiast in town jammed into the Garden. 17,352, and more than $54,000 in the box office. The game is moving. Just give the fans what they want and they will pay and pay—and ask for more.

So simple is the formula, and yet it is forgotten so often and so easily by those who promote fights. Give the fans what they want. Don't stint yourself and hand out something "just as good," because the fight fan no longer is Public Sucker No. 1.

The Globe Trotter stops after the fight picture to take stock. This is Ambers' eighth start since he takes the title from Tony Canzoneri last September.

Of these eight, Ambers wins four, loses three, and fights one draw. Montanez, Eddie Cool, Jimmy McLarnin are the birds who take Lew's measure. Enrico Venturi, the Italian, holds the champ to a draw. Lew beats Stumpy Jacobs, Davey Day, Al Roth and Roger Bernard—not a very impressive lot, even if you try to stretch a point here and there.

Chicago, Ill.:—Local promoters say that everything is set for Braddock-Louis fight on June 22.

THE lake in Chicago. The wind over the lake. The wind over State Street. The wind everywhere. A great spot for fight managers and promoters, as it is known as the Windy City.

Joe Foley, Mike Jacobs and Soldier Farr gather at the lake side. The wind is terrific. "Braddock and Louis fight here on June 22 for the title, with a $3.30, $6.60, $11.00, $16.50 and $27.50 scale," yodels Promoter Foley, even above the gale.

"Foley says it! The fight is held right here in Chee-cargo, for the heavyweight championship of the world, and Max Schmeling is out in the cold," gargles Jacobs.

"Foley and Jacobs are right, the heavyweight title again is at stake in a ring in the great city of Shee-cawgo," proclaims Farr, who is the official matchmaker, and has something or other to do with the promotion of the fight.

Three lawyers stand behind Foley. Four barristers flank Jacobs. Farr is practically without legal assistance, as he has only his single personal counsel behind him.

Fourteen law clerks bearing forms for writs of certiorari, writs of mandamus, writs to show cause, writs of habeas corpus. Eighteen assistants to law clerks, ten blonde stenographers and eleven plain, ordinary office boys bring up the rear with law books.

"This fight positively will be held," says Lawyer Sbartle, the chief of counsel. It is difficult to find out which fight he is referring to, the Braddock-Louis setto, or the struggle in court.

Here the lawyers and the chorus form in two lines, and to the merry music of the Viennese waltz, they chortle:

The fight is sure a fixture,
And Chicago is the picture,
For the battle between Jimmy and the Joe.
We will serve them writs so gooey,
They will cease annoying Louis,
And join us in the Million Dollar Go!

Chorus
They will cease annoying Louis,
And join us in the Million Dollar Go!

"You may say for me that our legal talent is in the best of shape and will be ready to last the limit," announces Jacobs. "We have been giving our law boys a lot of work against writs of all sorts, and those Garden guys are not going to find us with our mandamuses down. I can promise you that."

In the meantime, a lot of citizens of Chicago start saving to meet that scale from $3.30 to $27.50. Depression is over.

New York, N. Y.:—Local promoters insist everything is not set for Braddock-Louis fight in Chicago.

BROADWAY in New York. The wind from the Hudson. The wind over the Great Wide Way. The wind everywhere. A grand place for fight managers and promoters, as it is known as the City of the Big Heart. Yes, sir.

Major John Reed Kilpatrick, of Yale and Madison Square Garden, appears on the scene, with a flower in his button hole

GLOBE TROTTER

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

and an official scowl on his puss. James J. Johnston, of Night School and Madison Square Garden, follows close in the wake of the major. James wears the Johnston derby, and no flower. He is smiling the Johnston smile.

"There can be no Braddock-Louis battle in Chicago, because Braddock fights Schmeling in New York," says the major.

"Braddock fights Schmeling in New York," utters Johnston.

Right behind them come the Army of the Barristers, with twenty-two Big Lawyers, fourteen Lesser Lawyers, eighteen clerks, eighteen boys, eighteen stenographers, and the Lawyers' and Wind Instrument Players' Band.

"Chicago is fruity, it is our plain duty, to see this city get what is its due," sings Major Kilpatrick.

"It is our duty, Chicago is too snooty, New York must get this fistic stew," yodels Johnston.

Then the lawyers, barristers, clerks, boys and stenos get into two lines, and quickly move into a Fred Astaire dance, Form 18-B, singing all the while, to wit:

We are the lawyers bright and gay, the guys who talk and tattle,
We'll tell the judge this fight just may, not be a Western battle.
With writs and motions,
And violent legal notions,
We'll stop those birds in Chi at their loose prattle.
The Garden has it sewed up,
Mike Jacobs sure has slowed up,
We'll show the world he needs a baby's rattle.

Chorus

We'll show the world he needs a baby's rattle,
With all his talk about Chicago's battle.

Here the entire cast, ably supported by Major Kilpatrick and his nasturtium, and Johnston in his derby, goes into the Dance of the Fifteen Writs.

Los Angeles, Cal.:—Alberto Lovell, of the Argentine Pampas, is here to avenge Luis Angel Firpo, by gar.

THE guy with the slightly messed up puss is Alberto Lovell. The good señor is from the Argentine. The reason his schnozz is two degrees off line and his face looks as if he has tried to fight a department store basement bargain crowd is that he goes ten heats with Andre Lenglet of France—and gets the duke.

Twice does the good señor climb up from the floor, and he is not expected to climb. But he climbs.

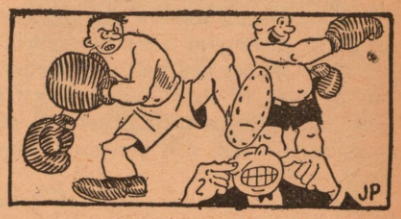
He takes six rounds from the Frenchman, and now, with the Lovell puss awry, he explains his mission.

He is here to avenge Luis Angel Firpo. Luis knows he knocks out Dempsey, says Lovell. The whole world knows that.

But the management in the Firpo corner is weak in the head and lets Jack climb back into the ring. Señor Lovell forgets the small detail of Dempsey's knocking Firpo for a row of empty beer cans.

But Señor Lovell is here for revenge—at least, so he says. Who is the good señor? Ah! That is the story! He is the 1932 Olympic champion, and for that title he beats Gunnar Barlund. He knocks out Jorge Brescia in two heats and it takes Joe Louis three. In fourteen of nineteen professional fights, the new Bull from the Pampas scores fourteen kayoes. He is a boxer, he is a fighter, he is a man with a vendetta.

He will fight anybody. Braddock, Schmeling, Louis, Pastor, Joe Doakes, anybody. He is here for revenge!



Dallas, Texas:—Lone Star fight fans see coming star in a kid by name of Maxie Long.

IT is the lobby of the Adolphus in Dallas. The world champion Yankees are in town. They are greeted by whom? None other than One Eye Connolly, who seems to be the master of ceremonies. He rushes introductions to fight managers, fighters, horse race guys, Joe This and Jake That and Tom Here and Moe There. It is Springtime in Dallas, and One Eye takes out his Hoboes of America card, and says he is headed for the convention in St. Louis.

Comes Bert Kahn into the lobby. For fifteen years he runs a healthatorium in Dallas, and he knows fighters.

"Got a comer, a kid named Maxie Long," Kahn announces. "May be a world champion, may be just a morning glory, who can tell? This kid is a strange combination—Irish, Indian, Jewish. Ever see the like before?"

The Globe Trotter admits he never sees the like before. "Eighteen years of age, nineteen knockouts in twenty-one amateur fights, nine knockouts in ten professional fights. Braddock referees a fight he wins and tells him he wants him in his camp, so Long goes to Wisconsin, and then on the Chicago card with Jim. May be a coming champion, may be just a local hero. Quien sabe?"

Echo answers, "Who knows?" The Globe Trotter moves on from Dallas.

The tendency is to laugh at claims for kids, to be very tough toward their managers, to be from Missouri, and then some, when it comes to those who are trying to break in. But when a guy brings in an Irish-Indian-Jewish fighter from Dallas, you can't be too blase. What?

Patsy Haley Praises "Black Terry McGovern."

THE Black Terry McGovern. That is the name that has been applied to Henry Armstrong by Patsy Haley, veteran referee, following Armstrong's sensational four-round knockout victory over Mike Belloise in Madison Square Garden. It was a mere coincidence that Haley happened to be officiating in the role of judge when Armstrong came through with such a smashing victory in the presence of the man who gave the original Terry McGovern plenty of trouble before he was knocked out in the eighteenth round.

What passed through Haley's mind when Armstrong was in action will remain a secret, but he was not reticent after the spectacular finish put Armstrong over in good shape.

"Armstrong carries the same dashing, crashing style that Terrible Terry was noted for," said Haley. "He is fearless and dead game and approaches an opponent like an unleashed tiger.

"Armstrong is different from any Negro I have seen in action. Boxers like Jack Johnson, Joe Gans, Joe Jeannette and George Dixon used to stand up straight and took no chances while in action. This Armstrong is a fighting devil. He walks right after his opponent. He takes a good punch, does not dodge blows, and carries the fight to his opponent at such a rapid clip that you either have to fight back or jump out of the ring.

"That is why Belloise, who ordinarily is a good, smart boxer, who picks at his man with a prodding left hand, was thrown out of stride. Armstrong made him fight his own style and it was a question of fighting back or running away. Belloise, dead game, was determined to fight every inch of the way and that proved his own undoing. Armstrong is the best natural fighter I have seen in ten years. It will take a superman to take his measure."

DEMPSEY NEVER WORE

TO some people who haven't known Jack Dempsey very long, it seems a bit mysterious that his popularity should grow year after year, and that he should have more friends and well wishers now than he did when he was at the peak of fistic success. They attribute his popularity to good luck, fate, a twist of fortune, and so on. They are apt to overlook the fact that perhaps Dempsey himself had something to do with it.

Let us carry the story back to a hot mid-summer day in Toledo, Ohio, when Jack took the heavyweight championship from Jess Willard.

Even though the crowd was far below expectations, people came from the far corners of the United States to see that fight. They came in buses and autos, lake steamers and yachts, Pullmans and private cars. One of the private cars was that of Samuel Vauclain, head of the Baldwin Locomotive works. Mr. Vauclain had a number of interesting guests, among whom was Jimmy Dougherty, the "Baron" of Lieperville. There were also a naval officer, some commercial bigwigs, and other guests.

The Fourth of July, when the fight was held, was roasting hot. It was also humid. There was no relief—this was before the days of air-cooling—to be found anywhere. Nevertheless, the fans poured into the open bowl under the broiling sun to watch the fight for the championship.

That is, most of the fans did. Some of them were laid out by the heat. One of them was the naval officer in Mr. Vauclain's private car. He was so severely affected, Jimmy Dougherty opined afterwards that they were not sure whether he was going to live or die. It was that close. The thing that worried the navy man most, though, was that he had made a long trip to see the fight and then couldn't see it when he got there.

* * *

DEMPSEY entered the ring and banged big Champion Willard all over the place. It was an amazing, a colossal feat. After it was over, Dempsey was all but submerged under the tide of back-slappers, well-wishers, friends, autograph-hunters, hand-shakers, and all the sort of persons who collect around the winner of a championship fight. It was the happiest moment of his life. He was a great man, risen from obscurity under his own power, newly-crowned holder of a world title.

At that moment the Baron of Lieperville whispered in Dempsey's ear that there was a guy in a car down in the railroad yards who was a sick man. He had come to see the fight and was very sorrowful over missing it.

"Jimmy," asked Dempsey, "he's really in bad shape?"

"Bad," said the Baron.

"Get your hat and let's go," said Dempsey.

The two broke away from the crowd of admirers and reporters and made their way to the railroad yards. They went out to Vauclain's car. Dempsey, fresh from the scene of his victory, entered hat in hand.

Dougherty made the proper introductions. Jack talked with the sick man. The fellow's face lighted up. He could not believe his eyes. The champion of the world coming down to the railroad yards to see him . . . . an unimportant fan who missed the fight by bad luck.

Coming down and telling him about the fight, round by round, punch by punch! And kidding him along, telling him he looked better already (which, of course, he did) and that he was shortly going to be as strong and as fit as ever. To make the story perfect, the man did recover, we may add.

There was a situation for you. But let's go on with the story.

* * *

THE next morning, Sid Keener of the St. Louis *Star* went out to Dempsey's training camp on the outskirts of Toledo. Papers all over the world had headlined Willard's defeat. Thousands of columns had been written about the new champion.

Keener might have expected to run into a secretary or two, or at least a business manager. Nobody seemed to be around except a mechanic in overalls, smeared from head to foot with grease, working on an automobile.

Keener wandered over to ask the fellow if he had seen Dempsey. On getting close enough to see through the grease, he was startled to note that the laborer was none other than the Manassa Man Mauler himself.

"Hey!" he asked, "why don't you let some of the other guys around camp do that? After all, you're the world's champion now!"

"Yeah," grinned Dempsey, "but I feel at home doing this. They'll never put a high hat on me!"

You can't help liking a fellow like that. He's real.

* * *

JACK has a remarkable memory. Some people will tell you a fighter has plenty of brawn and no brains. Dempsey, since leaving the ring, has made a success in other lines.

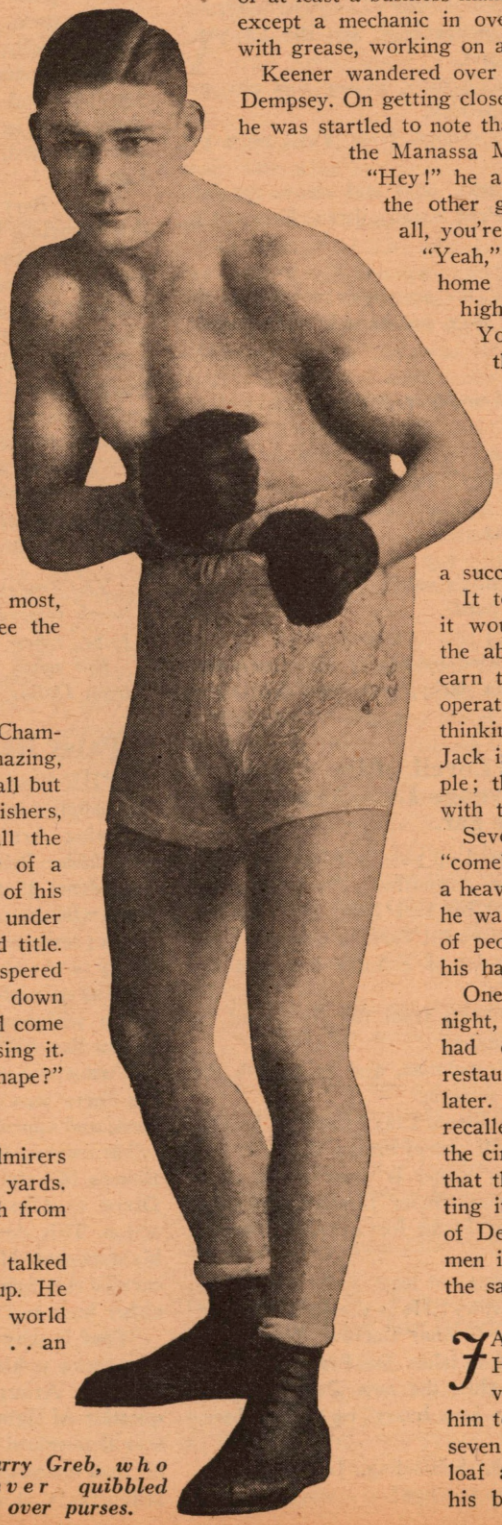
It took the same qualities in him that it would take in any other executive—the ability to get along with people, to earn their wholehearted support and co-operation. No man who spends his time thinking how good he is can do that. Jack is genuinely interested in other people; they know it, and they reward him with their friendship.

Several years ago Dempsey was on a "comeback" tour. One night he took on a heavyweight in Sacramento. As always he was surrounded afterwards by dozens of people eager to meet him and shake his hand.

One of the men who met him that night, a young man named Dan Searle, had occasion to go into Dempsey's restaurant in New York several years later. Dempsey remembered him and also recalled where he had met him and all the circumstances of the occasion. To say that this was a surprise to Searle is putting it mildly, but the incident is typical of Dempsey, and there are thousands of men in business who wish they could do the same thing.

* * *

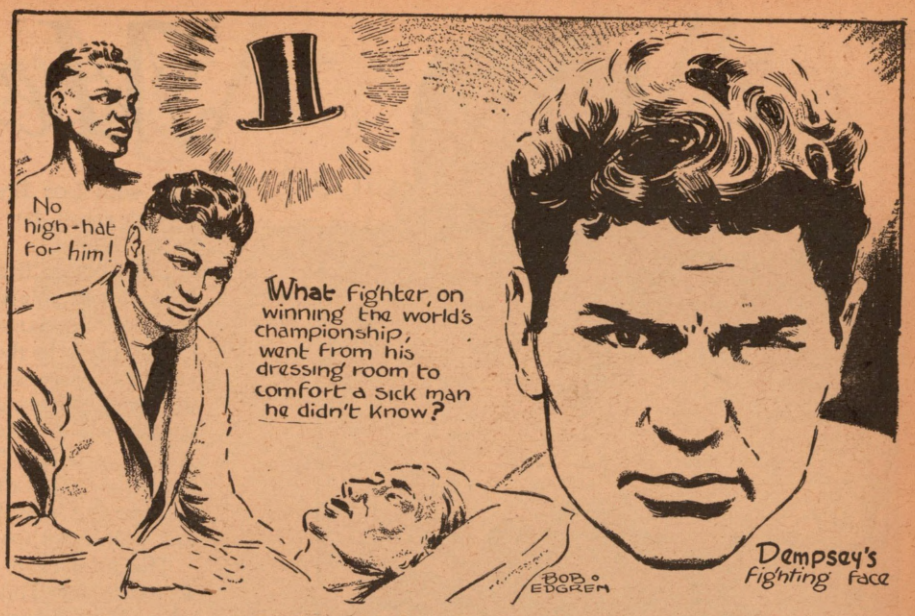
JACK was always sincere in the ring. He tried his best. His best was very good, so his sincerity brought him to the top and kept him champion for seven years. If he had been content to loaf along and continually do less than his best—like one of our recent cham-



Harry Greb, who never quibbled over purses.

ONE

By BOB EDGREN



pions—his reputation would not be much today.

Another fellow who sincerely loved to fight was Harry Greb. Can you imagine what a present-day champion would say if a promoter asked him to fight as a substitute in a semi-final bout?

Davey Jones, who was promoting a Sid Barbarian-Sammy Mandell fight with a very good semi-final between Tommy Burns and Jack Delaney, was left out on a limb when Delaney suddenly took sick and rushed home.

It's not easy to get a good man signed up in a hurry. It looked as if Jones' semi-final bout was going to fall through, and as it was an All-Star American Legion show, the gate would shrink and the affair would at least be a partial flop.

Davey scratched his head long and earnestly but no good ideas seemed to be forthcoming. A friend suggested that Harry Greb would be a good man for the spot.

"You bet your life he would," Davey replied. "But what a horselaugh he would give me if I asked him to substitute for Delaney, and in a semi-final at that. Why, Greb is a champion!"

* * *

THE more he thought about it, the more it seemed like the only thing that would save his show. Finally, after talking it over with some friends who agreed that it might work out all right, he got up his nerve and called Greb. It was a long-distance call from Detroit to Pittsburgh.

Greb answered the phone. He listened to the offer. "I'll talk it over with Harry," he replied, meaning Harry Mason, his manager, "and I'll call you back."

Half an hour later Davey Jones' phone rang. It was Greb calling. "I'll be glad to sub for Delaney," shouted Greb. "But what's all this about it being a semi-final?"

As soon as he heard that the show was an "All-Star" program, Greb yelled "O.K.!"

He arrived in Detroit the following morning, fought in the show, attracted a huge crowd, and licked Burns.

* * *

WHENEVER a champion loses his title the fans are deluged with a thousand and one explanations from the sport pages. Yet looking back calmly over the recent years of boxing history, one very sad fact becomes clear. Most champions aren't beaten by men who are better than they were at their best. Look over the heavyweights. John L. Sullivan, a fat, bloated lump of flesh, facing the young and clever Corbett. What a difference from the wild, bull-strong Irish lad he had been a few years before!

Jim Jeffries, who had gone up over three hundred pounds and had been out of the ring for many years, tried valiantly to ready himself for Johnson. The task was almost superhuman.

Johnson was nearing forty, a tired runaway from his own land, when he fought a long battle under a hot sun against a powerful young giant named Willard. Some will tell you Willard couldn't fight. Don't you believe it. Who was there that could come close to him until Dempsey came along? Willard could box, he was strong, and he could hit.

But—he was fat and soft for Dempsey. Overconfident, aging, ill trained, looking on Dempsey as another pushover. He was on the toboggan and halfway down the slide. Little did he dream that he would be battered down seven times by his lighter opponent, yet it happened.

DEMPSEY at Philadelphia—was he the Dempsey of Toledo? Hardly! No one could expect him to be. Getting old, handicapped by illness, and out of shape from lack of fighting, he was cut out for a smart opponent like Gene Tunney.

Gene Tunney—there was a smart champion. He retired before the real opponent of champions came along—Age.

The most recent and startling example of all, Max Baer, by careless living managed to toboggan himself right out of the championship. Braddock was good the night he met Maxie. But he wasn't meeting a well-trained champion, confident of his condition. The difference between Max and the other champions was that Max managed to live many years in a few months.

Just the pace of the younger generation, perhaps?

* * *

JIM BRADDOCK is a fine fellow and a good fighter. He will give a good account of himself. When Jim is beaten—if he does not retire before that day which must come to all active fighters—it may very logically be by the one opponent who beats them all.

It's a pretty tough career for a man. Years of bitter struggling and terribly hard work—and only a short stay at the top at best. You can't blame them for wanting to make all they can while they're still holding the title.

A few weeks ago, when Braddock was asked by the scribes whether he would fight Louis or Schmeling, he answered:

"It makes little difference to me who will be my opponent. All I want to make certain of, is that the man with whom I'll be able to get the most dough is the fellow who is selected. As champion, I want the dough."

Jimmy, like Dempsey, is an affable fellow. No high hat about him. He is in his element when in the midst of the "gang," the boys with whom he associated in his youth. The Braddock who holds the world heavyweight title is no different today than he was when he worked on the docks of Jersey City prior to getting his chance at Max Baer.

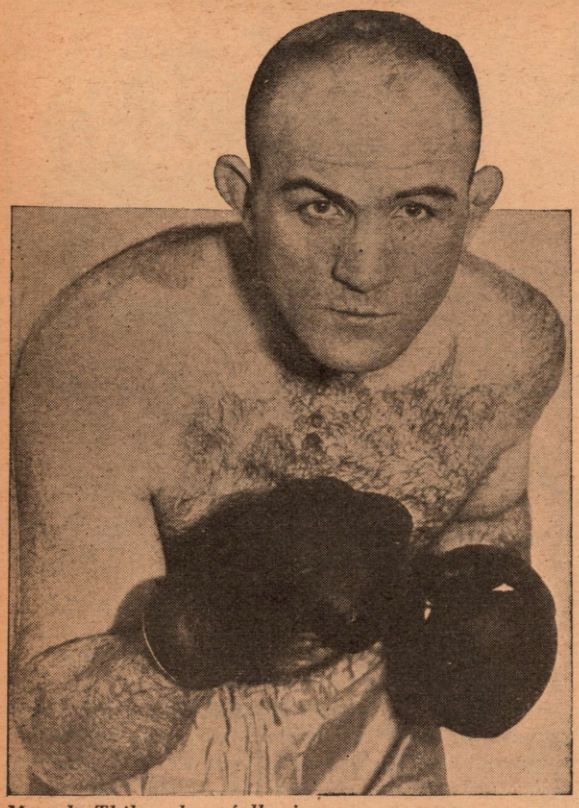
Of all the heavyweight kings of recent years, perhaps the only one who might be called high-hatted is Gene Tunney. Gene, in the big dough ever since he beat Jack Dempsey for the crown, has his own social set. Mingling with the fellows who were his pals in the days of his boxing career doesn't quite jibe with his high social position today.

Yet who can blame him? He has his own life to live, and it is not in the atmosphere of the fight game.

Gene's popularity never amounted to much, yet as the years roll by, his fighting qualities will be more and more admired. Were he one of the "slap-'em-on-the-back boys," he undoubtedly would have found himself far up in the ranks of the good fighters by this time.

Popularity is something that every fighter seeks to acquire. Some get it early in their careers. Others, not before they have retired.

Memorable



Marcel Thil, who, following kayo at hands of Lou Brouillard, which was termed a foul, retired as world middleweight champion.

IT'S many a long day since the middleweight division produced a champion of such colorful prowess as to become an object of hero-worship by fight fans. Somebody, that is, equipped with the magnetism that characterized Jack Dempsey, Max Baer, and, more recently, Joe Louis, among the big fellows.

Not that the Simon-pure heavies, outside of the three men just mentioned, have had much to boast of in the way of imposing champions since Jack Johnson surrendered the crown which passed to the giant Jess Willard. But the middleweight class, after Mickey Walker relinquished its title, failed entirely to regain its old-time glamour. There have been no miniature Baers, Dempseys or Louises among the 160-pounders. At last, however, a leader of the class of genuine championship brand has made his appearance in the person of Freddie Steele, the new title-holder, who, through the retirement of Marcel Thil, and by right of conquest, grasps the sceptre in his good right hand.

Thil was accorded American as well as European recognition as world's middleweight champion by virtue of a victory over Gorilla Jones in 1932. He was never a thrilling performer, but essentially a "safe" one, averse to taking chances, and preferred to confine his ring performances within the limits of his native land. Perhaps he was wise in this determination. There's a lot of sense in the old maxim which asserts that "every cock fights best on his own roost!"

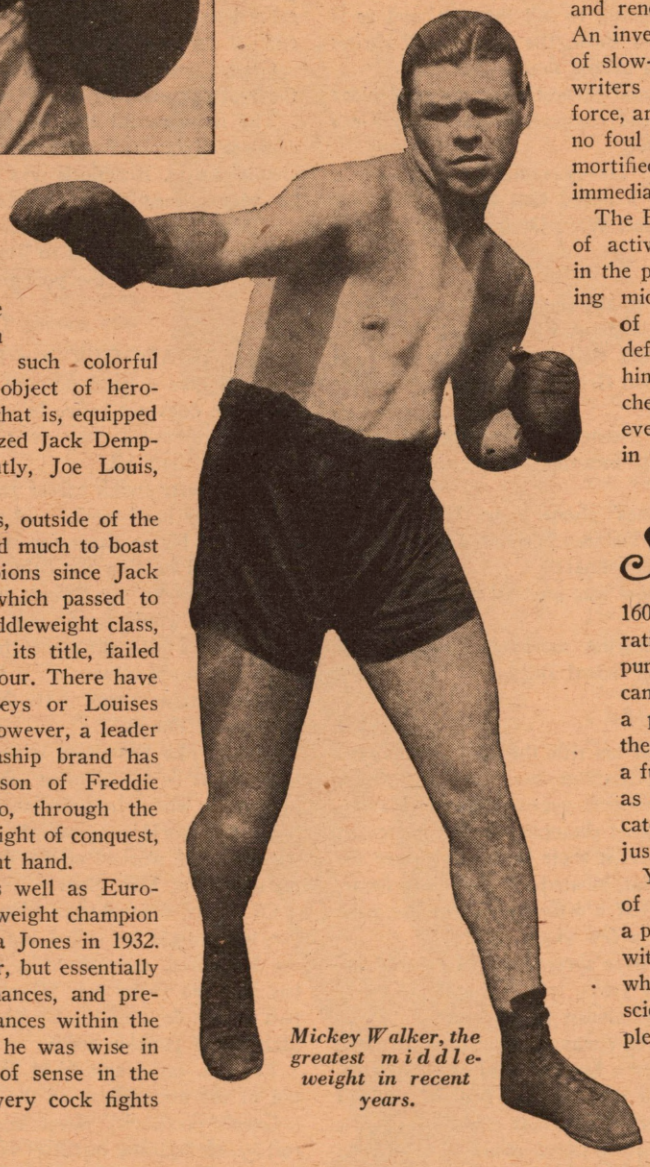
* * *

FRENCH ring patrons were naturally proud of their world-beater, and it was also natural that when there was an opportunity of giving Thil a lucky break in engagements where there was any room for dispute as to a verdict, the said break invariably went to the Gallic star. But this sort of thing can be stretched too far, and certainly was in Marcel's recent bout with Lou Brouillard, when Thil was knocked cold in the seventh round, but claimed a foul, and heard his claim confirmed by the referee.

Twice before Brouillard and Thil clashed. On the first occasion, Thil won on points, a decision of the hair-line variety over which American spectators at the ringside grumbled not a little, while sport-writers in three London papers argued that the worst Lou should have received was a draw. The second meeting resulted in Thil again being declared victor, this time on a foul, and the verdict was criticized by the foreign press as very unjust to the American boxer. Thil complained of being hit below the belt, but visitors to THE RING office who saw the battle were a unit in asserting that the blow landed squarely in the stomach-pit and well above the belt.

The third claim of foul, though granted officially, proved unfortunate for Thil. For the French press turned against him, when *L'Auto* charged that the so-called foul blow was a perfectly fair punch that landed in the liver region, and rendered the champ hors-de-combat. An investigation which called in the aid of slow-motion pictures followed, boxing writers attended the film showing in force, and the evidence clearly proved that no foul had been committed. Thil was so mortified over the disclosure that he immediately announced his retirement.

The Frenchman's action in stepping out of active service leaves Freddie Steele in the proud position of the world's leading middleweight and legitimate owner of the class title. He has not only defeated Brouillard, who proved himself Thil's superior although cheated of his dues, but has beaten every middleweight of high standing in the United States.



Mickey Walker, the greatest middleweight in recent years.

* * *

SO far as foreign talent is concerned, neither on the Continent nor in England is there a 160-pound battler of really first-class rating. One Briton of potential punching power, Jock McAvoy, who came here and outed Babe Risko in a punch, has completely outgrown the middle grade. McAvoy is now a full-fledged light-heavyweight, and, as a matter of fact, belonged in that category when he fought Al McCoy just before returning home.

You don't often get the opportunity of seeing a pugilist who is at once a polished boxer and battler equipped with a devastating wallop. But Steele, when in action, shapes up both as a scientist and fighter whom it is a pleasure to watch, as he feints an opponent into an opening and crashes his right through a futile guard to a vital spot. He can take care of himself in a rally at close quarters, too, when the gloves are driving from all angles, and the crowd gazes breathlessly, expecting, hoping momentarily to see one man or the other drop for the full count.

Steele can slug with the toughest of them, and does on occasion. But his slugging is never of the wild order. They say that "every bullet has its billet" in war, and it would be no exaggeration

Middleweight Mills

By GEORGE T. TICKELL

to assert that none of Steele's punches are fired at random. He hits the target nine times out of ten. Steele has been a consistent scrapper since 1932. Only one decision was recorded against him and that was when he rated as a raw novice, during his first year of ring service.

His predecessor as middleweight king, Babe Risko, is an aggressive type of slugger, dynamically energetic in his attacking methods, but somewhat deficient in defensive skill.

Mickey Walker's recuperative powers were more than remarkable. He was never whipped so long as he could stand, when he was in his prime. This was in evidence on the night in 1930 when he fought the hard-hitting Paul Swiderski. The latter dropped Mickey with a solid right to the jaw in the opening frame. Walker was in bad shape when he regained his feet, and Swiderski rushed in to finish him.

* * *

TIME and again Mickey was floored, but always managed to beat the full count. He was still dazed and shaky in the second and third sessions, and went down repeatedly, only to scramble to his feet and resume hostilities with undaunted spirit. Gradually he recovered, and now it was the rushing Paul who began to tire. Walker kept after him grimly, forced the pace, and the last frame saw Swiderski battered from rope to rope by the smaller man, who was deservedly awarded the decision.

That battle was typical of Walker. In near defeat he put over the thrills as resonantly as when he was winning. During his reign of nearly five years as middleweight champion he cleaned up his division so thoroughly that he was frequently obliged to take on light-heavyweights in order to keep busy. There were no middleweights left who were worthy of his steel when he quit the class.

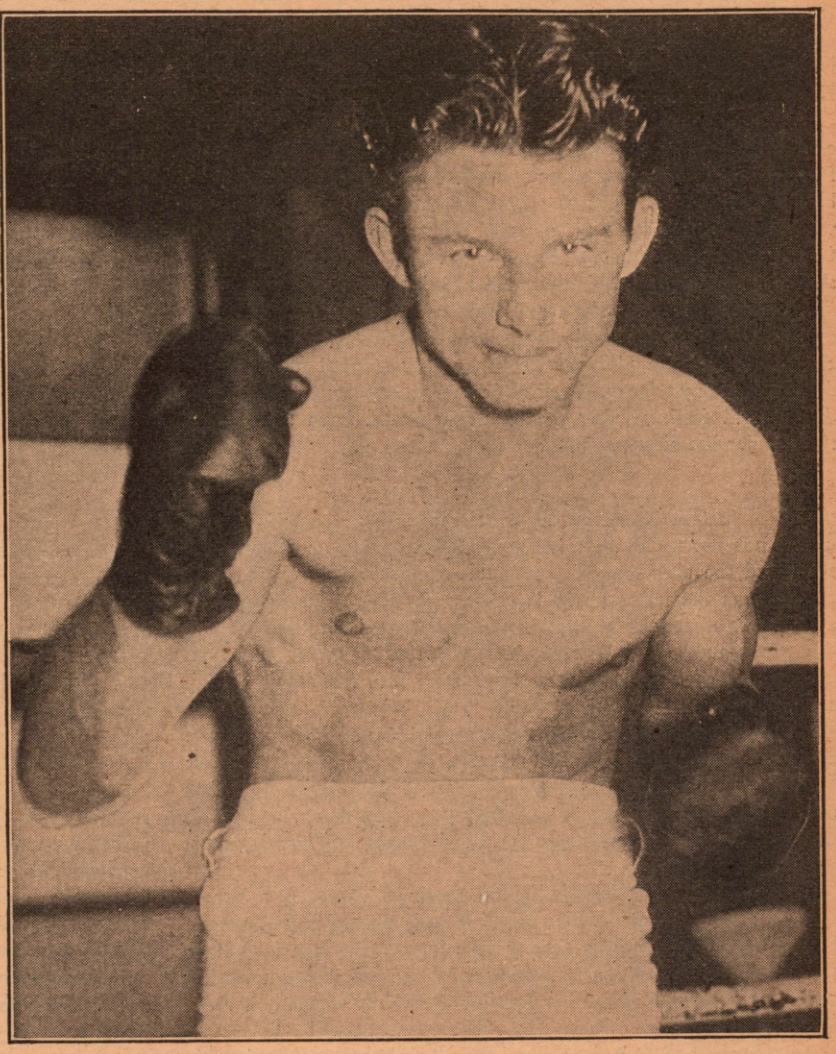
The reason he gave for resigning the 160-pound title was that he could no longer make the weight. Many of his intimates doubted this assertion, believing that he was chiefly influenced, first by his dislike of severe training, and again because, as he had virtually run out of opponents who could draw a respectable gate with him as a middleweight, there was more financial satisfaction in tackling the big fellows. When he held Jack Sharkey to a draw in fifteen rounds about a month after resigning the middleweight crown, his poundage was only 169½, and he was not finely drawn at that.

* * *

HARKING back to early days, the name of Bob Fitzsimmons naturally presents itself as that of a gladiator who probably furnished more thrills than any of his contemporaries for the edification of the fight fans. But Fitz, after winning the middleweight championship from Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, only defended the title once, when he knocked out Dan Creedon of Australia in two rounds at New Orleans, in 1894.

His victory over Dempsey was achieved at 154 pounds, the then recognized middleweight limit. There were no boxing commissions then to dictate to scrappers, and nobody to protest effectively when Fitzsimmons, unable to scale at 154 pounds any longer, set 158 as the mark at which he would fight thereafter. It was at the latter notch that he won from Creedon.

In the interval of nearly three years between the Dempsey and Creedon contests, Bob acquired fame as a thrill-maker by knocking out opponents right and left in jig-time, two of his victims being Peter Maher and Jim Hall, neither of whom, however, could scale at middleweight limit. After the Creedon battle, Fitz announced that he was through as regarded the middleweight ranks.



Freddie Steele, new king of the middleweights.

The legend, fostered by some sport-writers, that Fitzsimmons was at the one time holder of both the middleweight and heavyweight championships, had no foundation. It has frequently been asserted that he scaled no more than the present-day middleweight limit when he defeated Corbett. He really scaled a shade over 172 pounds, as against 180 for Corbett.

The late Lou Houseman, prominent Chicago sports editor and fight promoter, acted as Fitzsimmons' timekeeper in the Corbett battle. Later, at Corbett's request, Houseman signed an affidavit to that effect. As Houseman and Fitz were staunch friends, both before and after the New Orleans affair, the Chicagoan's word may surely be taken in settlement of a dispute that even at this late day springs up in fan-discussions about the old-timers.

In a signed statement with THE RING Editor, received from Fitz, he gave his weight as 162 for the fight with Corbett.

* * *

THERE were hectic thrills aplenty in many of Tommy Ryan's battles when he reigned as middleweight champ. Like Walker, Ryan could slug as well as box cleverly, when occasion demanded, as his long record of knockouts administered

clearly shows. Among these, his six-round meeting with Kid McCoy at Tattersalls, in Chicago, furnished a sensation that the assembled spectators never forgot.

Everybody knows the story of how Ryan, as a welterweight, was once tricked into making a match with Kid McCoy, where the latter agreed to lie down. Ryan, who then had a poor opinion of McCoy as a fighter anyway, did not train, entered the ring hog-fat, out of condition, and was double-crossed by the astute Kid, who kayoed him in the fifteenth round.

Consequently Tommy was out for revenge at Chicago. He had established his claim as middleweight champion, and trained faithfully for McCoy, with the intention of handing the Kid a thorough beating. McCoy was not as strong as he might have been, as it was a tough task for him to make 158 pounds. But while Ryan fought like a demon in his efforts to put McCoy away, the latter's skill and cunning generalship stood him in good stead.

At the close of the sixth and final round, honors were fairly even. If there was a shade in either man's favor, it belonged to Ryan. But Referee Malachy Hogan calmly stepped forward and declared McCoy winner. A yell of protest arose from the onlookers, the general feeling being that a draw would have been about right under the circumstances.

* * *

AN instant later, the big thrill came. For Ryan, his gloves not yet removed, made a tigerlike spring at Hogan and staggered the surprised referee with a potent sock on the jowl. Hogan was the last man in the world to take a punch without a return. He bore the reputation of being one of the most dangerous rough-and-tumble fighters in the Windy City, and lived up to that hard-earned reputation by tearing into his assailant like a pit-dog loosed from the leash.

The house was in an uproar, several partisans of both men made a rush for the ring, and while peacemakers struggled to break Hogan and Ryan out of a clinch, the police clubs began to swing on the interlopers. The riot was finally quieted down, and Ryan was escorted to his dressing-room by bluecoats, still vowing vengeance on Hogan.

At the time Ryan's friends, for the most part, were at a loss to account for his behavior. The middleweight champion had always been a scrupulously clean fighter who had never been known to transgress ring rules, and attacking a referee for giving a verdict against him seemed altogether foreign to Tommy's usually correct observance of ethics.

As a matter of fact, however, Ryan had some excuse for his outburst of temper. He had signed articles with the proviso that, should the battle last the scheduled limit of six rounds, a draw was to be announced. Referee Hogan protested that he was not aware of such conditions having been arranged. Meanwhile, the news-wires had carried abroad the information that McCoy had beaten Ryan, and bets had been paid accordingly.

It was a nasty mess, which the officials of the Tattersall Club endeavored to clean up to the best of their ability the following morning. They went into conference and finally announced that the referee's decision was reversed, and listed the bout as a draw. And if you look up the records, that's how you'll find it given!

* * *

THERE were thrills galore all through the highly spectacular career of Stanley Ketchel, who succeeded Ryan on the middleweight throne. As a matter of fact, Stanley, before he was known to fame, gave Ryan a thrill of a decidedly unwelcome sort. Ryan, under Jack Curley's supervision, was traveling with a burlesque show, meeting all comers.

The troupe played at Salt Lake City, and Curley busied himself digging up opponents for his star. Among these was Ketchel, with no background save a strictly local reputation. Curley engaged him and Stanley went on with the champion in due course of time. The local boy sailed into Ryan in the hurricane style which afterwards made him famous in the ring, and the champ was obliged to call on all his boxing cleverness and generalship to hold Stanley safe for the four rounds.

Afterwards, in his dressing-room, Ryan complained bitterly to Curley for not exercising more care in selecting antagonists. "I had to fight for my life with that damned kid," said the indignant champ. "Who is he, anyway?"

"I don't know," responded Curley. "Never heard of him before. But I'm guessing that the fight customers will hear lots about him in days to come!"

Jack had the right angle! It was not long after that Ryan retired, and Stanley Ketchel became middleweight champion by knocking out Jack (Twin) Sullivan in twenty rounds of a scorching battle for the title.

Thrilling in the extreme was the eventful battle between Ketchel and Billy Papke, the Illinois Cyclone, which took place September 7, 1908. Early in this contest Papke landed a punch directly between Ketchel's eyes which virtually closed both optics. There was no such word as "quit" in Ketchel's vocabulary. Blinded and helpless, he struggled valiantly on, so long as he could glimpse his opponent.

His case was hopeless, but referees didn't intervene then so mercifully as they do today in battles where one of the principals is helpless. Stanley stuck it out until the twelfth round, when Papke, easily avoiding the punches Ketchel kept on throwing at random, stepped in and smashed a left hook to the jaw that sent the recipient down for the last time.

* * *

UNLIKE his modern successors in the middleweight ranks, Papke did not rest on his newly-won laurels for the space of a year or so before again risking the title. Ketchel's request for a return match got quick results. In less than three months after he was knocked out, Stanley again faced his conqueror. It was a terrific battle, with odds swinging first to one and then to the other side. But Ketchel's star was in the ascendancy this time, and he finally put Papke to sleep in the eleventh frame.

The spectacular element was present in all of Ketchel's battles. People went to see him fight, confident that they would get a succession of shock-thrills, no matter who his opponent happened to be, nor were they disappointed. Even when he was kayoed by heavyweight champion Jack Johnson, he gave the fight patrons the biggest surprise of their lives by dropping the great colored boxer with a terrific right to the jaw.

Immediately after that, Johnson rebounded from the floor and sent Stanley to the land of dreams with a devastating right uppercut that caught Ketchel squarely on the mouth and knocked out every front tooth in the middleweight's head. But—the crowd had seen Johnson down, and that was enough thrill to last a long while!

* * *

THE longest battle in which Stanley Ketchel participated was also one of the most spectacular in his career. That was when he knocked out Joe Thomas in thirty-two rounds on July 4, 1907, at San Francisco. Except for Ketchel, the critics ranked Thomas as the best middleweight of his day. Joe was a two-handed knocker-out, as well as a boxing scientist of the first water. His first meeting with Ketchel resulted in a twenty-round draw. The second was the thirty-two-round encounter already referred to. In the third essay, Ketchel took a twenty-round decision, and in the fourth kayoed Thomas in the second frame.

The fact of the matter is that Thomas never was quite the same fighter again after undergoing the strain of the thirty-two-round contest. That was one of the most terrific mills ever witnessed by Coast patrons. It was nip-and-tuck between them for nineteen rounds, when Thomas began to fade under the gruelling punishment. Yet he never faltered and even toward the end rallied desperately at intervals, and had Ketchel staggering in turn. The crowd fairly went wild with excitement, and at the finish the gallant loser came in for as great an ovation as did the winner.

Modern scrappers are not compelled to stand such tremendous endurance tests, for which they may well be thankful. After his final knockout by Ketchel in two rounds, Thomas lost to Sailor Burke in twelve rounds and took a kayo at the hands of Hugo Kelly. He won twice from Tommy Crawford and boxed several no-decision bouts in the East, but it was evident that he was through as a topnotcher, and he retired in 1908. *(Cont. on page 45)*

BOXING BOOKS

By
BILL DOHERTY

(One time heavyweight champion of Australia)
Author of "In the Days of the Giants"

Bill Doherty, the author.

I AM a collector of boxing books, and have a respectable library, though by the same token, if it were viewed by the editor of this journal, Mr. Nat Fleischer, whose collection of literature on the noble art is in world championship class, he would find it difficult to repress a smile at my temerity in calling it a library at all.

But I am proud of it nevertheless, especially since the addition to it of that magnificent pictorial volume Bohun Lynch's Prize Ring, which recently came to me by the courtesy of Mr. Fleischer himself, aided and abetted by Jack Dempsey and Benny Leonard, who have autographed it with kind words to me. This is a source of the greatest pleasure in my old age, for there are many pictures in color of the old-time champions and the print is good and large and easy to read. The possession of this book alone is almost sufficient to justify any collector in talking of his "library" for it is nearly a library in itself.

I also have "Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana" by Nat Fleischer, and this I regard as a good second in merit among the books on my shelves. I know very well that Gene Tunney beat Jack Dempsey twice and retired undefeated world's champion, and therefore proved himself the better man, but all the same I know whom the fans will be talking about many many years hence when most of us are completely forgotten.

* * *

FAME does not rest on victories alone—there are other and more powerful factors that grip the minds and hearts of men. Poor old Tom Molineux for instance, the gallant black, who has been dead now for a hundred years or more, does not measure up very well in the books of records, for he scarcely ever got the verdict in an important battle, but even now his name is familiar to millions of followers of the noble art, when those of cleverer and more successful champions have long been forgotten.

Molineux is remembered for his simple, manly courage, his physical strength and stamina, and the fire and fury and color of his fighting methods, for he was a man who forced the pace and made the fighting all the time and never took a backward step unless knocked back. Dempsey was just such another, and he also will be remembered. What a prize a biography of Molineux would be—a biography as well executed and with the same wealth of pictures, measurements, records and round-by-round descriptions as can be found in the Dempsey book!

Here in this faraway corner of the world it was a long time before I realized that such an excellent biography of Dempsey had appeared, and almost as soon as the knowledge reached me, there came an announcement in THE RING that the edition had been sold out. In the course of a long life I have, alas, missed many opportunities of acquiring classic works on the prize-ring and boxing, and I came to the conclusion that this was but another instance. However, to my delight, I discovered a first edition for sale in a Perth (Western Australia) bookshop not long ago and speedily made it my own. It is in excellent condition and now has a place of honor on my shelves.

Another book which gives me confidence when claiming that my collection constitutes a library is Alexander Johnston's "Ten and Out," which incidentally is the only volume of history now available as regards prize-fighting and boxing—all the other great classics such as "Pugilistica," "Boxiana," "Fistiana," "Fights for the Championship" and "The Story of Boxing," having gone out of print long ago.

These books are rarities and unobtainable except as such for prices many times greater than the original figure. From experience gained throughout a long life I feel pretty sure that "Ten and Out" will eventually go the same road as the other classics of the game, so very greatly indeed do I prize my copy—the possession of which I owe to the kindness of Nat Fleischer.

* * *

TWO lives of Tunney are on my shelves—Gene's own story as written by himself, and the standard life by Nat Fleischer. Both are of great interest, the standard life winning all the way when it comes to sheer historical value and pictorial attractiveness, but in Gene's own account there is much fascinating material on the behind-stage aspect of a boxer's life, and also an engaging letter from George Bernard Shaw.

George Bernard Shaw, it might be mentioned, wrote a book and several essays on the noble art, and I have all these in one volume, which was published in 1905.

I have "Black Prince Peter" (Peter Jackson), "Ruby Robert" (Bob Fitzsimmons), and "Bold Bendigo," three biographies of old-time champions that are worth a place on any sportsman's shelf. Smiler Hales, the author of "Black Prince Peter," was a friend of mine in the old days of the gold in Kalgoorlie, and what he writes of boxing goes, for he has known personally all the fistic giants for sixty years or more past and was himself no slouch as a bare-knuckle fighter in his youth. Hales died a few months ago. Bob Fitzsimmons was such a mighty champion and fought in so many divisions that the story of his life is the story of boxing, almost, for a quarter of a century.

Bendigo was champion of England in the 'forties, an astonishingly clever bare-knuckle bruiser who is well described in Conan Doyle's couplet, which runs as follows:

"Bendy's short for Bendigo. You should see him peel!
"Half of him was whalebone, half of him was steel."

In Australia during his term as champion a little obscure creek became known as Bendigo Creek; but in the 'fifties it was obscure no longer—it was a ripping, roaring goldfield on which forty thousand diggers dug and searched for the precious metal. On the scene of their labors a magnificent city grew—and it is there to this day—Bendigo.

* * *

CONAN DOYLE was as great a lover of the noble art as is Smiler Hales, and his book, "Rodney Stone," is a great picture of the prize ring at its best—in the days of the Regency, the Fancy, the Corinthians, the great days of Belcher, Cribb and Tom Spring. "Rodney Stone," I am pleased to say, is on my shelves.

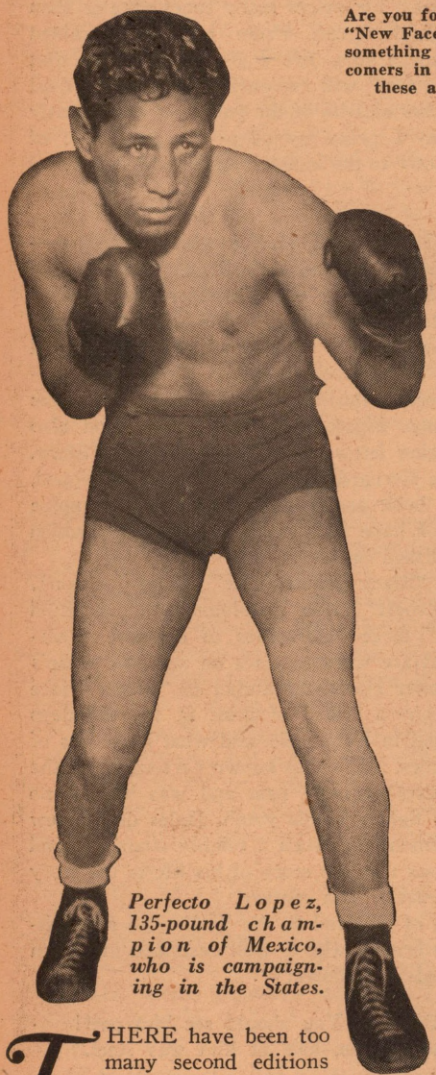
I have "Epics of the Fancy" by Jeffery Farnol, "Prides of the Fancy" by Trevor Wignall, "Jack Johnson's Life" by himself, and the life-story of the present heavyweight champion, Jimmy Braddock, by Lud, in addition to many others.

The Fancy books are what their titles indicate—stories of epic fights by giants of the ring in the pride of their fame and glory, written by lovers of the game and masters of the art of writing. Jack Johnson's story is a thriller, containing many illustrations and a complete record in chronological form at the end of the book. One chapter especially is a gem—the story of that train journey and the long poker hand. It needs to be read to be appreciated.

Jimmy Braddock's life as a pugilist *(Continued on page 44)*

NEW FACES

Are you following our new series on "New Faces"? If you want to know something about the good new comers in the boxing world, follow these articles in "The Ring."



Perfecto Lopez, 135-pound champion of Mexico, who is campaigning in the States.

THERE have been too many second editions of Benny Leonard clogging the pathway of "prospect lane" these past few years and that has caused us to sour somewhat on the prediction that this or that fellow is a replica of the past master.

But from the streets of Brownsville, in the Brooklyn section of Greater New York, comes the fighting figure of Schoolboy Bernie Friedkin to bring back memories of the retired undefeated world's lightweight champion. And we have it on no less an authority than Leonard himself that battling Bernie is the closest approach to him in fighting style and cleverness that he has seen pop out of the preliminary ranks in the past five years.

From present indications, Manager Frankie Jacobs seems to have developed another youngster whose fistic qualifications may well entitle him to a bracketing with Jack Kid Berg, Sammy Dorfman and Petey Hayes, former glove tossers of pugilistic recognition, under the expert guidance of genial Jay.

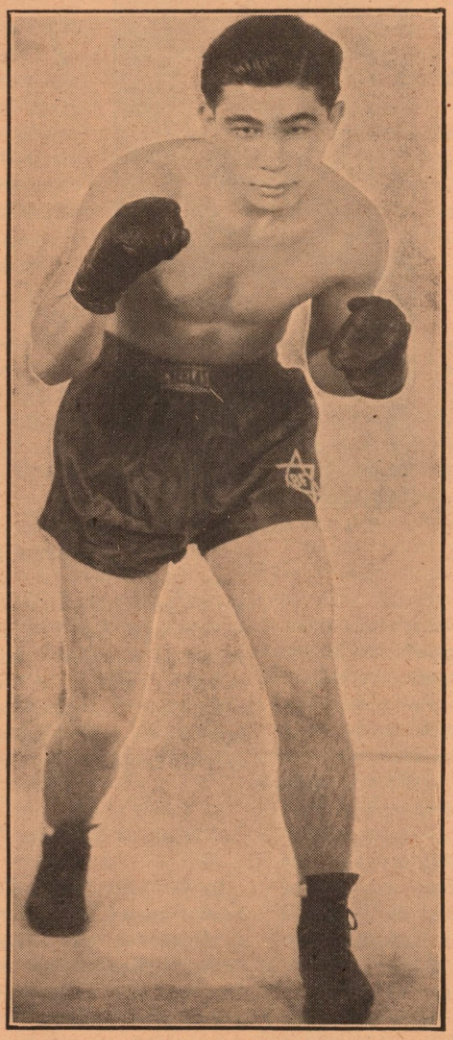
A graduate of Thomas Jefferson High School, where he excelled in every sport of major importance and made school history on the pitching mound, the fighting Schoolboy from Brownsville has carried his pitching technique into the ring where his storm of stinging leather has helped him compile a record that is the envy of the contenders in his division.

Friedkin is barely past twenty-one, and with every title to his credit in the amateur ranks, including the Golden Gloves bantamweight championship, which he won in 1935, entered the professional ranks of beezer busters only a year and a half ago.

He has lost only two decisions in some thirty-odd starts, and defeated one conqueror in a subsequent battle. I make reference to Nicky Jerome. His other loss, to Lou Farber, who holds decisions over ranking fighters throughout the country, including a win over Midget Wolgast, one-time world's flyweight champion, he can never reverse as the Ghetto warrior wants no part of Friedkin's game.

Bernie holds victories over Skippy Allen, Willie Felice, Harry Gentile, Johnny Mirabella, Tony Pagano, Lou Pisano and Nicky Jerome, among others, and his most noteworthy achievement was his recent slashing draw with Kid Chocolate before a record attendance crowd at the Broadway Arena, a contest that saw boxing critics pen that Friedkin was entitled to the decision.

Bernie Friedkin looks like a splendid prospect. His admirers are many and New York experts predict a bright future for him.



Schoolboy Bernie Friedkin, one of the outstanding featherweights in this country.

* * *

OUT in Michigan, they are singing the praises of a heavyweight who has been going like a house afire. They call him the "Michigan Assassin," a name to conjure with in pugilism, a name made famous by the great Stanley Ketchel, one of the best middleweights of all time.

Milton Aron, young Brooklyn high school lad, who is rapidly forging to the front among the welters.

By
MEYER ACKERMAN

Jimmy Adamick is the name of the newcomer, and he threatens to cut quite a figure in his division.

Jimmy, whose father owns an eighty-acre farm in Midland, Michigan, stands five feet eleven inches, weighs 190 pounds and has a sock like nobody's business. Already he has rolled up a kayo record that is better than that of the great Ketchel. Twenty-one knockouts in a row is what Stanley scored, while Adamick's at this writing, is twenty-six.

The Midland "Meat-Axe" is what some of the Michigan writers have dubbed Jimmy, and judging from his record of twenty-nine kayos in thirty-three fights, they haven't gone wrong. He is a puncher of the old school type, and if he continues to develop as rapidly as he has in the past six months, it won't be long before he'll be knocking at the door of the world's best heavies.

Of Austrian-German descent, the twenty-two-year-old pride of Jimmy Brady started boxing in 1933. He won all of his nine amateur fights and hung up his gloves for a job as acetylene-torch burner at one of the Ford factories. Adamick decided he could put his hands to better advantage in the boxing game, and left his position to become a professional fighter. That was in 1935.

He has come a long way since then as his string of victories will attest, and is directly responsible for the sudden boxing boom in and around the Automobile City. He is the best drawing card in the state of Michigan and turns them away at every club in which he appears.

Mike Gibbons, the old St. Paul phantom; Jack Kearns, the old doctor, and Kid McCoy, he of another boxing era, are all high on the ability of young Jimmy Adamick. Aside from predicting a fine future for him, they are unanimous in their opinion that the Midland Meat-Axe is ready for big-time competition. Insofar as Detroit fight fandom is concerned, Joe Louis is just another name.

Shades of the old Michigan Assassin! Jimmy Adamick is a larger edition of Stanley Ketchel.

* * *

PEDRO PABLO CARDENAS has not yet learned to speak even a little of the English language, but the big guns that are part of his leather encased fists have roared in thunderous volume over New York rings to make his presence known to a fighting fraternity. New York fandom has been acclaiming him the new Kid Chocolate.

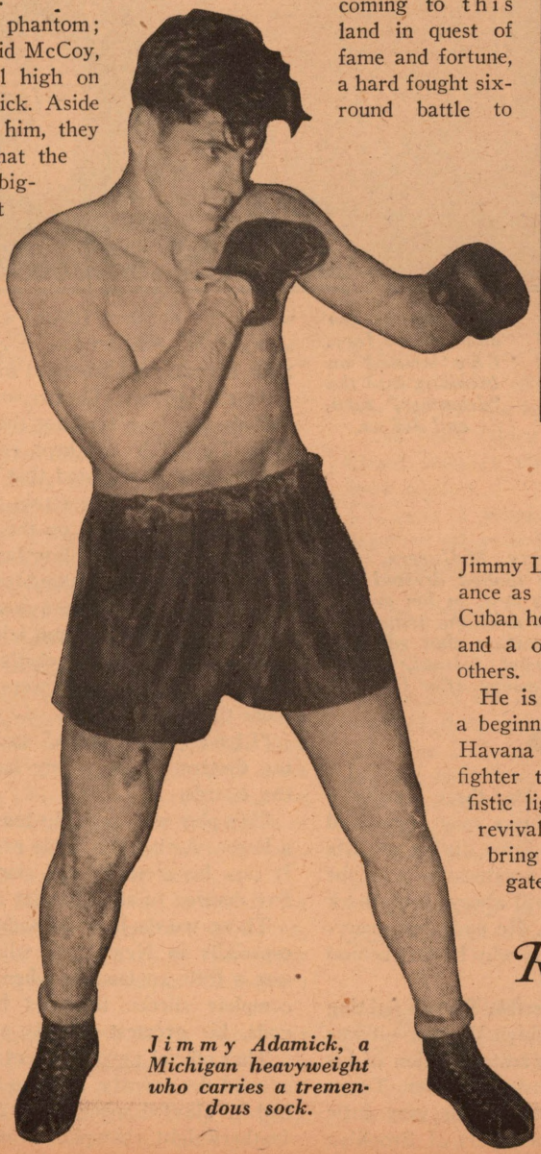
Born in Havana, Cardenas, a fighting stick of licorice who enters the ring as Havana Kid, has just celebrated his twenty-first birthday, although he doesn't look more than seventeen.

You would never think that the string-bean 128-pounder, who is 5 feet 8½ inches tall, could conceal enough dynamite in his frail looking body to blast approximately eighty per cent of his opponents into the resined canvas, yet that's so. He has scored nine kayoes in his fourteen American starts, all coming before the bell ended the first round. That is his record — evidence that the boy can fight, notwithstanding outward appearances. Make no mistake about that.

Pedro Pablo is under the tutelage of Louis Gutierrez, the dapper pilot who steered Kid Chocolate into close to a half million dollars in purses. Under Gutierrez's watchful eyes, Havana Kid engaged in twelve fights in Cuba, winning eight by knockouts and four by decisions.

He has lost but one decision since coming to this land in quest of fame and fortune, a hard fought six-round battle to Jimmy Lancaster. That bout marked his first appearance as a main bout performer. The copper-colored Cuban holds a two-round knockout over Pete Vitello, and a one-round kayo over Skippy Allen, among others.

He is the constant pupil of Kid Chocolate now, a beginner under the eyes of a past master, and if Havana Kid rounds into twenty-five per cent the fighter that was the former ebony-hued streak of fistic lightning, then the boxing game is in for a revival among the smaller men that may well bring back the old days of record attendance gates.



Jimmy Adamick, a Michigan heavyweight who carries a tremendous sock.

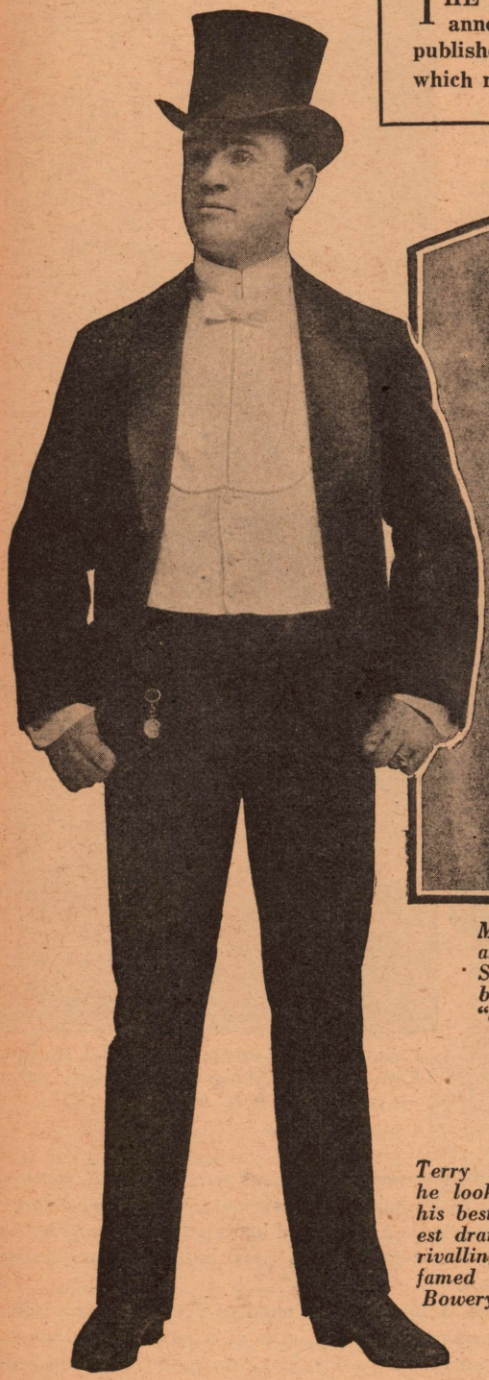
Pedro Carlos Cardenas, known as Havana Kid. He is making rapid strides as a kayo artist.

* * *

RABBI ARONSON may not have prayed that his son become a prizefighter when his boy was born on January 14, 1916, but whether he wanted or not, he has a fighting son in Milt Aron. This twenty-one-year-old toast from the Pineapple City of Chicago is paging Barney Ross. *(Continued on page 48)*

TERRY McGOVERN,

THE RING herewith continues the story of Joe Humphreys, the greatest fight announcer of all time. Just before Joe passed away, Nat Fleischer, editor and publisher of The RING, and he were busy gathering and arranging his memoirs, which now are being printed in this magazine. The series will be continued.



Mrs. McGovern and her boy, Joey. She insisted on breaking into the "drammer," too, and did so.

Terry McGovern, as he looked dressed in his best, in his greatest dramatic triumph, rivalling that of the famed Salvani, "The Bowery After Dark."

ON March 9, 1880, at Johnstown, Pa., there was born the great Terry McGovern. Fighters may come and fighters may go, but there never again during my life time will appear a fighter whose greatness will be the equal of Terrible Terry. To me his name will always bring back the fondest of memories. He was my ideal. He embodied everything a great pugilist should have and that is why he left behind a legion of admirers.

Much has been said and written about Terrible Terry's fighting career, hence for this little yarn on the Brooklyn Wonder—it was in the City of Churches that he spent the greater portion of his life—I have decided to touch upon his histrionic career. Terry, as the world knows, was an illiterate chap, with very little schooling. He was brought up in the toughest part of Brooklyn where the polished fellow was a person unknown, yet, strange as it might seem, he was as great an actor as he was a scrapper. Sam Harris, who managed him, can testify to that.

At the Olympic Theatre, owned by Tony Pastor, I remember well the day he played for the last time, his part in "The Bowery after Dark." Terry kept complaining of the hardship of his stage work. He insisted that he could not properly train for his fights because of the strain which his daily acting and the rehearsals entailed, and on the night referred to, he walked up to Sam Harris and told him he would quit.

Naturally Sam was dumbfounded, for Terry was a hit wherever he went and his presence meant the display of the S. R. O. sign wherever he showed. Sam tried to persuade McGovern to change his mind, but Terry was obstinate. He refused to budge, whereupon a few lines of farewell were penned for him and he read them from the stage.

"I have quit the stage," said Terry to an audience that jammed the theatre. "This is my last performance. I did my best on the boards.

"My play was moral in tone despite its roughness and it taught a lesson. Acting is a noble profession, but it runs a fighter down. It saps his strength and since I feel that my game is fighting, I've decided to stick to that and give up acting."

Those words brought sadness to thousands of theatre goers, especially in New York where McGovern was idolized. There was a little applauding when he finished, then a few seconds of complete silence followed by wild clamor from the gallery gods, his greatest friends, not to retire.

That official announcement from Terry McGovern was flashed around the country, and the next day every paper where boxing had its allotted space, carried the news of the retirement of the featherweight champion from the play that was made famous

Pride of Humphreys, as Fighter Actor

By JOE HUMPHREYS

by him, "The Bowery After Dark."

McGovern was a great ring hero. Many a fight fan willingly spent his $5.00 for a seat to see him, and a five-spot seat in those days was equal to a $20 ringside seat to-day. They would gladly pay that and much more when called upon to view McGovern pound an opponent into insensibility for they felt they always got their money's worth. But there were just as many thousands who paid from 25 cents up to $1.50 to see Terry before the footlights who left the show with the same kind of a feeling. They had received far more of a thrill than they had bargained for and always went home happy.

Under Terry's spell in that Bowery drama, the gallery gods went mad, gray-haired men in the more costly seats pounded their approval with feet and canes and bedlam broke loose from all corners of the house every time Terry came to the rescue. It took the older folks back to the time when they, too, were boys and the world was all rosy and "rags were royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake."

* * *

McGOVERN at the time only 5 feet 3 inches in height, and weighing 122 pounds, the weight at which he fought his great battle with Frank Erne, made an extraordinary appeal when he fought the villains. Those who saw him in "The Bowery After Dark" will testify to his fine acting, a most worthy performance.

The play itself was a remarkable one so far as melodramas go, and was played in remarkable fashion by a remarkable company. At least so the critics of the time said, and it was their notices and Terry's popularity that made the play a hit.

One line in it gave the keynote of the whole play:

"She's not a woman; she's a lady." For stage purposes, there were no women on the Bowery; they were all ladies.

The cast on the occasion of McGovern's farewell was:

Joseph Howe, a Rough Rider . . . . Robert Cummings.
Robert Morris, a Refined Criminal . . . . Stanley Ross.
Twang Lee, a Chinese Gambler . . . . James Corrigan.
Izzy Cohen, a Jolly Good Fellow . . . . George Hernandez.
Flora Morris, the Villain's Wife . . . . Lorena Atwood.
Nellie, a Bowery Waif . . . . Mrs. Terrence McGovern.
Terry McGovern, a Bowery Boy . . . . Terrence McGovern.

* * *

THAT play was built with so singular a skill to fit the star, our own Terry, that the star seemed to shine only to illuminate the play. It contained many references to "mudder." "Mudder" with the Bowery audiences throughout the country, always proved a strong card. And don't forget that every city has its Bowery just as it has its Main Street.

I had seen the play night after night. I was the official announcer. I knew Terry's words by heart for I had helped write the play, yet he gave me a thrill with each performance. I suppose if the emergency had arisen, and some one were required to take Terry's place, I could have filled the bill.

In this moving melodrama, McGovern was known as "Terry on the Spot." That name fitted him well for he was just that. In every scene he was "on the spot." The same agility, the same courageousness which he so often showed in the ring, were on view on the stage. If his fists wouldn't serve, or his audience showed a tendency to tire, Terry was furnished with a horse pistol to create additional excitement and he never failed.

From the rising of the curtain until the going down of the same, he was the God of the machine. Uppercutting wrong, countering on infamy, smashing the solar plexus of conspiracy and landing corkscrew blows upon the jaw of crime—these were his stage specialties.

There was plenty of "trubbel" which "Terry on the Spot" was always looking for. As in his ring career, a most notable one, he found it regularly and went through it with head down and both fists working like flails. Can you imagine Terry dodging trouble? Not he. That was the chief reason for his popularity.

He straightened out all tangles and overrode all difficulties, most often with his fists, of course. The "Refined Criminal," the villain, came in for the most of it.

This chap, a low-salaried, but good looking fellow who wore good clothes and indulged in top-lofty sarcasm, had a part which compelled him to abuse his wife. Often he was called upon to punch her and then take from Terry ten fold what the villain gave.

* * *

THE "Chinese Gambler," another supposedly tough customer, often took such severe punishment from Terry that he had black and blue marks as a souvenir. I was in his dressing room one day when he showed me his arms. Big marks indicated where Terry's fists had landed. He also tried to get McGovern to let up, but without avail. Terry seemed to be immune from punishment and he thought that everybody else was in the same boots.

The Rough Rider was put in the play simply to give the Refined Criminal a chance to stab him in the back so that Terry could come to the rescue. And what a hero Terry made! When he leaped on the back of the villain and wrenched that knife from him, the applause, the shouting and rapping almost brought the house down.

After his rescue, the Rough Rider limped a bit, then suddenly found his bearings and walked around the stage with bravado written all over his face. He, of course, as might be guessed, was the former fiance of the Refined Villain's wife, and that was the reason for the stabbing. He was driven into the war with Spain because he thought she had proved untrue to him.

The Chinese Gambler shook dice with the Refined Criminal for possession of this lady and won, and then it was up to Terry to get the woman away from the Chinese.

The Rough Rider carried a silk American Flag as his handkerchief and it was this flag which gave Terry a chance to thrill the gallery gods, for the villain seized it, threw it to the ground and trampled it, only to receive a thrashing from McGovern for his disrespect to the colors.

Izzy Cohen had an easy part. His it was to make love to the Bowery Waif and this is how he tried to do it:

"Say, Nellie, will you take a drink with me? Come on, kid, let's you and me be pals."

The Waif, taking his hand, and letting Izzy hug her, suddenly turned towards the gallery and answered Cohen's plea with these words:

"I can't. I promised me mudder dat I would never drink any liquor or smoke and I never will. See?" And the gallery echoed its approval.

* * *

NATURALLY all these folks were put in the play as foils to "Terry on the Spot." He was an incarnate Providence. A bootblack first and a bridegroom last, he pervaded the scene and the scenery. Here are some of McGovern's lines and "business" in "The Bowery After Dark":

To the Refined Criminal—"I blacked your boots once and now I'll black your eyes."

And he certainly struck true to form.

"Trample on the American flag, will you? Well, you stiff, if you don't pick it up and in a jiffy, I'll break every bone in your body!"

Terry started in to make good, when the Refined Criminal decided it best to do as he was told.

* * *

I HAVE often been asked what fight of the thousands I have seen, gave me my greatest thrill. Ordinarily, such a query would be a difficult one to answer, but in my case, there is no necessity to ponder. The most thrilling battle I recall, perhaps because of my *(Continued on page 48)*

COLLEGE CHAMPIONS

By GERALD P. McCRACKEN

The Southern Conference boxing championship team of the University of Maryland. Left to right, standing—Major Harvey L. Miller, U.S.M.C.R., coach (secretary, District of Columbia Boxing Commission); Shegogue, 115; *Mause,* 145; *Lundell, manager; Eagan,* 165; *Egnall, heavy; Walton,* 155; *Pearson,* 165; *Yates,* 145; *Burns, trainer; Dorr,* 115; *Goldberg, trainer; Lieutenant Lyman R. McAboy, U.S.M.C.R., assistant coach. Left to right, seated—Alperstein,* 135; *Nedomatsky,* 145; *Gormley,* 175; *Jacques,* 165; *Males,* 175; *Lombardo,* 155; *Birmingham,* 125. *Ivan Nedomatsky, second figure from the left, seated, expects to turn professional shortly under the management of Pete Reilly.*

THAT the success of college boxing and the elimination of uneven matches and serious injuries is largely a matter of coaching by men who learned their boxing by BOXING, is proven in the University of Maryland's victory in the Southern Conference tournament. Colleges scour the country for ex-big leaguers to coach baseball and ex-collegiate stars to coach football. By the same token, a football, baseball or track coach is not capable of coaching boxing as a *side issue*. Former GOOD fighters should coach boxing and the college game will go some place.

Maryland won for the first time in the eleven years of Southern Conference collegiate boxing history.

The Maryland team was coached this year by Major Harvey L. ("Heinie") Miller, secretary of the District of Columbia Boxing Commission. Old-timers will remember him as All-Service bantam champion away back in 1906, and, a few years later, as fleet feather and lightweight champion.

Under his tutelage the Maryland team learned the best defense is a vigorous offense. Boys who had been powder puff boxers moved in and scored convincing knockouts.

This was done in spite of injuries, illness and scholastic ineligibilities that sent the Maryland team into its last four dual meets with regulars out of the line-up, and into the Southern Conference tournament with three regulars out, for one of which there was not even a substitute. Maryland came through against terrific odds credited primarily to team spirit, smart handling, the will to win and high morale.

The Maryland team's record, one of the best ever rolled up by any college team, follows. The victory against Virginia, last year's champion, for instance, shows Maryland winning five of the eight bouts. Maryland lost one on a technical knockout, one by forfeit due to the loss of Maryland's heavyweight, and one by a very close decision. The five Maryland wins were knockout victories. You can't argue over that sort of winning. The team score by actual bouts:

	Bouts	Won	Lost
Western Maryland	8	6	2
Richmond	8	8	0
North Carolina	8	5	3
V. M. I.	8	7	1
Virginia	8	5	3
Rutgers	8	6½	1½
Catholic University	8	4	4
Southern Conference	13	8	5
	69	49½	19½

Percentage .718

"Coaches do not win meets," says Major Heinie Miller, Maryland's coach. "There is just so far a *(Continued on page 46)*

The Blond Hercules

By BERNICE SANDBOE

WHEN one begins to diagnose the "stuff" of which a champion is made, it is difficult to put a finger on any special qualification and say, "That's what you need to be a champion." And yet there is nothing that so distinguishes a wrestler and places him in a category far above the average than his physical development.

Of course, all wrestlers are and must be interested in the development of their muscles, but I am referring to the athletes who have made a specific study of body development and muscle coordination. Many of the great old masters fall in this class, and occasionally one will find a present-day matman who has placed that solid foundation under his feet before entering the wrestling game. To date, I have met two outstanding young men who have done this and although I'm not a prophet, I wouldn't hesitate a moment to foretell a sensational future for both. One is George Mansur, the young Syrian, who is still a comparative newcomer to the game, and the other Walter Podolak, of whom I write here.

I've seen wrestlers—hundreds of them—good, bad and mediocre ones. Some deadly in earnest about their work, some just clowning, some downright indifferent. But now and then one will run across someone who is so eager, so sincere and so well equipped to succeed in his particular line that one can't help but stop and compare him with his contemporaries.

I did that with Walter Podolak and found that he stands head and shoulders above most of the wrestlers I've seen.

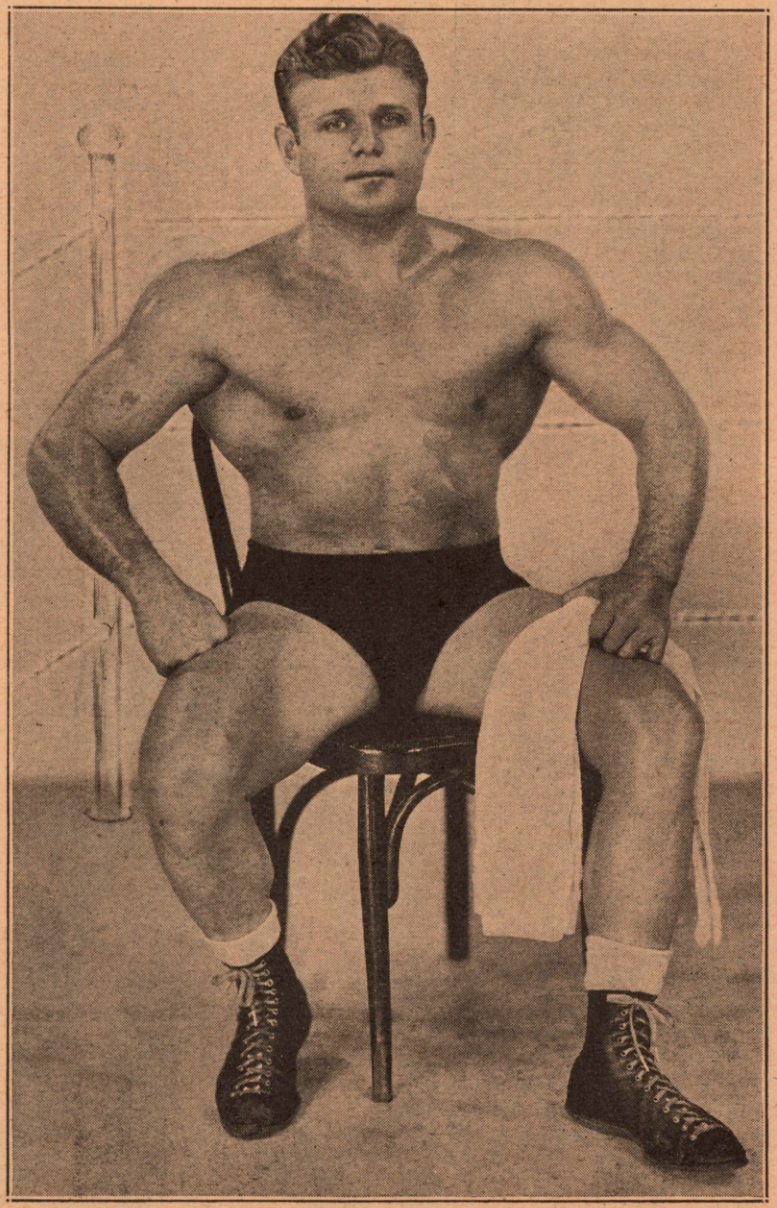
* * *

I MAKE that statement not only because Walter is an ardent student of physical culture, but because he is a protege of no less a master than the great Stanislaus Zbyszko. Combining his training from Zbyszko, one of the greatest wrestlers of all time, with Walter's practically perfect body development, produces a very superior matman.

Let me tell you what Zbyszko and Bernarr Macfadden think of this young boy. In the first place, it was Zbyszko who encouraged Walter to enter the mat game and foretold great success in that field for him. It seems the great Polish master had seen Walter in weight-lifting contests and was amazed at the little man's strength, for Walter is only five feet eight. Then, too, another ardent booster of Walter is Bernarr Macfadden, the famed physical culturist. Macfadden encouraged the young Polish boy to enter his photograph in the Body Beautiful Contest being conducted in Physical Culture Magazine, a Macfadden publication. Walter agreed and won first place. Also, Macfadden invited Walter, along with three other famous physical culturists—Charles Atlas, Otto Arko and Sigmund Klein—to the Macfadden Physical Culture Hotel at Dansville, New York, to put on an exhibition of their muscular skill.

After winning the American and the world weight-lifting titles, and participating in the Olympics in 1932, Walter decided to enter professional wrestling. Wrestling was not new to him, for his body development program included much wrestling and tumbling, also scientific exercise, diet, and weight-lifting.

Walter was just striking his stride in the game in 1933 when a serious automobile accident (which, incidentally, occurred on the same day Paul Jones and the late George Kotsonaros had their disastrous wreck in Alabama) injured him severely and put him out of the game for nine months. His left wrist was badly cut and several bones in his hand broken, and the sturdy little matman went down from 216 pounds to 175. This, of course, was a serious set-back in his career and demanded a great deal of building up and exercising to put him back in condition to start wrestling again.



Walter Podolak, the "perfect man" of the mat sport.

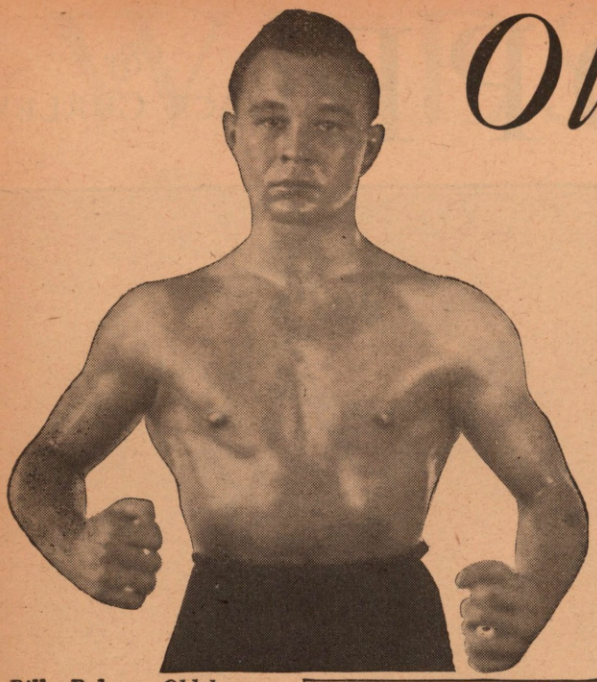
However, his knowledge of scientific exercise proved a most valuable asset in this respect and before long, Walter had built himself up, strengthened his wrist, and was back in the game. Since then he has been coming along rapidly and his victims include such notables as Rudy Dusek, Wladek Zbyszko, Emil and Joe Dusek, Jim McMillen, and incredibly enough, a draw with Everett Marshall! Walter resembles the blond Marshall a great deal.

* * *

BESIDES his successful campaign in the United States, Walter has made a sensational invasion of Europe and has returned home with several trophies presented to him in the various countries in token of his skill. His outstanding exhibition abroad was a draw with the European champion, Henri de Glane.

(Continued on page 45)

Old and New



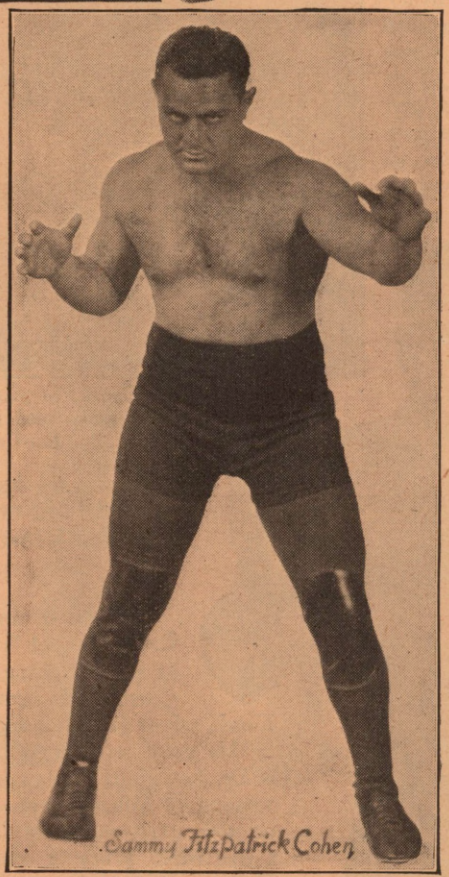
Billy Raburn, Oklahoma light-heavyweight, who turned from bronco busting to wrestling.

IN fifteen years of wrestling promotion, Jack Pfefer's greatest contribution to the game has been the introduction of new matmen not only from Europe but also from America.

His latest is a youngster, Jesse James—which, incidentally, is his right monicker—no relation to the famous Western bandit, and the only thing he has been guilty of stealing is the limelight from young men his weight.

Jesse has introduced more speed and more action to the game than has been seen in a long while. Jesse weighs 183 pounds, stands five feet eleven inches, is built like a Greek god and is handsome.

At the age of five, he was an expert swimmer, a high diver and one of the first Pacific Coast "waterbabies" who became so famous a few years later.



Sammy "Fitzpatrick" Cohen, a "wildman" from New York City.

Jesse has made an exceptional study of wrestling, added to it his own ideas and introduced to the rough sport grace of movement, ring poise, together with clever ring tactics which have not been seen heretofore. His work resembles the finished product of a famous artist which he presents to the public with pride and enjoyment.

* * *

BILLY RABURN is a lad the opposite of Jesse James. He is twenty-two years old, weighs 180 pounds, is five feet ten inches and was born in Tulsa, Oklahoma. His early training and final step which made him turn pro wrestler is vastly different to that of James, but curiously his style resembles the Californian's.

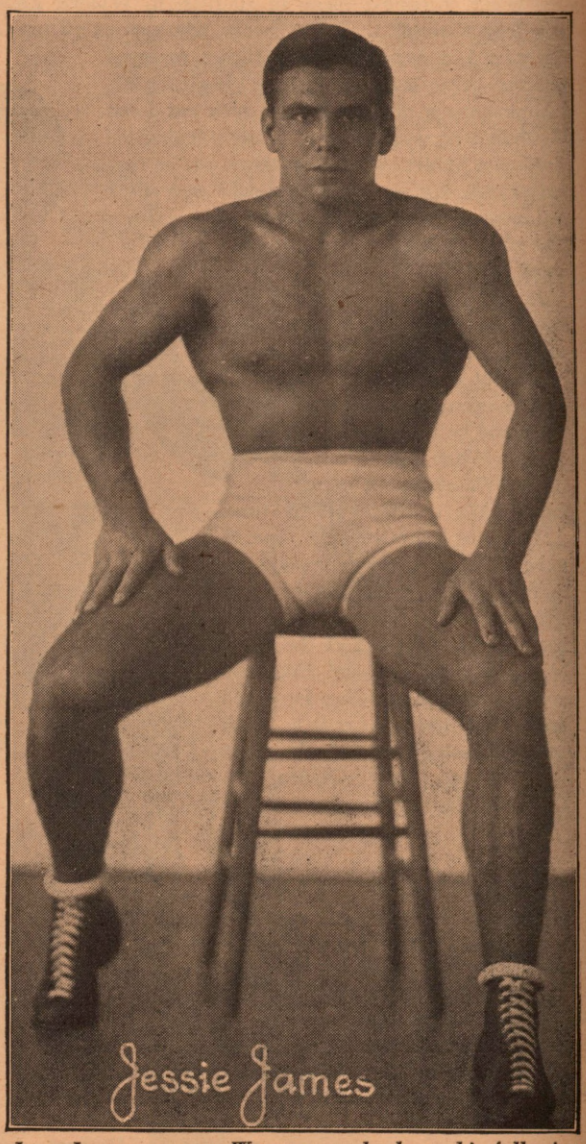
Born on a ranch, Raburn could ride a horse almost before he could walk. When he grew up, he became a bronco buster. He bears many scars to prove that the bronco frequently received the decision in these jousts.

Later, Billy joined the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, where he first learned his wrestling. He is now a lieutenant R.O.T.C. After his military training he returned to the ranch for a time but soon abandoned it to become a wrestler. His debut out West was sensational. His services are in demand. This pleasant, well-mannered athlete has already won headline position in the East and a host of friends.

* * *

SAMMY COHEN is a product of the sidewalks of New York, a natural born mat villain with probably few equals. He just wants to tear and rip everything apart the moment he steps on the mat. His favorite sport outside of wrestling is semi-professional football, a game at which he excels. For a time he played right guard with the Rockaway White Elephants. During the summer months, Cohen is a lifeguard at the Rockaways. He passed his Civil Service examination for the job and declares it keeps him fit for the rough work on the mat in the winter.

Cohen holds both the gold and bronze medals for bravery, presented to him by George U. Harvey for his part in the rescue of fifteen children who had come to the Rockaways for a day's outing and swam beyond their depth. Cohen was entirely responsible for averting what would have been a terrible tragedy.



Jesse James, a young Westerner, who has a big following in the mat sport.

Favorites

By AL. MAYER

When around Brooklyn as a kid, Sammy was known as "Billiken," a sort of lucky token which many remember. It represented a fat person sitting on a pedestal with a huge tummy. The name stuck to Sammy, and although the "tummy" is there no longer, his friends like to remember him as "Billiken." Cohen is an excellent singer and could have made his living on the stage had not his love of wrestling proved stronger than the artistic calling.

* * *

NO doubt you have heard the expression, "the man of a thousand holds." It is not uncommon in wrestling circles. But now we introduce you to the man with the "thousand matches." To be exact, Jim McMillen has had 1050 matches since he turned pro wrestler and deserted the gridiron for the mat ten years ago. Jim contends it takes that length of time to make a finished wrestler.

In those thousand-odd matches, McMillen claims an average win of more than ninety-two per cent, including some of the toughest matches on record. Cursed with a sort of mat jinx, he has never won the title, although he has had the bauble within his grasp a score of times, always to have some unfortunate incident happen to deprive him of the laurels he rightly deserves.

Jim cites his match with Jim Londos—incidentally, the biggest gate drawn in New York for wrestling, $70,000. In that contest, he had Londos beaten but the old jinx took a hand in the proceedings, and when he made a lurch to grab Jim's leg, the champ kicked McMillen on the chin, temporarily knocking him unconscious and jumping on top of him to retain the crown. Londos' condition was so bad that he couldn't wrestle for three months afterwards, but McMillen missed the title. Another time, when Ed Strangler Lewis was champion, Jim pinned him neatly on the mat, but the referee had been knocked unconscious a few seconds before and there was no official to do the counting and give Jim the title.

Jim says he has shaken off the jinx. He is going great guns right now, but who knows when Jim gets another opportunity that the boogey man will not step in to deprive the Chicagoan of the title which every fan would like to see him hold.

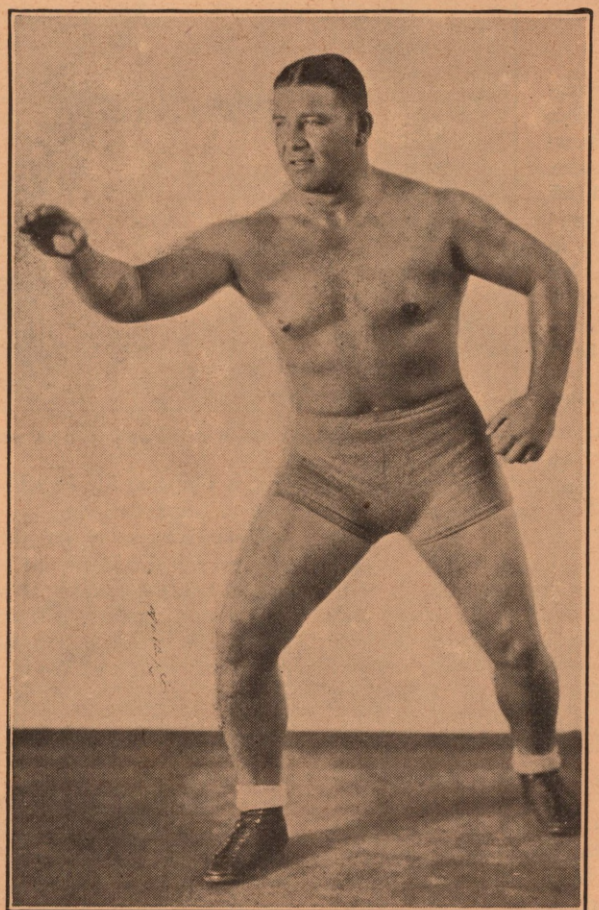
* * *

WHEN we speak of German grapplers—and we have plenty of German stars right now, what with Dick Shikat, Robert Bruns and others—the name of Ernest von Hefner must be reckoned with and taken into serious consideration. Von Hefner, formerly an aviator in Germany, is one of the really great colorful matmen in action. Strong as they make them, and agile as a cat, there's always action and thrills for sale when von Hefner takes a hand in the proceedings.

He belongs to the ultra-modern school of wrestling, no fat around his waist-line, no puffing or snorting, but active and on his toes all the time. It is the type of grappling which has revolutionized the game and made it one of the fastest sports in the world.

We notice a long scar on von Hefner's right cheek. He says he got that playing with sabres in Old Heidelberg, Germany's great university, which he attended and where he was captain of the wrestling team.

Jim McMillen, former Illinois football star, in a new role—that of a dude.



Ernest von Hefner, a German strong man, former aviator, who is making good in New York.

* * *

THOSE who are listed in this story are only a few of the many new and old faces that are cutting quite a figure in American wrestling. Of course, not all are headliners, but it takes time to become a topnotcher and ere long even the raw novices who are now seen in competition throughout the East will be appearing in main events.

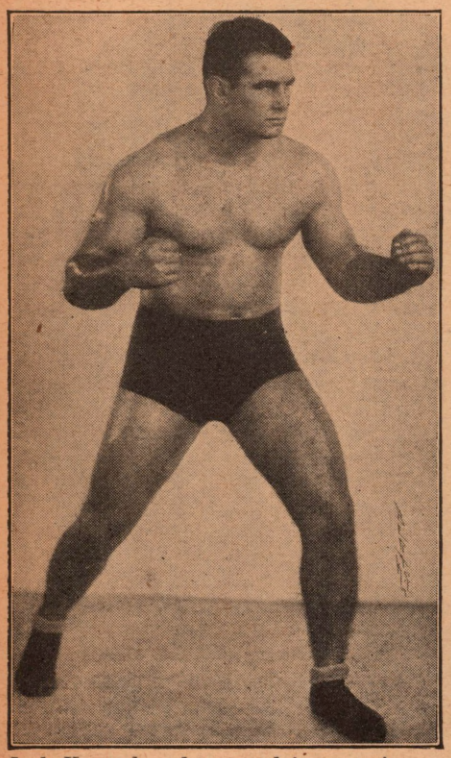
In wrestling, unlike boxing, it doesn't take as long for one to become a star or main eventer. As soon as a grappler learns the various attacks and becomes adept in the use of the best holds, he "catches" on with Johnny Public and when that takes place, no matter what the promoter might think, that wrestler has earned his spurs and becomes a headliner. The public is the final judge and what the fans want, they get.

Thus it was in the case of Dave Levin—from butcher boy to champ.

GETTING ACQUAINTED

Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions

By NAT FRANK



Jack Kennedy, who turned from engineering to wrestling.

OUT in California, where wrestling draws as many fans as does boxing, Sandor Szabo is a favorite. This handsome athlete, who, as an amateur in Hungary, carried off many honors and a room full of medals and cups, not only finds himself frequently in the spotlight in the rings of California but is called upon often to play major parts of strong men and wrestlers in movie shorts. He is as adept in the movie field as he is in the mat game.

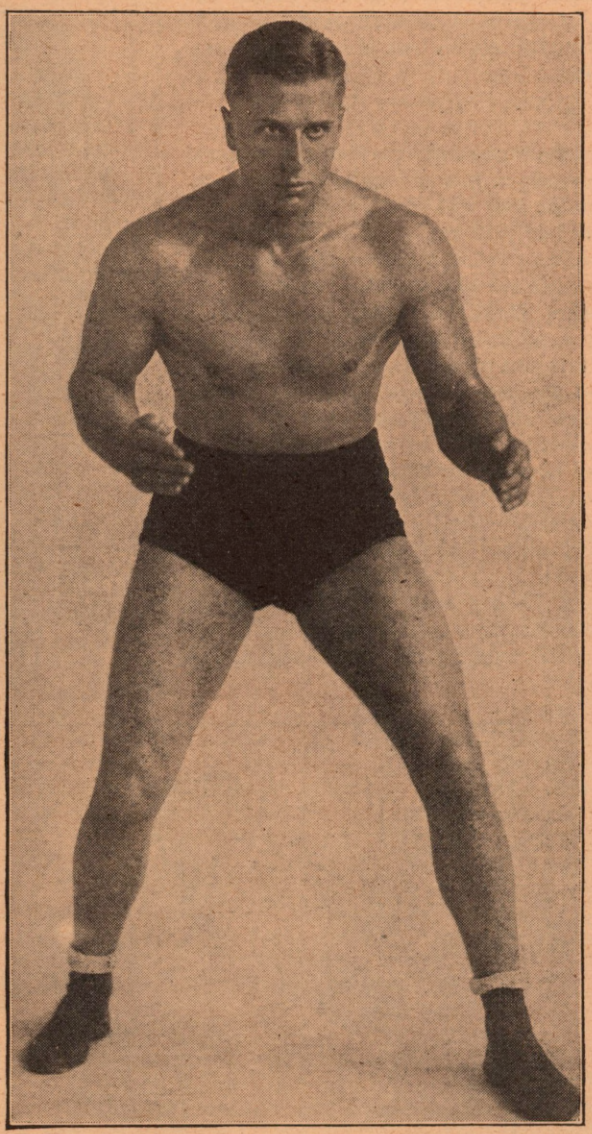
A few weeks ago Szabo added to his laurels when he won the Pacific Coast heavyweight crown. For his feat, he was awarded a handsome solid gold belt. His final victory was over Bill Hansen of Oakland, California. Szabo is making his home in California. He lives in Hollywood.

* * *

THINGS were going good for Ed Meske, the Adonis from Akron, O., until the despised Old Man Depression hove into view. This Akronite was doing well by himself as a salesman for check protectors. Firms were giving him orders aplenty and he planned a life of no worry.

Then came the stock market crash and the inauguration of President Roosevelt, who immediately declared a national bank holiday.

"Now, how in the name of common sense can a salesman dispose of his wares, when said article happens to be a check protector, when the banks are closed and checks worthless?" queried the salesman to himself. "To be or not to be?" That question faced this salesman, who towered six feet two inches and tipped the beam at 220 pounds.



Ed Meske, who has made good as a pro wrestler.

Meske decided not to be, so he no longer was a salesman. He hied himself to an Akron promoter and informed him that henceforth he would be a wrestler. He had read plenty about the grapplers; had seen them in action; knew they were keeping the wolf away from the door. Furthermore, he was an amateur matman while attending Wittenburg College, of Springfield, O., where he took dual courses in physical education and salesmanship.

Given an opportunity to try his ability in the pro ranks, Meske, eager to make good from the start, scored a spectacular victory. He became an instant attraction in his home sector. Soon his ability gained national prominence and promoters started angling for him.

Meske, who was born August 18, 1908, was a constant winner and Old Man Depression was taking it on the chin. Ed not only needed the money for himself but also was dutybound to his parents, who were struggling on their farm outside of Akron.

With the latter thought in mind, he just knew he must succeed, and win he did, for he finally captured the heavyweight wrestling championship from Charley Fox, a title that Meske still possesses in the state that gave us most of our Presidents.

From that victory on, the revenue started flowing in faster than ever. For his title go he received a good sum, but not one cent of that did he keep. It went intact to his parents so that the family mortgage could be paid off. With the additional money, Dad Meske purchased modern farm implements, thereby easing the back-breaking chores of human farm labor.

To this day Meske is still the Ohio state champion and his ability as a grappler has gained national fame. He already has seen action in various sections of the country. His type of bout is the kind the fans love to watch. He is an excellent showman and ranks with the stars of today.

"And I owe it all to no other than our President of the United States, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who, by declaring a bank holiday, put me out of the check protecting business and into the wrestling world," said the smiling grappling kingpin of his native state of Ohio.

HE'S as handsome as can be, is Jack Kennedy, the adonis from Dallas, Texas. But don't be fooled, for this good-looking youth is one of the most sensational wrestlers in the game today. Kennedy proved his ability in matches with the outstanding men of the Middle West, Far West and South. So successful has he been, that he finally decided to reverse Horace Greeley's statement and Go East.

In facial appearance, he resembles Yvon Robert, the French-Canadian and one-time boss of the mat world. Likewise does Kennedy "look like" Robert in action, only Jack has a bigger assortment of holds than does the Canuck. They say of him that he is more colorful than the former wrestling kingpin, and to be more colorful than Robert is going some.

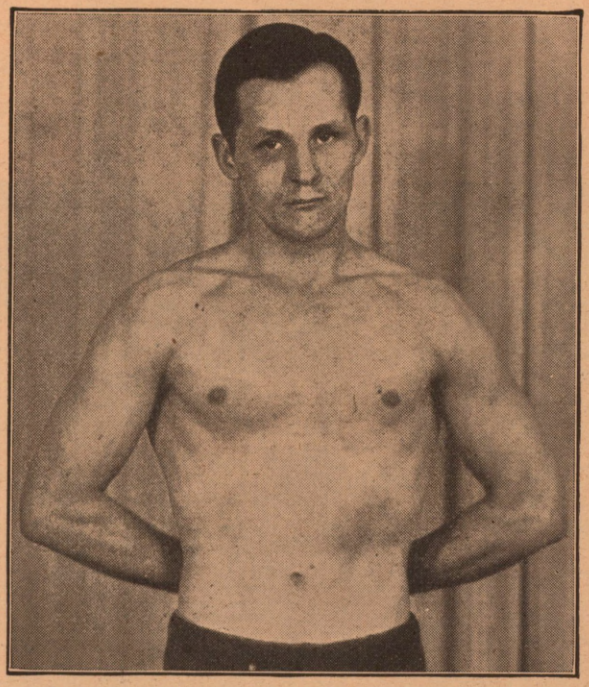
The Texas Adonis was born in Dallas, September 5, 1912. He went through grammar and high school and took up an engineering course at Southern Methodist. While a collegian, he participated in football, basketball, track and wrestling. He majored in all sports and gained the coveted letter in each one.

He left college in 1933 and got himself a job with a large engineering firm in the Lone Star State. After a year of that kind of toil, the wrestling bug got the better of him and he chose the squared circle as a means of livelihood.

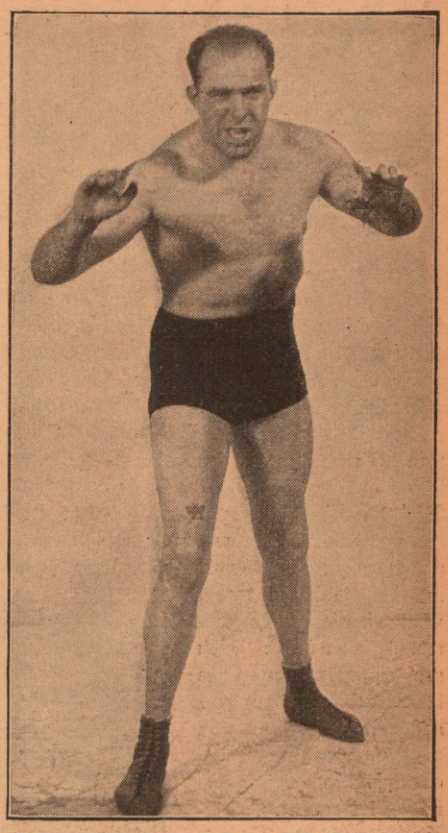
So in 1934 the name of Jack Kennedy began to appear on the sports pages again. He was a professional matman and was going great guns, downing all opposition chosen to face him. At that time he was a light-heavyweight.

The following year he grew into a heavyweight and from 1935 to the present day, Kennedy has been the greatest thing ever seen in a pair of mat trunks. This youth was making his more experienced foes take it and like it. His every move, plus his many fancy holds, caught the eyes of the fans and he became a great attraction.

The Texan stands six feet in his stocking feet and tips the beam at 220 pounds. In his varied assortment of holds, Kennedy seems to favor the drop-kick, flying tackle, frog-scissors and the painful back-breaker.



Gordon Shafer, middleweight champion of North Dakota.



Sailor Billings, a product of the U.S. Navy.

* * *

SAILOR AL BILLINGS is the wrestling champion of the U. S. Navy. He is known as one of the roughest matmen in the business.

Born in Cleveland, O., June 6, 1908, he went through the public schools and then took up a technical course at Ohio State University. Due to the depression, he left at the end of two years. He then became a member of the Y. M. C. A. of Cleveland, where he won the heavyweight boxing championship of all Ohio Y. M. C. A. entries.

The same year he took up semi-professional football and was a star tackle for the Cleveland gridiron eleven.

Later Billings, a strappling six feet three inches of youth, got a job as a brakeman on the New York Central railroad. That job was the means of getting an eyeful of the United States, as he got his transportation via the "Annie Oakley" method. He attended to that job for eighteen months. Then he wanted to see foreign soil, so he put in a two-year hitch in the Navy on the Warden 233, a destroyer. It was while a gob that (Continued on page 46)

Dr. Grady McCauley, a Florida favorite.

Don Shild chief inspector of the California State Commission awarding belt to Sandor Szabo.

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By EMERY CLARKE

OUT in California, they have dubbed Dr. Len Hall the "world champion."

Strange things do happen in the field of wrestling, but why worry? One more or less "title-holder" won't make much difference.

Lou Daro is the man behind the guns in the latest plan to add to the list of champs. Every time Lou finds the game a little dull, he digs up a batch of pachyderms, puts them to work for him, announces that he is starting a new California state championship tournament, and in a short time, the wrestling world finds itself blessed with an addition to the crown wearers.

Dean Detton, the only authentic world champion, the man who won his title by right of conquest—the only way it can be won—is out on the Coast, where he is competing regularly. Dean left the Eastern field when he learned that the promoters had a plan in mind whereby he would be double-crossed as was Ali Baba, and is doing all his work under the supervision of Toots Mondt in the Golden State, where he is amply protected against such scheming. But Detton has learned that without real contenders to shoot against, wrestling as a champion isn't very profitable, hence Daro, seeking a good, big outdoor shot, has decided to develop a contender, and Dr. Len Hall is his answer.

Len lays claim to the California state title because of his defeat of Pat Fraley in the final of the Daro tournament. Dr. Hall also says he is the world champion because he has defeated every star of note abroad.

In the Daro tourney, Hall stopped Chief Chewaki with a rope kickoff in 5.40, advanced over Dick Lever in 14.56 when the latter was disqualified, and entered the final over Hans Steinke when Referee Dick Rutherford disqualified the burly German for slugging that embattled arbiter rather than for rough tactics against the Doctor.

And Hall lays claim to the European championship by virtue of his five consecutive victories in five French tournaments. You can take him or leave him. THE RING recognizes only one title-holder—Dean Detton. And until the Utah wrestler is licked in the ring, Hall, Sherry, Marshall and other claimants will be only that.

* * *

GOSSIP FROM THE BRITISH MATS, by Hugh O'C. Sturt, follows:

Bob Gregory, classy light-heavyweight champ, returned to the mat and disposed of Jack Dale, Van Vleit and Hairy George Baker, but was ruled out against Black Butcher Johnson.

* * *

Jack Pye, crack villain, subdued Tony Mancelli at South London. The following week, Jack beat Chick Knight.

Syd Burns pulled off a masterly stroke of matchmaking when he pitted Carl Pojello against Bert Manfield. The Lithuanian won on default in the fourth stanza after a gruelling struggle.

* * *

Al Korman beat George Baker, outslugged Tiger Tasker and drew with Tony Mancelli. Korman has proven a great favourite with South London fans.

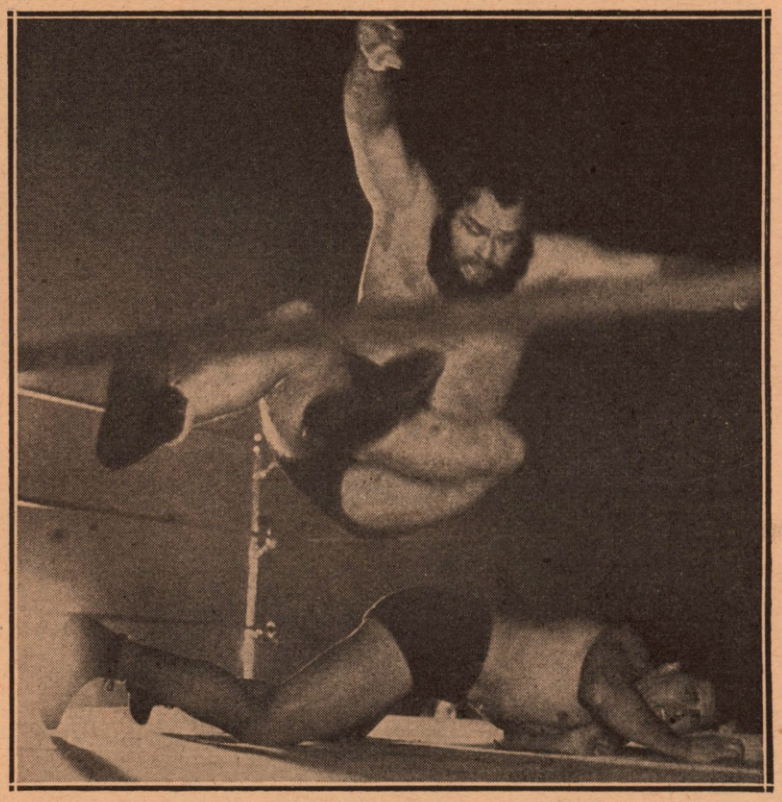
* * *

Jack Pye, villain of the Pye'ce, fared badly against Issy Van Dutz and dropped the decision in twenty-three minutes.

* * *

Congratulations to big Steve Casey and George Clarke who are bowling 'em over on your side. Mention of Clarke brings to mind when he was twice beaten by Max Krauser here.

* * *



Big Ben Morgan, 300-pounder from the Ozarks, as he launched a sit-down "strike" at Vincent Lopez. Big Ben missed, banged his head against the concrete floor, but won the bout when Lopez was disqualified for "roughness."

The giant Hindu grappler, Tiger Duala, arrived in England and in his initial start at Lanes Club, thoroughly outclassed Jack Pye, which he followed up with a win over Clem Lawrence at Kilburn.

* * *

French middleweight star, Rene La Belle is Syd Burns' latest importation. Rene beat Juan Lopez, and drew with Bob Fife and Johnny Katsulos.

* * *

The Canadian Caveman, Bob "Legs" Langevin, is enjoying a great run of success in this country.

* * *

Fans may be interested to learn that the one and only Tiger Jim de Lisle is at present touring Canada. Another star grappler who has left us is Mike de Mitre, the Old Maestro, who is in South Africa.

* * *

Pat Daly, classy light-heavyweight making good on the mat, is finding that all first class opposition is side stepping him.

* * *

Bob Gregory, manager for Lanes Club, has secured the services of Ed Don George, who will be with us in a few weeks. George should prove very popular here.

* * *

PACIFIC COAST AND NORTHWEST WRESTLING CHATTER, sent in by Charles "Spider" Mascall, follows:

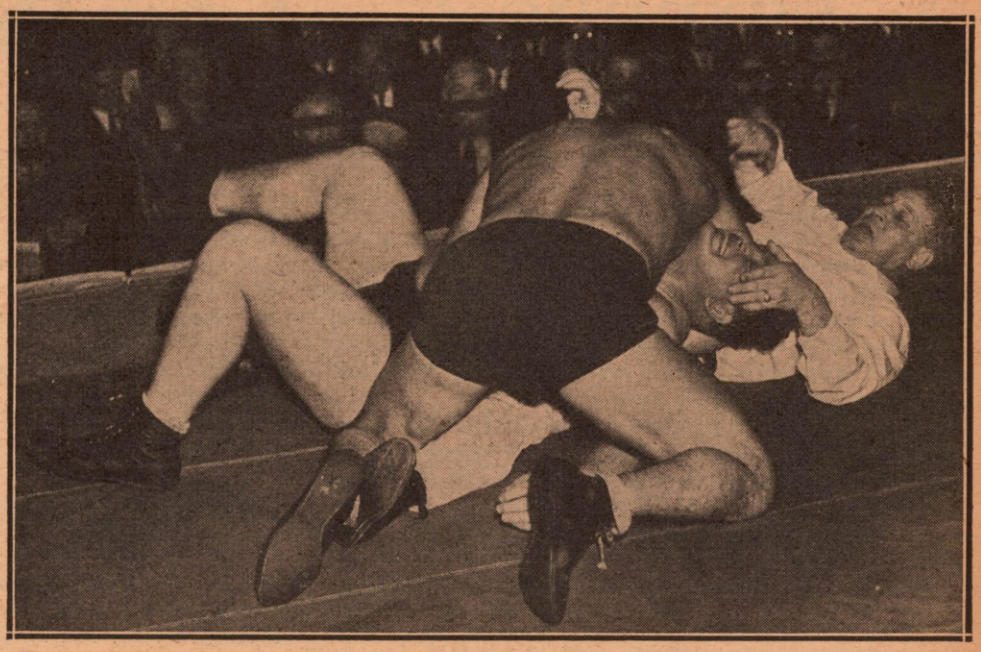
Wrestling may be at a low ebb in many parts of this great American continent, but, out in the West, especially on the Pacific Coast, the game is going over as big as ever.

Headlining in California are: Leo Numa, Hardy Kruskamp, Big Ben Morgan, Bull Martin, Doctor Len Hall, Abe Yourist,

Ernie Peterson, Tommy Marvin, Ivan Managoff, Pat Fraley and Milo Steinborn.

The new Irish idol, Steve Casey, climbed a notch higher in this writer's estimation, when he polished off Nick Lutze of Los Angeles. Casey's victories over the popular Californian occurred in the Eastern States, where, 'tis said, the Irishman is packing them in.

Don Sugai, the Salem, Oregon, Japanese, has made a distinct hit in Hollywood. The drop-kicking Salemite has shown plenty of colour and has trounced Al Wescoff, Count Cyclone Franco, Mickey McGuire, and other ranking favourites. Publicity experts, working under the Hollywood Stadium banner, have given Sugai the nickname of "Matsuda." Though the Oregon boy is fast and clever, he cannot be compared with the great Matsuda, a Japanese who once ruled the welterweight division with an iron hand.



The lot of the third man in the ring is not an easy nor an enviable one, as witness the above. Here is Ray Steele on top of Bad Dutch Heffner with Referee Bull Weidman taking the brunt of the punishment in the Public Hall of Cleveland.

Chief Thunderbird, the Canadian Indian champion, marked his return from Honolulu by defeating the rugged Sailor Jack Arnold. Thunderbird won the best two falls in three from the globe-trotting gob.

The preceding month saw a sad event as the promotorial career of "Carnation" Lou Daro, the dapper Los Angeles mat mogul, came to an untimely end. The former circus strongman, who has suffered severe heart attacks in recent weeks, has been ordered by his doctors to forget about wrestling and to take a long, long vacation. In an attempt to regain his former robust health, the "Carnation" gentleman will visit the famous rest resorts of Europe. It is sincerely hoped that, after the Daros see Europe, the grand "Old Man" of Los Angeles grappling will once again direct the affairs of the famed Olympic Club.

* * *

IN San Francisco, the colourful Hungarian ace, Sandor Szabo, again fell short of gaining the world's heavyweight mat crown. Szabo scored the first fall over the champion, but Detton came back quickly to win the second fall. Szabo, in an attempt to gain the deciding fall, brought into play his new hold, the "Death Swing" and was promptly disqualified. The "Death Swing" is merely a combination of the old-fashioned stranglehold and an overhead slam.

Note to Hugh O'Stuart of London, England . . . . Lord Patrick Lansdowne Finnegan's welterweight title is not recognized in official American wrestling circles. It is very doubtful if the monocled Lord could even make the welterweight limit of 147 pounds.

A new Hindu, who promises to become quite a favourite, has stepped into the Northwest wrestling picture. He is Harman Singh, a former resident of Shanghai, China, and well known throughout the Orient.

* * *

ABOVE THE ROAR OF THE CROWD . . . . Hans Steinke came out of retirement to whip Big Bem Morgan . . . . Chubby Herbie Freeman defeated Hal Rumberg . . . . Sandor Szabo upset Ivan Managoff . . . . Vincent Lopez played too rough for Gino "Red" Vagnone . . . . Rudi LaDitzi vanquished Paul Boesch . . . . Harnam Singh, the new Hindu sensation scored over Donald "Scotty" McIntyre . . . . Andy Moen, a well-built youngster, threw Sailor Jack Arnold . . . . Pat Fraley dropped Kimon Kudo in 36 seconds . . . . Counte Francis Fouche won from Herbie Freeman.

As they have done in the past, the wrestling fraternity once again came to the aid of one of its injured members. This time, it was Bill Longson, the former Utah footballer, whose back was broken by Man Mountain Dean's vicious "running broad jump" last month. The grappling laddies got together quite a sum of money, which was given to Longson to help him in his days to come.

* * *

PINNING Irish Pat Fraley with a body-lock, Doctor Len Hall was declared the winner of Jack Daro's single night tournament, which was the feature of this month's Los Angeles wrestling. Hall will meet Dean Detton in a title match as a result of his win.

Ivan Rasputin, the man who walks like a bear, and seldom talks, has arrived on the Coast and is being featured on Hollywood middleweight cards. He is a good light-heavyweight and should prove an attraction in the movie city, where grapplers of his type always prove crowd pleasers.

Another lad pleasing California fans is Dick Lever, the former Tennessee newsboy. Lever is a rough and ready boy, who punches, knees, and strangles his way to victory. Nevertheless, the Los Angeles fans like to see him in action.

Word has it that Hoe Parelli will soon headline light-heavyweight cards around San Francisco. Fans up and down the Pacific seaboard will remember the colourful Italian, who appeared on West Coast cards, two or three years back.

George Fitch, who is making Vancouver, Canada, one of the wrestling centres of the West, paired Vincent Lopez with Empire titleholder, Earl McCready and the bout was a *WOW*. McCready was awarded the contest when the wild Mexican was disqualified for illegal tactics. Early in the match, Lopez dropped the Canadian on his shoulders with a pile-driver slam and pin hold. McCready forced the Mexican to concede the second fall when he put the pressure on a combined crucifix and surfboard hold.

Dickie Trout, Whiskers Adams, Art Warren, Alvin Britt, Bob Castle, Harold Herbert, Jack "Sockeye" McDonald, and Dory Detton are barnstorming in California.

Rudy LaDitzi, reputed to be the meanest man in matdom, is in the Northwest. Rudy has chalked up quite a number of victories during his tour of the Lumber Country.

* * *

MINIATURES OF MATMEN . . . . Meet the smiling "boy wonder" of modern wrestling, Vic Christy of Sunland, California. He was called *(Continued on page 46)*

LETTERS *from* *Our* READERS

HAVING been a close student of boxing for the last forty years, and a reader of THE RING for the last twelve years, I feel qualified to join the amateur scribes and present my views.

The usual topic seems to be our ebony-hued Joe Louis. First, I want to say that a fighter is a fighter to me regardless of color. The only way to judge a fighter is by what he has done, not by what you'd like to have him do. I have the records of every boxer whose record has been published since James Figg in 1719, and I defy any Louis critic to point out anyone, everything considered, with a better record than Joe's since the advent of Marquis of Queensberry rules.

Joe lost to Schmeling, but what of it? Wasn't Jack Johnson flattened by Choynski in three rounds? Didn't Flynn knock out Dempsey in the first round? Those defeats halted the progress of neither.

If Schmeling was so good, why didn't he keep Louis on the carpet in the fourth round? Schmeling, you know, won the championship lying down and lost it standing up. He has the distinction of that unequaled record, even though he may now regain the crown.

All told, Max fought Sharkey nineteen rounds and Uzcudun forty-two. He never even buckled their knees. But what did Louis do to them?

It is my opinion that if Max and Joe meet again—and I hope they do—Max will not last half as long as Joe did with him. Pastor lasted ten rounds with Joe, but if he hadn't borrowed Tunney's bicycle, the result would have been different. He evidently knew Louis wasn't Jesse Owens.

You remember that Gibbons stayed fifteen rounds with Dempsey, yet a couple of months later Jack beat Firpo in the greatest fight in history. Look at the beatings that Jeffries took from Fitzsimmons, yet he was praised for being able to take it. But if Louis gets hit on the button, he is criticized for having no defense. The fighter never lived who couldn't be hit.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

I don't think much of Braddock as a champ. He beat Baer, not because he was so good, but because Max was so poor that night. Those twenty losses in his record don't look so hot for a champ. There are several young heavies who could take him to the cleaners. He was lucky, that's all.

I don't think the man ever lived who could have beaten Dempsey at Toledo when he won the championship from Willard. There are only two men who would have had any chance at all—Sullivan and Jeffries. Dempsey's speed and power would have put all others away.

Jack Johnson finds fault with Joe's stance. Stance or no stance, take a slant at their records. I guess Joe doesn't need Jack's stance. Where was Jack's stance when Middleweight Ketchel stood him on his ear?

I got a laugh out of Hype Igoe when he said that Joe Walcott and Tommy Ryan could have beaten Louis. He probably meant at the same time.

I say give Louis all the credit due him. He has surely helped the game.

Well, Nat, I want to say that your magazine can't be beaten. I don't always agree with you, but every man to his own opinion. Your letter page is very interesting.

PAUL RUDEEN, Troy, Idaho.

* * *

IN the April issue of RING, in the question section, a party from Amsterdam, N. Y., inquires as to the record of "Mikey Hamil."

Would like to inform you that Mikey Hamil fought as a bantamweight, I believe, about the period of 1907-08-09-10. Although not classed as a contender for the title, he nevertheless was among the better club fighters. His fights with one Jimmy Dunn will bear this out. I believe this is the same Jimmy Dunn who, in later years, became blind. Also, if I am not mistaken, Hamil fought one Johnny or Jimmy Daly, whom you no doubt will remember as a top-notcher among the bantams and feathers of the Abe Attel era.

It seems strange that this inquiry should come from a resident of Mikey's home town, which is Amsterdam, when any of the old-timers there could furnish information, or the local paper, the *Evening Recorder*.

I think THE RING is one of the best fight magazines I have ever read.

L. A. MORSE, Ballston Spa, N. Y.

* * *

JUST a few lines to give you the inside dope on the last two big fights of our Scottish champions, Lynch and McGrory. First of all, Lynch's fight with Len Hampson at Manchester. It was a one-horse race, with Lynch on the receiving end all the time, and his chief second jumped into the ring to save him from a complete K.O. The fight was at the bantamweight limit, 118 pounds, and on the morning of the fight, Lynch weighed 119 pounds. He had to dry out in a turkish bath to do the weight.

He never trained an hour for this fight and I'm afraid if he doesn't mend his ways, he is all washed up. A week before the fight, he was crowned by some tough guy in a saloon, and he had to have seven stitches in his scalp. Some training for a fight, eh?

He is a natural fighter, and a good one at that, but I'm afraid he will have to mend his ways.

As for McGrory, he is just the opposite type. A fine fellow, a young gentleman, a family man with an excellent reputation, but who has been running into hard luck. What with a broken shoulder blade and a broken jaw, which he has at this writing, he seems fated to have all the bad luck that is around. Everybody feels sorry for him because he is such a dandy chap.

His nose has been troubling him and he must have been breathing through his mouth with his jaw slack when he received the punch which broke it. His fight with Pete Sarron in April is now off and this means a big loss to him in cash, and this, to a Scot, is worse than a broken jaw.

The lighter fellows here are not so bad, but as I have stated to you before, we have a lack of good trainers and managers. The stuff is here, but badly handled.

Trusting you are well and that THE RING is going forward from strength to strength, and hoping to call on you about the second week in May, I am,

PETE MAIN, Paisley, Scotland.

* * *

I DO not know what is the present method of scoring in boxing matches in the U.S.A., but it seems to me that the only really fair way is the following, which I do not think is used:

WINNER of each round to be given 5 points.

LOSER of each round to be given 1, 2, 3, or 4 points in accordance with the margin the round was lost by the boxer.

Points to be added at the end of the contest, the winner being the fighter with most points in his favor.

In this way a boxer who has won, say, 4 rounds by large margins (5-1) and lost 6 rounds by small margins (4-5) will not be deprived of a decision which rightly belongs to him (44 to 34 by my system) as would be the case in the method of scoring by the number of rounds won.

Another method which is sometimes used is to *divide* 5 points per round. That is, there are only three possible scores per round, 5-0, 4-1, and 3-2. The *difference* between the fighters in any

round has to be scored as 5 points (5-0), 3 points (4-1), or 1 point (3-2). By the method I suggest, you can show 1, 2, 3, 4 or 5 points difference in any round. This method seems to me so obviously the best that I am surprised that it is not always used.

Example:

Round No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Tunney	5	5	4	4	5	4	5	4	5		4—45 points
Dempsey	1	1	5	5	1	5	1	5	5		5—34 points

Tunney has won 4 rounds EASILY.

Dempsey has won 5 rounds by small margins.

One round, the ninth, even.

By the method at present in use, Dempsey has won the fight although Tunney has scored 45 points to his 34.

We out here in the wilds of Buenos Aires City (2,600,000 inhabitants) are very interested in two South Americans now making good in the U. S. A.—Godoy, Chilean, and Brescia, Argentine. Give us some more dope on them.

THOMAS KIRTON, Buenos Aires, S. A.

* * *

THANKS very much for those two record books, the Everlast and the Old Timer. I like that Old Timer book especially. There are records in it that I have been keeping an eye out for years and never with any success—Mysterious Billy Smith, Tommy Ryan, Frank Craig the Coffee Cooler, and a lot more. It is difficult to explain how scarce books are here that have any historical value. The demand no doubt is all in cities like New York and London, and that is where they go.

I liked the February RING and must compliment you on your "guts" in ranking the heavyweights as you did. Although Braddock is officially the champion, it is difficult to place him above Schmeling when he has given no evidence for years of the possession of championship ability. Similarly, Louis is entitled to second place in the sun, reasoning on the same basis.

Your articles in the January RING on American boxers abroad and Australians were very fine. I can see that you realize quite clearly that, after all, the yardstick for measuring up the abilities of Americans on a world basis must rest on direct comparison with Europeans and other overseas fighters. I'll say that they measure up well, too. Can't understand how it is the heavyweights in Europe and Australia are so poor.

Kind regards from your old friend,

W. J. "BILL" DOHERTY,
Fremantle, Western Australia.

* * *

SYRACUSE, located in the heart of central New York, has long been a fertile field in the development of good middleweights. Tommy Ryan came from there, won the world's middleweight crown, and achieved lasting fame as one of the greatest middleweights that ever laced on a five-ounce fighting glove. "Young" Fisher, one of the roughest, toughest 160-pounders the division ever knew, the man who knocked out Jack Delaney and defeated Johnny Wilson in a ten-round no-decision contest right after the Boston boy won the world's title from beetle-browed Mike O'Dowd, and who fought every topnotch middleweight and light-heavyweight over a period of fifteen years, was a native Syracusan.

Eddie (Babe) Risko, born Henry Pylkowski, is the latest Syracusan to scale the heights and win a world's title in that class. Risko later lost his laurels to Freddie Steele at Seattle, Wash., but is still a ranking fighter, and considered one of the most dangerous middleweights in the country because of his unorthodox style and tremendous natural strength.

As the year 1937 slowly unfolds, Syracuse has still another middleweight knocking on the door leading to pugilistic success, one of the finest young prospects uncovered in the Salt City in many years, a youngster who has developed with such amazing rapidity those who have seen him in action tag him as one of the most brilliant boxers and natural fighters to come out of Syracuse in a decade.

It has been many, many years since a fighter like Ralph De John has come roaring down the fistic highways.

A natural born fighter invariably goes places. Nature endows him with a smooth coordination of mind and muscle, and a subconscious desire to be a great fighter. Nature's gifts to a fighter are a tremendous advantage.

De John, I believe, is a living, breathing example of a natural-born fighter. The things he does in the ring come easy. He is as graceful as a ballet dancer, lithe-limbed, with keen judgment of distance, wastes little energy, hits short and sharp, blocks perfectly, and knows how to roll with a punch, or pull away and let the leather-covered hand grenades slip past, and still be in a position to counter effectively.

De John has what all good fighters must have—a fighting heart, and a hair-trigger brain that enables him to do what he wants to do when he wants to do it.

This youngster has the proper mental attitude. He isn't the cocky, boastful type. On the contrary, he's modest to a fault. Yet De John firmly believes, with his fighting eyeteeth scarcely cut, that he can lick champions. That's the spirit that sends a fighter a long way in the game of sock and get socked.

Although he has had only twelve professional battles, he has revealed marvelous improvement in every single one of them. Despite his limited schooling, De John has all the earmarks of a first class fighter. They rarely come along that fast. When they do, they spell disaster for the lads in their class. Joe Louis came fast, but the Brown Bomber at the corresponding period in his development wasn't as slick an all-around fighter as De John is.

De John is only twenty years old, and has been boxing about two years. One year was spent in the amateurs, where he beat everything his weight without so much as getting his hair mussed, for few of his Simon-pure encounters went over two or three rounds.

As a paid-to-punch performer, De John twice defeated the tough Tommy O'Brien, whipped Ray Steen, Jack Sylvester, outwalloped Paulie Mahoney twice, stopped Freddie Zelinsky in two, put Joe Severino away in three, and then followed two victories over Leo (Red) Finnegan, and his most outstanding performance to date is a six-round triumph over Jimmy Clark, former national amateur middleweight champion. Clark was undefeated as a pro until he met De John.

Because he is under twenty-one, De John's bouts have been limited to six rounds, a ruling of the New York State Athletic Commission which prevents a young boxer from engaging in an eight- or ten-round contest until he reaches his majority.

Ralph is American born of Italian parents, and is the youngest of a family of nine boys. When only a mite of six, he suffered an injury which would have been a great handicap to most young men, but not to an ambitious, eager-to-succeed youngster of De John's qualities. While picking coal from railroad tracks in the vicinity of his home, he placed his tiny left hand back of one of the wheels of a standing freight car to remove a choice chunk of anthracite which had fallen from the coal boxes of a passing locomotive.

The tot did not notice an oncoming yard engine, which was backing empty freights across the tracks. Just as Ralph grabbed the coal, the engine bumped into the freight, causing the heavy iron wheel to pass over the three middle fingers of his left hand, severing them as cleanly as if it were the work of a skilled surgeon's scalpel. At eighteen, De John became an amateur boxer.

BILLY SHAW, Syracuse, N. Y.

* * *

I WAS reading in THE RING Magazine a couple of issues back about an inquiry for Willie Keeler, heavyweight fighter. I knew him personally while matchmaker for the Kellogg Eagles Club of Kellogg, Idaho, in 1925. I signed him for several fights there. He met Frank Farmer, Bill Nearing, Bill Cusick and several others. He also fought in Wallace, Idaho.

The last I heard of him was that he was in Hollywood, in 1928, having some part in a fight picture being filmed there. He was from Colorado originally, and had fought Jim Flynn and Tommy Gibbons and many others.

Trusting this will find space in the best boxing magazine in the world.

H. F. STANTON, Kimberley, B. C.

Gang Wars and Politics

(Continued from page 10)

even exceeded in fury the historical open-air-free-for-all that marked the presidential campaign which led to the election of Polk over Clay in 1845.

On that eventful occasion, Clay was the standard-bearer of the Native Americans. That organization held a big meeting in New York City and brought in thousands of sympathizers from Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore. The line of march for the assembling Clayites led past the Empire Club at 28 Park Row, headquarters of their rivals, and run by such worthies as John Clancy, editor of the *Leader;* Mike Walsh, Matt Brennan, Captain Isaiah Rynders, Daniel Sickles and Joe Bowling.

As the shouting Clay boosters passed this spot, Country McCluskey dashed out of the Empire, yelling the battle-cry of his clan and threw a gamecock into the midst of the august procession. Tom Hyer, prominently conspicuous on a white horse as parade marshal, promptly leaped from saddle to ground and led a charge on the enemy, flocking in full force to the fray behind McCluskey. Whereupon one of the most terrific riots on record blazed into being. Six men were killed outright and over a hundred seriously wounded in that strenuous brawl.

Generally speaking, the Tammany scrappers individually steered clear of Hyer and Poole. But John Morrissey believed himself a match for either of these paladins and did finally come to grips with Poole on a later occasion. However, the two drastic drubbings given Yankee Sullivan by Hyer and the well-known prowess of Bill Poole, as repeatedly manifested against heavy odds in barroom scuffles, marked each of the Native American champions as good men to avoid and none of Morrissey's comrades had stomach for a single-handed trial of battle with either just then.

* * *

TWO of the Tammany sluggers, Lew Baker and Jim Turner, both of whom would come under the modern classification of gunmen, believed in the old adage which states that "union is strength," and one night in January, 1855, started off on Hyer's trail with the benevolent intention of shooting him on sight. They found the big, handsome boxer at the bar of a saloon on Broadway and Twelfth Street.

Walking by Hyer, with Baker close behind, Turner deliberately knocked a glass out of the champion's hand. Hyer merely laughed and advised the two belligerents to run along before they got into trouble. Turner, maddened by Hyer's disdainful attitude, drew a gun and fired two shots at Tom, both bullets missing their mark. Before Turner could fire again, Hyer's powerful right hand gripped his neck and threw him to the floor.

As Turner fell, his gun flew out of his hand. Hyer stooped to pick up the weapon and Baker attacked him from behind, striking him over the head with a revolver-butt. Hyer whirled around swiftly, grasped Baker's wrist, twisted his arm until the gangster howled for mercy, and hurled him on top of his companion. The big fellow then grabbed Baker, dragged him to the street and, as the Tammany slugger endeavored to draw a knife, scientifically kicked him senseless.

The champion then returned to the saloon, bent on wreaking vengeance on Turner. But the bird of prey had flown through the rear entrance, deeming discretion the better part of valor. Those few moments of close action had thoroughly convinced Turner that he wanted no more of Hyer's man-handling tactics, and he had not even stopped to pick up the gun that had so signally failed its owner.

This feat of Hyer's caused an immense sensation and added fresh fuel to the fires of rivalry between the opposing gangs. As an aftermath of the affair a little while after, Bill Poole went on a hunting expedition for Baker and located him in a Canal Street cafe known as the "Gem." Chivalry being at a sad discount in barroom brawls of that violent age, Poole gave his prospective victim no warning of warlike intentions and pounced upon him with savage glee.

Baker reached for his gun, but before his fingers closed on the butt, Poole tore the weapon from his grasp, hurled it to the far end of the bar, and caught him in a viselike grip. Baker was thrown down, picked up again, flung over tables, against the wall, battered with pile-driving punches. Bleeding profusely from mouth, ears and nose, he yelled in agony for help that none of the awe-stricken spectators dared afford him. In less than a minute, the Tammany slugger was a red ruin, a horrible wreck of humanity. Fortunately for him, four policemen appeared, attracted by his wild screams, and rescued him from utter annihilation.

Poole was not arrested, such affrays being so common that officers only interfered when it seemed as though murder would result. Otherwise, they contented themselves with separating the principals. So the victor strode triumphantly away, well pleased with himself and commenting that he would finish off Baker the next time they collided.

But thereafter Baker, when he had recovered from his injuries, went around heeled with two guns and vowing he would kill Poole at the first opportunity. Also, as a matter of desirable precaution, he was always accompanied in his nightly rambles by Turner and Paudeen, the latter being a five points thug with several killings to his credit.

* * *

THESE successive defeats of their noted plug-uglies aroused the Tammanyites to a pitch of wildest fury. It was felt that something must be done to redeem their fighting honor and at this juncture, John Morrissey stepped into the breach. Morrissey originally hailed from Troy, and coming to the big town, cast his lot with the Irish-American contingent. A past master of fist fighting, it was not long before the Native Americans learned to look upon him as their most dangerous foeman.

In modern slang parlance, Morrissey thought it was "up to him" to rescue Tammany valor from the ditch into which it had fallen. One night, he was drinking in Stanwix Hall, on Broadway near Prince Street, when Poole entered. Morrissey, who was very much under the influence of liquor, volleyed insults at the Native American. Poole ignored him, remarking that his traducer was too drunk to be worth noticing. Morrissey pulled a gun and pressed its trigger. The weapon missed fire and again Morrissey tried to shoot, but no report followed.

Apparently only amused at Morrissey's unsuccessful tactics, Poole also drew a revolver, laughed, and fired a bullet into the ceiling. It was evident that he had no intention of using the gun on Morrissey. But a bystander aroused his wrath by remarking that it would be unfair for Poole to shoot a man who was practically defenseless. This criticism made big Bill bellow like an enraged bull. Tossing the revolver on the bar, he seized two long, shining, razor-edged carving knives from the lunch counter.

With the blades in his hand, he approached Morrissey and, extending the handle of one to him, offered to fight out their quarrel with the cold steel. There was no yellow in John Morrissey. But he knew that Poole could hurl a butcher-knife through an inch of wood at a distance of fifteen feet, and the menace of those gleaming blades partially sobered him. He declined the issue and further hostilities were halted by the arrival of police, who escorted the foemen from the resort and sent them homeward by different routes.

* * *

THE incident rankled in Morrissey's mind. He had not come out of the situation with flying colors and had to make good on his bluff or lose caste with his associates. He challenged Poole to meet him in a rough-and-tumble combat wherever and whenever the latter desired, and bet fifty dollars he would whip him. Poole booked the bet and named Christopher Street pier, two blocks from where he lived, as the battleground. This was right in the section bossed by Poole's gang and Morrissey realized he had been trapped into making a boast almost impossible of fulfillment.

Boxing Books

(Continued from page 27)

is not yet over by any means, but the book is worth having for its human interest and because it is right up to date.

The Lonsdale Library volume on Boxing fell into my hands some time ago. This is a beautifully turned out, printed and illustrated publication, compiled by Viscount Knebworth, late son and heir to the Earl of Lytton. Knebworth was himself an amateur boxer of note and a genuine lover of the game. I am very proud to state that the introduction to my own book, "In the Days of the Giants," was written by Knebworth. The noble art lost a lover and a champion when he was killed in an airplane accident a few years ago.

I have about a score of small pamphlets and record books, and some hundreds of newspaper cuttings pasted in albums on various phases of the boxing game, and last but not least I have every issue of THE RING for years past.

In fact, anyone who had a complete set of every issue of THE RING would not need much more to complete an encyclopedia of boxing.

Memorable Middleweight Mills

(Continued from page 26)

Whenever Ketchel's name is mentioned around New York, old-timers' memories always revert to Stanley's ten-round battle there with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. The big thrill in that eventful carnage came when, after O'Brien had literally cut Ketchel to shreds with slicing left-hand visitations, a sledge-hammer right to the jaw knocked O'Brien senseless just as the bell rang for the conclusion of the final round.

Technically speaking it was not a knockout, as the bout was staged under the no-decision clause, and the battle was over at the very instant when Jack went down. Consequently it lists in the record books as a no-decision fray. Probably no other middleweight in the ring of that time could have remained erect and fought back under the punishment absorbed by Ketchel on that occasion.

Jimmy Johnston, the present fistic impresario of Madison Square Garden, was Stanley's chief second, and even when Ketchel looked his worst and was staggering on the verge of defeat, Johnston never lost hope. He sent Ketchel in again and again with the exhortation to "keep throwing punches," with the result eventually as described.

The crowd got more thrills than they bargained for. Sitting next the writer was Hugh McIntosh, the Australian promoter. At one stage of the fight, when Ketchel, bloody, groggy, and apparently whipped to a frazzle, still kept rushing, McIntosh shook his head gravely and commented:

"Gawd blimme, this is awful. We'd stop it in Australia!"

Ketchel's gameness was of an extraordinary brand. One might say he was as spectacular in the hours of death as in life. He was assassinated on a ranch at Conway, Mo., by Walter A. Dipley on October 15, 1910.

While Ketchel was sitting at breakfast, Dipley stole up behind him and emptied a load of buckshot into the middleweight champion's back. Despite his terrific injuries, Stanley staggered to his feet and rushed at the killer, only to collapse on the threshold. He died a few hours later on the operating table.

Dipley, whose murderous action was instigated by his paramour, a woman of the underworld who nursed a grudge against the pugilist, was arrested, tried and given a life sentence, while his feminine confederate was sent to the penitentiary for thirty years.

* * *

BILLY PAPKE claimed the middleweight title the year following Ketchel's death, as did Mike Gibbons and Eddie McGoorty.

Papke was generally recognized as champion, however, but lost the title on a foul to Frank Klaus in Paris, March 5, 1913. The middleweights were a real fighting bunch during the reigns of Papke and Klaus and that period is rich in recorded big-thrill battles between men of their division. But a singular situation arose when Frank Klaus surrendered the title to George Chip on a knockout, and Chip was in turn kayoed in one round by Al McCoy.

George Chip was a first-class fighting man, boasting a record thickly studded with knockout victories. McCoy, on the contrary, rated as a rather mediocre performer. But he could hit, and he was a southpaw, two facts much in his favor, for southpaws were then a rare quantity in the game pugilistic.

When Chip took him on it was considered a comparatively easy match for the champ. But the fight was barely two minutes old when McCoy, whose style Chip found somewhat baffling, socked George square on the chin for a full count. The onlookers got a thrill all right, but it wasn't the sort they had expected.

* * *

EVERYBODY said it was a fluke. But there was assuredly no disputing the potency of the McCoy punch, and, as time showed, the job of dethroning him was anything save an easy one. If he couldn't knock out an opponent in short order, he could stall around through a ten-round session to its close with clever boxers and sluggers alike. Under the no-decision rule then governing boxing in New York State, it was a cinch for Al to hang on to his championship title.

He fought often and barred nobody, but wanted no fighting environment except that of communities where bouts were run on the ten-round, no-verdict basis, and under these favorable conditions, for him, managed to keep his grip on the middleweight title for nearly three years—a fact which leads one to suspect that Al McCoy must have been a much better fighter than he received credit for being, even if he did stall considerably, and had things staged to suit him.

The truth is that he exasperated a majority of the customers, who insisted that he was a false alarm and wanted to see someone else wearing the crown. But if his methods didn't please the crowd, he was nevertheless a good drawing card.

* * *

HOWEVER, his detractors had to wait until the night of November 17, 1917, to see that trick turned by Mike O'Dowd in six rounds. If no great warrior fame attaches to the career of Mr. Al McCoy, he at least enjoyed the distinction of being the one middleweight champ that people gladly paid money to see perform in the hope of seeing him flattened like a newly-laid rug.

As a thrill-maker in the ring few equalled Harry Greb, whose erratic tactics, unconventional style of boxing and catlike speed caused the late Bill McGeehan to comment that "Harry comes closer to a nightmare conception of a human buzz-saw than any pug that ever clouted a jawbone!"

The fans were always on the edge of suspense while Greb was doing his whirlwind act, hitting from every point of the compass and landing with bewilderingly continuous effect. He wasn't a stunning puncher, but his wallops stung and hurt, and he was a hard chap to either counter or mix with.

* * *

HIS battle with Mickey Walker at the New York Polo Grounds in 1925 was a miniature cyclone affair that had the spectators on their toes and cheering like madmen in many of its wild sessions. Walker, himself a regular lynx of the woods at the tear-in stuff, mixed matters with a will. But for once he had an opponent who was superior to him in that sort of battling, and Greb carried off the decision after fifteen rounds of hectic milling.

The weight helped the victor a bit, as Greb scaled 159 to Walker's 152 pounds, but irrespective of that fact there wasn't a middleweight then in the game likely to have fared any better. Prior to the Walker match, Greb had beaten light-heavies such as Tommy Gibson, Gene Tunney, Tommy Loughran, and other crack fighters to whom he gave away weight with reckless abandon.

He was spectacular to the end, even in his last fight with Tiger Flowers in 1926, when he lost the middleweight title to the colored man, from whom it passed into the possession of Mickey Walker. Few folks were aware at the time of the Flowers combat that Greb was practically blind in one eye, and had been fighting right along in that condition for over a year. But such was the case, and within twelve months' time Greb died as a result of an operation designed to aid his failing sight.

While no budding fistic genius of the Fitzsimmons, Tommy Ryan, Stanley Ketchel, Billy Papke, Harry Greb or Mickey Walker calibre seems to be hovering on the pugilistic horizon at present, it is worth noting that such periods of mediocrity have occurred in every class at certain intervals. During the almost three-year reign of Al McCoy, for instance, middleweight talent, generally speaking, was at a pretty low ebb, and only picked up with the advent of Greb, Flowers and Walker.

So you never can tell. Most any day a middleweight marvel may bob up somewhere on the map and revive the glories of the grade after a fashion reminiscent of its colorful sagas of the past!

The Blond Hercules

(Continued from page 33)

Walter's family is originally from a small town located near Warsaw, Poland, but came to America several years ago and settled in Syracuse, New York, where Walter was born. He has three brothers and one sister, and one of his brothers, just twenty-two, is a star footballer at Syracuse University. He weighs 238 pounds and is six feet two and one-half inches tall.

Before Walter left his home in Syracuse to engage in weight-lifting contests and later wrestling matches, he conducted his own personal physical culture school, in which he was personal instructor for sixty girls and eighty boys. Walter loves this kind of work and his ambition is to have a large studio of this sort when he quits wrestling.

Podolak is very conscientious about his exercise and does weight-lifting and scientific exercises every day. His favorite hold, which is indeed an effective one, is the full nelson, executed with a swing.

He is a handsome young man and has posed for innumerable artists and sculptors, including the famous B. Chambers, whose work in the line of holy pictures and statues is well known. Walter has been married a year to an attractive Italian girl.

Terry McGovern, Pride of Joe Humphreys

(Continued from page 31)

admiration for Terry McGovern, was the contest between the Brooklyn Terror and Pedlar Palmer at Tuckahoe, N. Y., September 28, 1899.

The excitement attending the knockout of the Englishman in the first round, has never been equaled in any championship fight and the time of the K.O., also set a record for a titular contest. It was a sight I'll never forget.

Terry had become famous long before the battle at Tuckahoe, through his sensational victories, many of them by the knockout route. But the haymaker he landed on the clever Englishman is what placed McGovern's name on the lips of every fight fan throughout the world.

When Terry was a kid, he worked as a clerk for a peddler. He was a natural born fighter and even in his youth, he gained a reputation in the field of fisticuffs. But it was not until he had seen George Dixon, Little Chocolate, in action, that Terry decided on his career as a fighter.

Terry was a mite of a kid when he got his first glimpse of Dixon, the most wonderful colored boy of all time. It was during a benefit performance of a spectacular show called "Black America," at an open air arena in South Brooklyn, that Terry got his first eyeful of Little Chocolate. That was forty years ago. The occasion was a special "George Dixon Night," at which all the performers were Negroes, and it seemed that all of Brooklyn flocked to the scene—young Terry and his mother among them.

* * *

LITTLE did George Dixon then realize that this lad who was closely watching his every movement, would later wreck his career by relieving him of the world's featherweight title.

When he joined the ranks of the pros and ripped his way to the front with sensational victories over a great field—Jack Leon, Jack Kelly, Austin Rice, George Monroe, Harry Forbes, Joe Bernstein, Casper Leon, Patsy Haley, Sammy Kelly and others, he cleared the path for his tilt with Palmer.

It was Terry's great victory over Leon that finally earned for him the match with the Englishman. Sam Harris, his manager, the man who loved Terry as one would his own son, arranged the details for McGovern while Doc Ordway, American representative of the National Sporting Club of London and personal representative of Peggy Bettinson, manager of Palmer, looked after the Englishman's affairs.

Came the day when Palmer arrived in New York. I'll never forget the reception he received. Sam Harris, McGovern, Charley Mayhood, Terry's life-long friend and trainer, together with your Uncle Dud, arranged the affair. We hired twelve open barouches, two bands and went down to the pier. Palmer was all flabbergasted when he saw us and the next day, instead of remaining in New York to rid himself of his sea legs, he went up to Mamaroneck to prepare for his bout. Terry left that same day for McElroy's old roadhouse on Jerome Avenue. Al Smith, famous sportsman was stakeholder, George Siler, referee, Sam Austin, timekeeper for Terry, and Johnny Pollock, official timekeeper for the club. Peter Prunty was the announcer and I, the ringmaster.

* * *

JUST before the fight started, Terry was surprised by a visit from John L. Sullivan, his idol. When the fighters left their dressing rooms, Sullivan held McGovern's hand and escorted him to his corner, with Sam Harris walking behind him and carrying a big Irish flag.

Peggy Bettinson and Palmer's trainer, Sammy Blakelock, entered the ring with him.

The fight started with the usual feinting. They were feeling each other out. Suddenly Palmer let fly a beautiful left hand lead which struck Terry on the forehead and before Terry could get set, another landed. Then came a surprise.

Palmer shifted and let fly a right for the jaw, but that blow never landed for Terry beat him to the punch. McGovern also had started a right and it landed right under Palmer's heart. He went down like a log.

What excitement! Bedlam had broken loose. Pandemonium reigned! Even the timekeeper, Johnny Pollock, lost control through excitement. In reaching for a pencil, he accidentally pulled the gong only one minute after the fight had gotten under way. Palmer was still on the floor, and his seconds, thinking the round over, rushed into the ring and carried the "little bag of tricks" into his corner.

Sam Austin, realizing the error, called Siler's attention to it and the referee sent the boys back into the center of the ring to resume hostilities. This time Terry rushed at Palmer like a maddened tiger, and again shot a terrific right to the heart. Poor Palmer, white as a sheet, gasped for breath as he sank to the canvas. The punch paralyzed him and he was still helpless when the referee counted him out.

That fight made McGovern the idol of fistiana and even in death, he remains an idol. His ring feats will always stand as a monument to the Brooklyn Terror.

New Faces

(Continued from page 29)

A youngster with an aptitude for fighting, Aron tasted his first baptism of fistic fire in the Iowa Golden Gloves. He won the flyweight and featherweight championships, and at his father's urgings, entered and won a Chicago amateur tournament sponsored by the Jewish Youth Order.

He decided to turn professional and was a sensation from the start. He engaged in seventeen preliminary encounters before he was tossed in with the experienced Chuck Woods, in his first start as a main eventer. Aron lost after a close tussle, but proved in his fight with his Detroit adversary, that he was ready for any welterweight in the game.

Aron, boxing in the short time of but three years, has engaged in forty fights. His record reveals thirty-five victories, three losses and two draws. The Chicagoan numbers among his victims, Harry Dublinsky, Puggy Weinert, Billy Miller and Georgie Engel. However, his sensational knockout victories over top-flight men of the calibre of Pete Nebo, Lou Halper, Frankie Sagilio, and Harold Brown, is what has the Chicago sports writers raving over their latest fistic find whom they insist is ready for a titular tilt with his fellow townsman, Barney Ross. Remember the name.

* * *

ROSCOE TOLES, Detroit's latest Negro heavyweight sensation, was born twenty-two years ago in Naftel, Alabama, and, inspired by the success of his fellow townsman, Joe Louis, he is fast forging to the front ranks.

It was 1932. Toles was broke and hungry, and hanging around the town of Monroe, Michigan, when he engaged in his first bout as a professional in the rôle of a substitute. The Alabama darkling received the munificent sum of $12.50 for knocking out his opponent in sixty seconds, and was impressed by his earnings, which, he mused, was "mo' money'n the P'esident gits."

That fight decided his future. He slapped fourteen consecutive opponents silly and the thought that he only had to jump into the ring to win caused a lapse in his training. He was twice beaten by mediocre opponents, and when in lack of condition, stepped in to box a six-round exhibition with Joe Louis, who was on tour, he dropped exhausted in the last round, a loser via the technical knockout route.

Roscoe Toles never entered the ring after that disaster in anything but the best of condition. He compiled a great record, and aside from winning over Eddie Simms and Charlie Belanger, Toles stopped George Slutz, Cowboy Edgren and Tony Cancela. In his last fight, he lost a very close decision to Maxie Rosenbloom in a bout that grossed $23,000 for Jack Kearns' promotorial venture in Detroit. Toles weighs 200 pounds and is six feet two inches tall.

* * *

A FIGHTER who never fails to please. I give you Tommy O'Loughlin's fine lightweight and 135-pound champion of all Mexico, Perfecto Lopez.

So long as this twenty-two-year-old cyclone remains in the lightweight picture, Henry Armstrong will never want for work. They have met eight times and each fight was better than the last. The possibility of going back for a ninth outing on the Coast before Armstrong swings East again is a possibility.

Any fighter who can engage in five draws, lose two decisions, and win once against Eddie Meade's Tan Tornado, and clamor for another affair with Armstrong, is all fighter in this correspondent's book.

Lopez has boxed slashing fights with Young Peter Jackson, Abie Miller, Jimmy Fantini, Cecil Payne, Charlie Burns, the Zivic brothers, Eddie and Fritzie, Leon Zorrita and Hubert Dennis, and is ready for any lightweight in the world.

He is a great club fighter who has yet to make a bad fight. His manager states that he may bring Lopez East in a month or so, and this should come as good news to New York fans, who are always ready to pay their admissions to see a fighter who fights.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Roy Hoon, Dayton, Wash.

Q.—How many fights has Tiger Jack Fox won since he has been fighting in the East? Is he considered an outstanding light-heavyweight? What is a good way to develop your chest and your arms in boxing? Have you any record of Tommy Gardner, Pacific Coast bantamweight champion?

A.—Fox has had three fights in the East, winning them all, up to April 1. He is rated very highly. "Training for Boxers" supplies all that information. Gardner's name is unknown here.

Fritz Barthold, Amasa, Mich.

Q.—Why were Braddock's fights with Maxie Rosenbloom and Abe Feldman called "no contest?" In the Post Record Book it states that Max Marek fought a draw with Johnny Erjavec. I am quite sure that the bout was won by Erjavec by technical knockout. Am I right or is the book? Please give me the names of the fighters who whipped Joe Louis as an amateur? Can you tell me if Owen Phelps was ever rated by THE RING and also where he is today? Who got the newspaper decision in the Loughran-Tunney in Philadelphia several years ago and by what margin?

A.—Accused of not trying. You are right. Erjavec scored a T.K.O. over Marek. Johnny Miler and Max Marek are two of the boys who whipped Louis in the amateurs. Phelps was rated in THE RING many years ago. He is living around Phoenix, Ariz. It was a very close match. Tunney scored a knockdown in the second round. Some papers gave it to Tunney while a few thought Loughran won. That is why no decision contests seldom decide anything.

Jack Rice, Salinas, Calif.

Q.—How old is Maxey Rosenbloom? Do you think Mickey Walker will ever make a comeback?

A.—Rosenbloom was born September 6, 1904. Walker is definitely retired from the ring.

Gene Shearer, Henry, Ill.

Q.—Is there any similarity in the style Pastor used against Louis and the style Risko used against Balsamo? If so, did the same man train both? Could you furnish me with his name? Could you tell me where I could get some material on Harry Greb?

A.—No. Pastor fought a running away battle while Risko simply resorted to straight boxing tactics. Freddy Brown trained Pastor and can be reached at Stillman's Gym. Risko was trained by Ralph Gold who makes his headquarters at the Pioneer Gymnasium. The library can supply you with back copies of newspapers during Greb's fighting career. The record books contain the same information.

Jack August, Anvada, Colo.

Q.—Do you know of any wrestling schools in the United States, besides Farmer Burns school in Omaha? Will Farmer Burns school continue its courses since the death of Farmer Burns?

A.—George Bothner has a wrestling school at 226 West 42nd St., New York City. It is doubtful whether the Burns school will continue without the head of that organization.

Ralph Simms, Milwaukee, Wisc.

Q.—Do you know of any exercises which will help cure bow legs?

A.—Write to Joseph Pilates, 935 Eighth Ave., New York City who Specializes in those exercises.

P. Lennark, Sydney, Australia.

Q.—Was Tommy Burns ever World Champion? Why don't you rate him as such?

A.—He was and we have. We have often written that when Hart knocked out Root and Burns beat Hart, Tommy became world champion. Furthermore, he defeated all of the leading heavyweight contenders of many countries to clinch his right to the crown and when Jack Johnson whipped Tommy in Australia, Johnson won the title—an undisputed claim.

Grant Ferguson, Drumheller, Alta, Canada.

Q.—I noticed the name of Sandy Ferguson in the Everlast Record Book. Where was he born and where is he now? How old is he? What was his right name? Was he very good? How long did he fight? What is Tommy Burns address?

A.—Sandy Ferguson was born in Moncton, New Brunswick, July 24, 1879. It is believed that he is dead. His right name w · John H. Ferguson. He was considered a trial horse and was a second rater in the days of Sam Langford and Jack Johnson. He fought from 1898 to 1913. Tommy Burns may be reached by writing to him at Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

Joe Burtnett, Bend, Ore.

Q.—Did Ray Steele, the wrestler, completely recover from his eye infection? How can I reach Hardy Kruscamp, the wrestler? Is there an Ak Wilson, a boxer, in or near Seattle?

A.—Yes. Try Jack Curley's office, 1482 Broadway, New York City. Not known in the East. Write to Nate Druxman, boxing promoter in Seattle, for information on Wilson.

Donald Puukka, Bournedale, Mass.

Q.—Do you think that Gunnar Barlund can make good after the setback by Nathan Mann? Would you please give me the measurements of Mann and Barlund? In your opinion, do you think Barlund can both give and take a punch? Where can I get a photo of Gunnar Barlund about 10 by 12 inches? What is Barlund's style of fighting?

A.—Yes, after a long rest. He has been ill for several months. No measurements available of either one. Barlund is a combination boxer and hitter and is plenty game with it. THE RING sells photos of all leading boxers. A good left hand and also packs a right uppercut which carries plenty of force.

Joseph Labreuque, Montreal, Canada.

Q.—Will you please tell if the Jack Dempsey-Tom Gibbons fight was for the heavyweight title? What was the weight of Gibbons for that fight? Did Tom cut Dempsey's face several times? Where and when did the fight take place?

A.—Yes. Gibbons weighed 175½ pounds. Dempsey came out of the fight unmarked. The fight took place at Shelby, Montana, on July 4, 1923. Get book, "Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana."

Hub Smith, Kingston, Canada.

Q.—I am eighteen years of age and fight in the featherweight class, living in a small town with a population of twenty-seven thousand. I have fought ninety-seven fights, losing eight. Should I turn pro? Have I had enough experience?

A.—Boys with twenty and thirty fights have been known to turn pro. You have spent plenty of time with the amateurs and should be ready for the professional side of boxing.

Shirley Rubin, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Q.—Were there ever any books written about Max Baer, Barney Ross, or Maxey Rosenbloom? Has there ever been a boxing dictionary? Did you ever hear of Edgar Leven, a heavyweight? Why didn't Eddie Borden rate Pedro Montanez as number one lightweight? How does a referee score in a fight?

A.—No. No boxing dictionary known. Edgar Leven is unknown. Montanez has received a higher rating since his victory over Venturi. The rounds are separated and the boxer winning a greater number is judged as the winner. How they judge the fight, is a complicated matter and cannot properly be explained here.

M. Rosholt, Balgowan, Natal, South Africa.

Q.—Do you think that Laurie Stevens' kayo by Petey Sarron will affect his boxing career? What do you think of Eddie Pierce's boxing on his present American tour? Have you heard of Johannes Van der Walt, if so what are his prospects? What, in your opinion, would be the result of a Foord-Leroy Haynes fight?

A.—Plenty of other good fighters have been kayoed without suffering any ill effects and Stevens is too good to let that affect him in any way. Pierce is going very good in the middle west and is winning steadily. Van der Walt is a good prospect. Haynes, on form, figures to win but Foord is a tough customer for the best of them.

Clyde Hull, Raymond, S. Dak.

Q.—Kindly tell me who is the American middleweight champion? Also who is the world middleweight champion? Did Stanley Ketchel hold the middleweight championship of the world and if so from whom did he win the title?

A.—Freddy Steele is the American and Marcel Thil held the world title but when he retired, it automatically made Steele the champion of the world. Ketchel won the middleweight title when he knocked out Joe Thomas. He lost it to Billy Papke and regained it in a later bout.

Charles Lorden, Glendale, N. Y.

Q.—What style fighter is Tiger Jack Fox and what is his age? Was Pedro Montanez ever defeated since he started fighting in this country?

A.—Fox is a combination of clown boxer and puncher. He is around 29 years of age. Montanez was never beaten in this country.

Loren Gagner, Woodburn, Oregon.

Q.—Did Jack Dempsey fight King Levinsky after his bout with Gene Tunney and if so who won? Has Max Schmeling ever fought Primo Carnera?

A.—Dempsey boxed Levinsky a four round exhibition after the Tunney fight with the newspaper critics awarding the bout to Levinsky. Schmeling never fought Carnera.

Demo Atlanasoff, Bridgeport, Conn.

Q.—How many people were at the Frankie Genaro-Indian Russell fight? Who won and where did they fight? How much money was collected?

A.—Impossible to give you the count and the money that the match drew. They fought in New York City and Genaro scored a knockout in the fourteenth round.

Lawrence Jaffee, South Africa.

Q.—Could Gene Tunney have gotten up to beat the count of ten in his second fight with Dempsey? Was he resting or taking advantage of the count? Is a southpaw at a natural advantage when he fights? If so, why? What is your opinion of Ben Foord, Laurie Stevens and the South African heavyweight wrestling champion, Van der Valt?

A.—Tunney could have arisen before the count of ten but would have been groggy. He took advantage of the count to rest properly. A southpaw has the advantage because there are so few of them and ordinary right handers very seldom have to meet them and therefore their style is confusing when they get into the ring with them. Foord is a good looking heavyweight prospect and Stevens still ranks as a top-notch lightweight in spite of the Sarron defeat. Van der Valt has high recommendations from those who have seen him.

Joe Fogletti, Camden, N. J.

Q.—Where can I get in touch with Frankie Blair, the Camden welterweight, who fought in Madison Square Garden recently?

A.—You can reach him through his manager, Eddie Walker, President Hotel, New York City.

R. Wakefield, Mass.

Q.—What should a boxer's first aid kit comprise of? May a boxer apply collodion or other protective substance to his eyes before a bout? Has a boxer the right to request boxing gloves to be put on in the ring in the presence of the referee and have the latter examine the bandages?

A.—Smelling salts, monsell and adrenoline and vaseline are the most important requisites for the use in a corner. Yes but not to a noticeable extent. There are different rules in states about the use of gloves. Some are placed on the hands in the dressing room and others in the ring but always under inspection.

James Gorman, New York City.

Q.—What information can you give me on Ben Lovell, the fighter?

A.—Ben Lovell is unknown but there is an Albert Lovell, former Olympic heavyweight champion, who is now on the Coast in the professional ranks.

W. T. Caldwell, Hawaii.

Q.—What was the outcome of the fight between Max Baer and the late Ernie Schaaf? It is my contention that Baer won the decision, knocking Schaaf out less than ten seconds before the bell rang ending the fight. Schaaf was out when the fight ended and remained unconscious for some time but the official verdict was a decision, not a knockout. Isn't that true? Do you think anything of Teddy Yarosz's chances of regaining the middleweight title?

A.—The above fight was the second in which Baer and Schaaf met. The first time they fought, Schaaf won the decision but in the fight you mention, Baer won the official decision and not by a knockout. Yarosz has been fighting in good form and stands a good chance but the champion, Freddy Steele, happens to be a very good man himself.

D. K. Ireland.

Q.—How many ways can a wrestler be awarded a "fall" over his opponent and what is meant by three straight falls? At what age is it advisable for one to take up wrestling? What are the measurements of Danno O'Mahony?

A.—It is impossible to give you the exact number but there are plenty of them. You may mean two falls out of three instead of three straight. 21 is a good age to start to learn. Impossible to give you O'Mahony's measurements at this time. Get "Modern Wrestling," by me.

Joseph Pagano, Port Jervis, N. Y.

Q.—I would like to ask you a question about a fighter named Johnny Mason who was called the Cincinnati Windmill? Is he still fighting or has he retired?

A.—Mason has been retired now for about eight years and the last reports had him still living in Cincinnati.

Roy Hunter, London, England.

Q.—I am 17 years of age and the following are my measurements. What height and weight will I be at maturity? Height—5 feet 7 inches Weight—134 pounds. Chest normal 36½ inches. Waist—28 inches. Neck 14½ inches. Biceps 12 inches. Forearm 10½ inches. Wrist 7 inches. Thigh 20 inches. Knee 13¾ inches. Calf 12¾ inches. Ankle 8 inches. Will your height increasing course enable me to reach the six feet mark?

A.—At maturity you will probably reach 5 feet 10 inches and scale around 160 pounds. The height increase course has been discontinued.

A reader.

Q.—I am almost sixteen years of age, 5 feet 6½ inches in height and weigh 145 pounds. Do you think I will grow to the proportions of a heavyweight wrestler? My chest expanded is 38 inches. Do you think this is good?

A.—You may reach the light-heavyweight class but very unlikely that you will get into the heavier division? You are well built for your age.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

WITH the passing of time, new faces come along, upsets are produced, and the arrival of potential stars are in evidence. It is the unknowns of boxing who produce that thrill when they score with an unexpected victory. That is why boxing, with its uncertainty, remains a fascinating and exciting sport. During the month we saw Billy Conn, a young middleweight from Pittsburgh, come into prominence through his victory over Babe Risko; Frankie Blair, Camden welterweight, stepped into the welterweight picture through victories over Saverio Turiello and Johnny Clinton; Alberto Lovell, South American heavyweight, became a heavyweight figure of importance through his win over Andre Lenglet; Tiger Jack Fox, Spokane heavyweight now in New York, entered the heavyweight field seriously through his four-round knockout of Jack Trammell. These were the high lights of the month.

In the heavyweight division during the month, Maxey Rosenbloom headed the procession with victories over Roscoe Toles and Tom Beaupre. Tiger Jack Fox looms importantly with a four-round kayo over Trammell, six-round over Lou Poster and a victory over Lorenzo Pack. Alberto Lovell defeated Andre Lenglet and kayoed Moose Irwin in four heats. Eddie Blunt finished Jack Moran in one round. Tommy Farr scored over Ben Foord. Patsy Perroni won over Joe Knight when the latter was disqualified in seven rounds. Hank Hankinson disposed of Ray Jerome in the first session. Harry Thomas kayoed Joe Sofi in round one.

Jimmy Adamick, a likely looking heavyweight from Detroit, kayoed Mickey McAvoy, Johnny Alberts and Johnny Vorce, all in the first round. Nate Brown whipped Big Boy Brackey. Yustin Sirutis defeated Unknown Winston. Frank Tymosko disposed of Jimmy Ferro in two. Junior Munsell scored kayoes over George Cerosky and Vincent Parrile. Frankie Edgren whipped Hank Bath. Eddie Mader won over Charley Williams. Freddy Fiducia kayoed Basher Dean in the third. Charley Belanger scored over Johnny Nelson.

We have a very active light-heavyweight champion in John Henry Lewis. He kayoed Babe Davis in three, Red Barry in five and scored over Hans Birkie. Al Gainer defeated Bud Mignault. Jock McAvoy won from Cheo Morejon. Leo Kelly defeated Ron Richards in Australia. Fred Lenhart whipped Bert Paxton. Jack Gibbons kayoed Carl Knowles in four, Johnny Duart in nine and scored over Bill Nichy. Johnny Romero disposed of Ray Actis in two rounds.

Swede Berglund drew with Carmen Barth. Allen Matthews finished Wilson Dunn in the second. Tiger Warrington kayoed Lloyd Clements in five. Joey Parks disposed of Cowboy Owens in one but fell victim to Honeyboy Jones through the kayo route in six rounds. Marty Simmons defeated Emilio Martinez. Melio Bettina won from Barney Brock. Billy Ketchell drew and whipped Buddy Ryan.

Among the middleweights, Fred Apostoli takes ranking position with his nine-round knockout over Joe Butch Lynch. Billy Conn conquered Babe Risko in decisive fashion. Oscar Rankins defeated Solly Krieger while Solly stopped Eddie Maguire in the fourth round. Gus Lesnevich was stopped by Young Corbett in the fifth round because of a cut eye. Harry Balsamo required one round to put away Tait Littman and three for Mickey Bottone. Glen Lee disposed of Babe Marino in eight rounds.

Erich Seelig disposed of Jackie Aldare in six rounds. Vince Dundee outpointed Johnny Duca. Atilio Sabatino drew with Johnny Rossi and whipped Joe Rodriquez. Jimmy Mahoney scored over Paulie Mahoney. Ben Brown kayoed Al Cocozza in two rounds. Alabama Kid finished Kid Reed in one. George Black defeated Bobby Matthews. Ralph Chong was beaten by Milton Shivers and drew with Bob Turner, who scored over Carl Turner.

Jack Carroll, the Australian welterweight, stepped into the limelight when he scored over Jimmy Leto. Ceferino Garcia disposed of Tiger Jack Wade in one round. Al Manfredo was beaten by Harold Brown and Chuck Woods while Chuck lost to Fritzie Zivic. Frankie Blair scored over Johnny Clinton and Saverio Turiello while Turiello drew with Teddy Loder. Holman Williams defeated Cocoa Kid while Cocoa disposed of Andrea Jessurun in eleven rounds. Jessurun scored over Bobby Pacho while Bobby disposed of Dewey Anderson and Bucky Jones in two rounds each.

Cleto Locatelli scored over Deckmyn. Andy Callahan defeated Sammy Fuller. Gordon Wallace scored over Sammy Luftspring. Leonard Del Genio kayoed Eddie Reilly in eight and defeated Eddie Brink. Sonny Jones disposed of Johnny Rust in ten rounds and scored over Jim Lawlor. Tony Rock won from Mickey Serrian. Ernie Roderick scored a ten-round knockout over Jake Kilrain, British welterweight champion.

Paulie Walker finished Joe Sweeney in three rounds. Werther Arcelli won over Johnny Lucas. Tracey Cox kayoed Willard Brown in four rounds but was beaten by George Salvatore. Ralph Zannelli won over Johnny Jadick. Baby Miller drew with Charley Burns. Bobby Allen whipped Joe Gelinas. Vittorio Venturi scored over Ray Napolitano. Lou Lombardi whipped Jimmy Sal[illegible] vino. Lew Raymond outpointed Johnny Bonito.

Lou Ambers' defeat at the hands of Pedro Montanez in an overweight lightweight match did not seriously impair his prestige. Lou also whipped Roger Bernard. Montanez disposed of Nick Pappy in seven sessions. Tony Canzoneri disposed of George Levy in seven rounds. Wesley Ramey defeated Dominic Mancini. Norment Quarles defeated Johnny Stevens and Freddy Miller. Miller drew with Lew Feldman, who was beaten by Red Guggino. Chino Alvarez kayoed Jackie Kid Reed in three and won from Orville Drouillard. Orville split two decisions with Tommy Speigal.

Billy Beauhold scored over Joe Boscarino and George Zengaras. George kayoed Mickey Doyle in two rounds and bested Charley Gomer. Bernie Bass defeated Andy Bundy, Charley Gomer and kayoed Johnny Cabello in two rounds. Hubert Dennis won over Perfecto Lopez. Maxie Berger whipped Phil Baker. Maxie Fisher scored over Al Casimini and drew with Indian Hurtado. Irving Eldridge won from Frankie Wallace. Jimmy Garrison defeated Jose Estrada.

Kid Chocolate whipped Allie Todisco, Frankie Anselm and kayoed Joey Woods in one round. Wally Hally kayoed Frankie Castillo in eight, whipped Baby Arizmendi, while Arizmendi also lost to Jimmy Vaughn. Lew Massey drew with Tommy Cross. Tony Morgano scored over Bruce Flowers. Eddie Zivic beat Larry Greb. Jimmy Christy defeated George Hansford. Joe Ghnouly bested Snag Trowbridge. Danny London stopped Varias Milling in four heats. Leo Rodak won from Lenny Cohen. Jimmy Fantini disposed of Ray Nash in one while Tippy Larkin scored over Red Cochrane.

Petey Sarron, rightful featherweight title-holder, scored a five-round knockout over Andy Martin in South Africa. Henry Armstrong continued his onslaught by scoring over Aldo Spoldi and turning in a four-round kayo over Mike Belloise and ten rounds over Pete De Grasse. Jackie Wilson beat Charley Burns. Young Rightmire defeated Petey Hayes. Ginger Foran kayoed Johnny McGrory in seven rounds. Joe Conde disposed of Baby Casanova in one round. Spider Kelly defeated Dick Corbett in Ireland. Al Reid whipped Nickey Jerome and Jimmy Lancaster. Lancaster drew with Jackie Carter. Ray Ingram defeated Johnny De Foe and Nick Camarata while Nickie scored over Jimmy Tramberia. Joey Wach scored over Willie Felice but lost to Bernie Friedkin.

Among the bantams we have Harry Jeffra scoring a one-round kayo over Al Gillette. Indian Quintana stopped Henry Hook in the second, while Henry whipped Vincenzo 'Dell Orto. K. O. Morgan disposed of San Sanchez in three rounds. Bobby Leyvas defeated Young Joe Roche. Aurel Toma whipped Joey Archibald and stopped Jimmy Martin in five rounds. Johnny Cusick kayoed Dick Titley in two rounds and defeated Frank McCudden.

Jackie Brown scored knockouts over Juanito Hernandez in eight and Van Meensal in ten. Johnny King kayoed George Marsden in nine rounds but was beaten by Alex Alston. Horace Mann won over Speedy Dado. Lou Farber scored over Sammy Garcis while Sammy drew with Cristobal Jaramillo. Jaramillo lost to Bobby Green but whipped Dick Welsh. Jim McStravick defeated Phil Milligan. Tommy Forte kayoed Joe Obregon in one round.

Benny Lynch turned the tables on his last month's conqueror, Len Hampston, by scoring a knockout in ten rounds. Peter Kane whipped Fortunato Ortega and kayoed Pierre Louis in seven rounds and Poppy Decico in one. Tiny Bostock scored over Ernst Weiss, Al McCoy and Billy Nash. Jim Warnock scored over Pierre Louis and Etienne Ferraro. Tut Whalley scored a kayo over Jean Battiss. Katzumi Morioka whipped Sam Keller. Pat Warburton was stopped by Billy Nash in four, lost to Joe Curran, but whipped Dave Kellar. Phil Milligan defeated Gaston Van Dan Bos.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Tommy Stewart, Ireland.
Bantamweight—Billy McHugh, New York City.
Featherweight—Young Farrington, Australia.
Lightweight—Maxie Farber, New York City.
Welterweight—Larry Anzalone, Lodi, N. J.
Middleweight—Eddie McSporran, Edmonton, Canada.
Light-Heavyweight — Al Wilson, Spokane, Wash.
Heavyweight—Gus Dorazio, Philadelphia, Pa.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending April 10:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Jimmy Braddock	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Freddy Steele	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Max Schmeling	Al Gainer	Teddy Yarosz	Jack Carroll
2—Joe Louis	Jock McAvoy	Ken Overlin	Jimmy McLarnin
3—Maxey Rosenbloom	Leo Kelly	Fred Apostoli	Ceferino Garcia
4—Al Ettore	Fred Lenhart	Lou Brouillard	Fritzie Zivic
5—Tiger Jack Fox	Jack Gibbons	Billy Conn	Izzy Jannazza
6—Nathan Mann	Johnny Romero	Oscar Rankins	Gustave Eder
7—Alberto Lovell	Carmen Barth	Solly Krieger	Frankie Blair
8—Eddie Blunt	Swede Berglund	Kid Tenet	Holman Williams
9—Bob Pastor	Allen Matthews	Young Corbett	Cocoa Kid
10—Roscoe Toles	Tiger Warrington	Babe Risko	Milt Aron

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Lou Ambers	World's Champion Petey Sarron	World's Champion Sixto Escobar	World's Champion Benny Lynch
1—Pedro Montanez	Henry Armstrong	Harry Jeffra	Peter Kane
2—Tony Canzoneri	Jackie Wilson	Frankie Martin	Valentin Anglemann
3—Enrico Venturi	Freddy Miller	Indian Quintana	Tiny Bostock
4—Wesley Ramey	Mike Belloise	Lou Salica	Small Montana
5—Eddie Cool	Tony Chavez	K. O. Morgan	Jim Warnock
6—Red Guggino	Young Rightmire	Bobby Leyvas	Pat Palmer
7—Davey Day	Joe Conde	Aurel Toma	Pierre Louis
8—Norment Quarles	Ginger Foran	Johnny Cusick	Ernst Weiss
9—Chino Alvarez	Spider Kelly	Baltasar Sangchili	Jackie Jurich
10—Lew Feldman	Al Reid	Jackie Brown	Tut Whalley

DECORATE YOUR BARS
with Photos of Boxers and Wrestlers—Get them from
THE RING BOOK SHOP
825 Eighth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER
By I. Q. GROSS

BOXING in this state is "riding high," if interest in the game is taken as any criterion. More fight clubs are budding, and Newark, the largest city in the state, is drawing fine crowds. More nationally known fighters are appearing in this coast-lined state now than in the last five years and they wouldn't come if it weren't lucrative. Freddy Apostoli, San Francisco middleweight, who was rated fourth in the world by Eddie Borden in last month's RING, made his first appearance in Newark. Tony Canzoneri, former featherweight and lightweight champion of the world, fought George Levy of Trenton, also in Newark, and in the same arena Al Ettore of Philadelphia met Freddy Fiducia of Newark, New Jersey, native state of heavyweight champion James J. Braddock, is going places, fistically speaking!

Tony Canzoneri fought Levy as a tune-up match for his scheduled bout with Lou Ambers, the titleholder . . . . Tony was credited with a technical knockout victory over Levy in the seventh round, flooring the New Jersey Italian eight times . . . . Canzoneri was handled by his manager, Sammy Goldman, and Broadway Charley Rose . . . . Andy Watts of Newark has applied to the New York State Athletic Commission for a license to promote boxing bouts at Thompson's Stadium, Staten Island, on Monday nights . . . . Watts' partner will be E. M. Bertram, Newark sportsman.

Charles (Denny) Fay, Elmhurst, Long Island—Thanks for your interesting letter . . . . The John Donnelly mentioned in this column last month is not the one whom you knew as a boy . . . . This John Donnelly says he never lived in Harlem nor did he have any relatives living there with the same name . . . . Don Petrin will gladly send you his autographed picture if you write him at his Petrin Rendezvous, 17 Hedden Place, Newark.

William Miller, Jr., Newark—You can obtain a license to box in the New Jersey amateur ranks by writing the Amateur Athletic Union, 17 Academy Street, Newark.

Freddy Apostoli showed his wares at Laurel Garden in Newark when he kayoed Joe (Butch) Lynch of Plainfield in the ninth round. Apostoli was well received by the small crowd that paid less than $700 at the gate. A heavy rain kept the attendance low.

Mickey Piskin successfully defended his Monmouth County lightweight championship when he defeated his rival, Ralph Vona, at the Asbury Park convention hall. Receipts were over $1100, a good sum for that club . . . . John Henry Johnston, Atlantic City middleweight, outpointed Ralph Chong, New Orleans Chinaman, at Camden . . . . Al Pieretti won a six-round decision over William Henry Cheatum at Newark . . . . Six Second Powell, Plainfield boxer, went through a successful campaign in Holyoke and Portland, Maine, rings . . . . Freddy Caruso of Hoboken outpointed Reno of Jersey City at Braddock Arena.

WHERE THEY ARE TODAY—Willie Lewis, former local middleweight, has retired from the ring and is occupied as a salesman and radio announcer . . . . Don Petrin has opened the Petrin Rendezvous, a popular night club bar, at 17 Hedden Place in Newark . . . . Little Jackie Harris, the 395-pound lilliputian, who carried the round numbers around in the championship fights promoted by Tex Rickard including the Dempsey-Carpentier, Dempsey-Firpo matches, now is manager of his swing club in Newark . . . . Harris recently appeared on the program, "I. Q. Gross Presents" heard over station WHBI, Newark (1250 kilocycles) every Monday at 8:30 p. m. . . . . Lou Halper is in the paper bag business in Newark.

Buster Hardy scored an upset when he decisioned Frankie Williams, former Golden Gloves champion, in a semi-final bout at Laurel Garden . . . . Shorty Ahearn is boxing in Florida, where he has split in two fights.

Billy Beauhold, Jersey City lightweight, continues to win regularly . . . . Tippy Larkin, Garfield puncher, scored an upset when he decisioned the more experienced Freddy (Red) Cochrane of Elizabeth in a nine-rounder at Newark. The odd distance was effected by a compromise between the respective managers of the boys, Larry Corbett, representing Cochrane, wanting a ten-rounder and being opposed by the eight round demand of Angelo Pucci, who handles Larkin. The latter appears to be one of the best prospects around.

Mickey Makar, southpaw welterweight from Bayonne, traveled to Miami Beach, Florida, where our friend, Warren Murray, promotes at the beach arena. Makar outpointed Midget Mexico of Houston, Texas, in a ten-round bout. We saw Makar put up a grand fight against Jimmy Leto at Miami Beach last March. Leto, incidentally, is now in Australia and is another native Bayonne boxer making good.

Basher Dean looked good in knocking out three opponents, so his handlers led him to the slaughter when they threw him in the same ring with Freddy Fiducia, a veteran of nine years in the ring. Dean has had only nineteen fights. Fiducia stopped him in three rounds. The Dean-Fiducia card, incidentally, drew a fine house of $2,000, considered very good in this area . . . . On the same card, Joe Wagner of Cleveland, formerly known as "Ketchell," scored a hit when he stopped Richard Thurer of Union City in the second round of the semi-final . . . . Ralph Griffin of the fighting Griffin family, again showed great prospects when he decisioned Tony Novello of Englewood in a four-rounder . . . . Jimmy Walsh of the Navy took a six-round beating from Tom Chester of New York.

Andy Watts, the man about town, promoted a card of amateur boxing bouts for the benefit of the Melvin Hollander Milk Fund at the Mosque Theatre in Newark. Lew Tendler and Benny Leonard, the old rivals themselves, went through the motions again as guest stars.

Roy Lazar, popular Jewish heavyweight from Paterson, is ready for a new campaign. Lazar is one of enigmas of the prize fight game. Big and powerful, with a good punch, he should be one of the contenders for the title but lately a few "breaks" have been against him. After winning the Chicago "white hope" contest and losing to Joe Louis, Roy waged a successful campaign in England where he defeated Ben Foord and other good men. Lazar is training at Kelly's in Newark and expects to leave for the West soon.

Gene Mickens, Negro light-heavyweight from Weehawken, who is managed by the old time heavyweight star, Joe Jeannette, scored a one-round technical knockout over Eduardo Primo of the Argentine in New York. Primo, who weighed 199, had a twenty pound advantage over the New Jersey boy. Mickens was going along fine two years ago but his handlers made the mistake of sending him against tough Tony Galento, who gave him a bad ten round beating . . . . Lou Lombardi of Jersey City decisioned Jimmy (Tiger) Salvino of Connecticut in an eight rounder at Braddock Bowl.

Abe Rapaport, San Diego, Cal.—Pedro Montanez was born in Puerto Rico April 24, 1914 and is a Spanish Jew.

ALL POINTS WEST—Several fighters from the West are now making their headquarters in Newark . . . . Our good friend Carmine Bilotti, who was formerly the "Man Friday" of Harry Mendel, the six day bike race promoter, has turned fight manager and signed Al Penkunis, who held the heavyweight championship of Honolulu in 1934 and 1935 as a member of the U. S. Army . . . . Bilotti thinks he has the "next champion" as does Willie (The Beard) Gilzenberg, who recently signed Joe Wagner of Cleveland . . . . Wagner formerly fought under the much-misused name of "Ketchell" . . . . He was recommended to Gilzenberg by John Di Tirro of Cleveland, who managed Billy and Frank Wallace and Carmen Barth . . . . Wagner made his Newark debut when he floored Richard Thurer in an early round . . . . Later he knocked out Hans Kohlauss of Germany in the fourth round at Plainfield . . . . Dick O'Connor of Arlington is training him . . . . The third newcomer is Toots Bernstein of Milwaukee, who is being managed by Sam Rose of Newark . . . . Bernstein is a welterweight and has fought such men as Chuck Woods, Eddie Carroll and Al Diamond in western rings . . . . Bernstein is one of the most popular Jewish boys coming out of the west and Rose should be very busy with him.

Vince Dundee made his second comeback attempt when he outpointed Johnny Duca of Paulsboro in a ten rounder at the Cambria in Philadelphia . . . . In the semi-final Joe Ryan of Roselle Park outpointed brother Joe Duca in an eight rounder while in a six rounder still another Duca, this time Mickey Duca, decisioned Jack Sheppard, the lone Quaker City fighter in the last three bouts.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

DONALD RED BARRY lost a ten-round decision to Eddie Unknown Winston in a hard fought ten-rounder at the Valley Arena before a capacity house.

Jack Dempsey of New Bedford gave Ivan Bland a boxing lesson, although Bland was in the fight all the time. This was a six-round semi.

Johnny Prout of Northampton won a six-round fight from Lou Lima of New Bedford in another six.

George Fitch of New Haven won by a knockout in the second round of a six, and Bob McGraw of New Haven won a decision over Joey Aller of Holyoke in the opener.

Six Second Powell of Plainfield won a split decision over Gaston Lecadre of France in the ten-round main bout at the Valley Arena.

Jimmy Stathis of Springfield had Angelo Menna on the floor twice for the count, but lost the fight on a technical K.O. when the referee stopped the bout owing to the fact that Stathis' nose was broken.

Art Coll of Athol lost a decision to Jack Haggerty of Worcester in a six-round go that was full of action.

Doug Murchie of North Adams and Alex DeAngelo of Marlboro fought a gruelling six-round fight, which ended in a draw.

Al Larpardo of Springfield substituted in the last minute and was K.O.'ed in the first round by Art Hubert of Burlington, Vt.

Yustin Sirutis of New York won a decision over "Unknown" Winston of Holyoke in a close fight.

George Fitch of New Haven won a decision over Gene Bonin of Willimantic in a six-round bout. Ruby Bradley keeps rolling along and rolling up victories, too. His last opponent was Alex Verdt, who was just back from a trip to Australia. Bradley won all of the six rounds.

Eddie McGraw knocked out Joey Aller of Holyoke in the first round of a scheduled four-round fight.

Bobby Allen of Nova Scotia won a ten-round decision over Joe Gelinas of Athol in a close fight. Allen was down twice, one for a nine count in the second round, but came back to cut Gelinas' eye in the third. From then on it was an uphill climb for Allen, who was awarded the decision.

Jerry Maloni of Springfield was awarded the decision over Tony Gouvia of Brockton in six rounds. Art Coll stopped Art Herbut in the second round of a six.

Johnny Baranowski knocked out Freddie Blaine in the fourth round.

Cleve Hawkins, a great light-heavyweight twenty years back, died of a heart ailment.

The writer has taken over the direction of Donald Red Barry. He can be reached through me at 538 Broadway, Chicopee Falls, Mass. Barry has fought almost all the leading heavies, and in condition, can do all right with them.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

NO notes have been sent in to the publisher during the past few months due to the fact that boxing here has been at a standstill. However, promoters promise to liven things up mighty soon.

Wrestling has been gaining some prestige and Buck O'Neill appears to be in the high spots. Gabino Camino, Spanish wrestler, has also been drawing good gates.

Fillo Echeverria, Spanish featherweight, was signed to meet K. O. Morgan, American bantamweight, but the bout was called off the day they were scheduled to clash. Echeverria claimed to have an attack of ptomaine poisoning, and Morgan was compelled to leave Havana immediately as he had to fight over in Florida.

Baltazar Sangchili, ex-bantam champion, is here, anxious to meet all comers, and especially Echeverria. However, Fillo's manager is planning a trip to California.

Joe Coego, lightweight champion, is signed to meet Chocolate Pinareno, hard-punching lad, in a title bout at the Cristal Arena.

Conrad Conde, popular featherweight, left for New York, where he has several bouts signed up. Conde is a pleasing battler, and has many friends in the big city.

BOXERS!

PUNCH IMPROVED 100%!

Amateurs or professionals—you will profit greatly by learning of the latest discovery, based on a scientific fact which is vouched for by a well known orthopedic specialist and bone surgeon.

There is a way to increase the **Speed** and **impact** power of the hands, arms and shoulders, and make respective **bones much harder** without diet or medicine.

The training does not require much time or effort.

The complete information will be ready to issue by June 27th, 1937.

All who will subscribe **before June 17th** will be entitled to the **privilege of paying only $2.00.**

After June 17th, the price will be considerably advanced.

Mail money order addressed to **ORAN CO., Box 106, Fairfield, Conn.,** and be sure to let us have it **before June 17th** so you can save money.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

IT required a ten-round defeat at the hands of Pedro Montanez to convince the New York fans that Lou Ambers, the present lightweight champion, really is a good standard-bearer of the division that boasted many great fighters of the past. Ambers has been criticized because he has not been able to preserve the dignity that goes with the bearing of a champion. He lost to Eddie Cool, Jimmy McLarnin, and drew with Enrico Venturi in overweight matches.

In being beaten by Montanez, the Puerto Rican threat, who is acknowledged the best lightweight in the class today, Ambers stood up nobly even though he was floored in the first stanza. He went through a withering fire of savage body punches for the first six rounds and managed to have enough energy and stamina at his command to stage a stirring finish which switched the attitude of the fans over to Ambers' side.

The verdict, in favor of Montanez, was booed by the fans, although it was a unanimous decision rendered by the three officials and almost all the scribes had agreed that Montanez was deserving of the award. Fight fans are as fickle as the wind and it is a strange commentary that forces a defeat to restore boxing popularity.

Their intense battle will result in a mighty attractive return go for the summer season with the lightweight title at stake. The gate receipts were highly flattering and it is expected that the open air meeting may result in a $150,000 gate.

Indian Quintana scored a technical knockout over Henry Hook when the referee refused to allow Hook to come up for the third session. Hook was suffering from a huge carbuncle on the back of the neck which opened during the battle. Aurel Toma, a determined little scrapper, trimmed Joey Archibald in eight rounds. Atilio Sabatino and Johnny Rossi went hotly through six rounds before a draw was decided. Mickey Farber, a corking prospect from the East Side, whipped Julio Gonzales in the liveliest scrap of the evening and this is no reflection upon the entertaining feature tussle. This preliminary happened to be an exceptionally exciting battle. Tommy Tucker disposed of Frank Slevin in three heats. The receipts amounted to $54,257 in gross figures.

Dr. George Lafayette sends word along that Tommy Mollis, Washington, D. C., welterweight, is doing nicely around New York and is expecting better things for his charge—Tony Canzoneri got started on his campaign that will eventually lead up to another meeting with Lou Ambers for the lightweight title. He disposed of George Levy in seven rounds, scoring eight knockdowns before the fight was terminated—Lew Feldman broke the Freddie Miller jinx by holding him to a draw at the New York Coliseum. This came after Lew had dropped three decisions to the former featherweight champion—Bernie Friedkin, speedy Brooklyn featherweight, added another feather to his cap when he won the decision over Joey Wach after eight rounds at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. Frank Jacobs, who is handling Friedkin, expects Bernie to be among the large money makers this summer. Bernie is young, ambitious and has a pleasing style.

Erich Seelig scored a technical knockout over Jackie Aldare when the latter was forced to suspend operations due to an injured optic—Alfred Katter, young German welterweight, who was brought to this country by Lew Burston, has turned in three consecutive victories in Brooklyn—Tiger Jack Fox, the wild and wooly demon from Spokane, Wash., came here without the aid of any trumpets but through the power of his mighty fists, is to be seriously reckoned as a potential heavyweight contender. His first showing in New York resulted in a kayo over Tex Erwin. He followed up with victories over Lorenzo Pack, Jack Trammell, and then came a four-round knockout over Trammell in the latter's home town, Youngstown. Fox was sent to New York by the boxing promoter in Spokane, Al Morse, and it appears as if he knew his man.

Henry Armstrong's Eastern debut against Mike Belloise went over like a million-dollar movie attraction. His dynamic fists, coupled with an energetic, hustling, bustling style, registered with the keenest of fistic critics. Belloise was at his best in the initial round when he plastered Henry with his assorted display of left jabs and lightning right crosses, but that was only before Henry could get started. And when he did, the fans saw an aggressive, two-fisted fighting machine who was difficult to curb. He waded into Mike with both fists battering away at every opportunity, relentlessly, and apparently endowed with super-human energy and stamina. He gave Mike a good pasting in the second and while Mike fought back desperately in the third it was inevitable that the outcome would result in an Armstrong victory. A terrific left hook was the final blow in the fourth and Mike sank head first. He was stretched out, oblivious to his surroundings, when the bell rang ending the fourth round. His seconds carried him to his corner, but Mike was more dead than alive and Referee Arthur Donovan found that he was physically unable to resume action for the fifth period.

It was an illustrious start for this fighting demon of the West. Henry went over and went over in inspiring style. On the same program, Frankie Blair, promising Camden welterweight, surprised by winning over Johnny Clinton. Blair is a strong, sturdy gladiator who will prove bad medicine for the reigning welters. Billy Beauhold, Irish lightweight from Jersey City, delivered a thorough licking to George Zengaras in their fray. Joe Pennino was unexpectedly stopped by Pete Cara when he suffered a nose injury in the first round, causing the referee to stop the bloody mess. Eddie McGeever proved too strong for Bobby Britton, son of the famous Jack of other days, in six. Maxie Farber disposed of Andy Zazzerino in the second of the four-round opener. The house attracted $13,501.

Joe Levy, Pacific Coast promoter, arrived in New York for the purpose of attracting some formidable Eastern talent to the Gilmore Stadium, which he plans on running. Joe would like to bring back Bob Pastor, Pedro Montanez, Lou Ambers and Sixto Escobar for a series of bouts there—Natie Brown put over a surprise when he manhandled Big Boy Brackey in Buffalo, scoring three knockdowns, which is something, considering that Natie was never rated highly as a puncher—Billy Conn, fast rising youngster from Pittsburgh, is going to develop into Pittsburgh's next middleweight star. They have had Teddy Yarosz for a few years, and this Irish lad, on the strength of his recent victory over Babe Risko, will be a mighty asset this summer for the promoters in the Smoky City—Tommy Farr's recent victory over Ben Foord, which earned him a shot at Maxie Baer, has stirred Manager Ted Broadribb into further efforts to make an American invasion. Ted has been touting Farr for two years now and he seems to have arrived.

Andrea Jessurun stepped into the limelight by whipping Bobby Pacho at the St. Nicholas Palace in their eight-round go. Jessurun is one of the younger welters from New York who is fast rising. Henry Hook surprised the boys when he scored over Vincenzo 'Dell Orto in the eight-round semi-final. Joey Fontana whipped Johnny Schibelli in good fashion after six rounds of fighting which stamped Joey as a mighty sweet little battler—Kid Chocolate, who shines when the opposition is not severe, disposed of Joey Woods in one round at the Gaby Lyons Sports Arena. Havana Kid, promising stablemate of Chocolate's, added another victory to his list when he scored over Harry Gentile—Leonard Del Genio, after several months' layoff, returned to the wars in stopping Eddie Reilly in eight rounds at the New York Coliseum. Pete Scalzo finished Willis Johnson in five rounds on the same show—Aurel Toma, European bantamweight title-holder, turned in a creditable victory in stopping Jimmy Martin in five rounds at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. Lew Kersch reversed the decision that Pete Cara scored over him by winning handily in the semi-final match on the same card.

Fistic history was made when Henry Armstrong returned to the Garden one week following his Belloise victory. Two star bouts in one week is something of a rarity, but Henry proved that he was equal to the task by giving Aldo Spoldi a thorough trouncing in their ten-round scrap. Henry spotted his sturdy opponent nine pounds in weight but that meant nothing to this concentrated piece of fighting motion. He handled Spoldi at will and it was to the credit of Spoldi that he managed to evade, avoid and elude the hundreds of blows that Armstrong heaved at him before the finish of the contest. He was a sadly tired young man at the end, but he succeeded in his objective, lasting the limit.

Frankie Blair repeated his Garden appearance in the same fashion that Armstrong did and turned in a victory over Saverio Turiello in the eight-round semi-final. Turiello was an overwhelming favorite but that meant nothing to Frankie, who fought a characteristic Blair fight to win the verdict. Maxie Berger easily outpointed Phil Baker in eight, while Al Reid outslugged Jimmy Lancaster in a torrid six-rounder while Phil Siriani trounced Young Chappie in their six-round argument. George Maselli scored over Tom Ponte in the opening four. A decided increase in the gate receipts was shown when Henry's second appearance attracted $21,202 to the Garden.

Joe McKenna, who is responsible for the restoration of boxing interest at the New York Coliseum, staged his masterpiece when Leonard Del Genio of Harlem and Eddie Brink of the Bronx clashed in a bitter eight-round match. The record was broken in receipts and the number of spectators who saw this epic encounter. Over 16,000 fans stormed their way to pay over $6,100 to see the most stirring battle ever staged at the club. Del Genio scored a knockdown for a nine count just as the bout started, but thereafter was treated to an exciting eight rounds which had the fans standing up most of the route. This is the club which made the forty cents admission fee result in being the most profitable boxing arena in New York State. It is situated in the Bronx, but the magnet is the small scale of prices in evidence, forty cents to $1.10 ringside. To Joe McKenna goes the credit for making the Bronx and Harlem fight conscious.

Solly Krieger received a fortunate break when his fight with Eddie Maguire was halted at the end of the fourth round at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. Maguire was leading at the time and had Solly bleeding from the nose and mouth. In the fourth, Maguire received a severe eye injury which prompted the arbiter to call a halt. Maguire was winning by a comfortable margin when the bout was stopped—George Parnassas is still waiting for that crack at the welterweight title which the New York Commission promised Ceferino Garcia. George is anxious to make another trip East, this time along with Swede Berglund, a rough, tough 165-pounder, and Young Peter Jackson, the rejuvenated Negro lightweight from the Coast—Jimmy Finley is shouting from Richmond, Virginia, that his Southern welterweight star, Baby Miller, is ready for a Northern invasion—Tommy O'Loughlin, who went to the Coast with Young Rightmire, purchased the contract of Perfecto Lopez, Mexican lightweight, who he promises will revolutionize activity among the Eastern lightweights. Alberto Lovell, former Olympic heavyweight champion from Argentina, made considerable strides when he arose from two knockdowns at the hands of Andre Lenglet to win the decision at the Los Angeles Olympic.

An attractive lightweight show was staged at the St. Nick's which produced some healthy action but also a poor decision. Red Guggino was given the award over Lew Feldman after eight rounds when it was the consensus of opinion that Feldman had a clear lead. Irving Eldridge scored over Frankie Wallace in a tough eight-round struggle, while Maxie Fisher whipped Al Casimini at the end of their eight round session—Joe Conde, Mexican featherweight, stepped into the picture when he flattened Baby Casanova in one round at Mexico City—Harry Balsamo required less than one round to finish Tait Littman of Milwaukee in their Brooklyn meeting. Tait was on the floor for three knockdowns before the referee called a halt. Frankie Cavanna upset the dope when he whipped Vincent Pimpinella in their eight-rounder—A brief program was staged at the St. Nick's when four eight-rounders were scheduled to take place. Bobby Pacho disposed of Bucky Jones in two, Paulie Walker kayoed Joe Sweeney in three, Jimmy Fantini finished Ray Nash in one, while Maxie Fisher drew with Indian Hurtado in the concluding eight.

Henry Armstrong continued his string of victories when he disposed of Pete De Grasse thirteen seconds before the final round had ended at the Los Angeles Olympic Auditorium. The count of ten was completed just as Petey staggered to his feet too late to continue. De Grasse gave Henry an exciting battle, although on the losing end most of the way.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By GENE VINASSA

BILL POTTS, gifted boxing critic of the Los Angeles *Examiner*, penned an interesting yarn on Suey Welch when the little Ohioan was named matchmaker at the Los Angeles Olympic, largest boxing arena in the West. So we pass it on to THE RING readers. It follows:

"In small, white letters against a black background, the information board spelled out: 'Suey Welch, matchmaker, room 5.'

"A fan hastening to his seat paused momentarily before the sign and pondered: 'Wonder what kind of a bird that Welch is? He must be some sort of a half-breed or something with a name like Suey.'

"Well, Mr. Fan, you have accomplished the impossible. You gave us an idea, exclamation mark.

"Bright and early for us the next morning we barged into room 5 at the Olympic. It was 2 o'clock and, having had nothing in the way of nourishment but a little food for thought, we even permitted him to take us to lunch.

"There he spilled the story of his life, not to mention the catsup which he put on the expense account, anyhow.

"'No, I'm not part Chinese,' he laughed in a musical, full-throated manner that told you instantly he was as Irish as the cop at Third and Market Streets in San Francisco.

"'It's just a nickname they hung on Chang—that's my brother—and I because we used to hop rides and make life miserable in general for our Chinese laundryman,' he explained.

"Then he dipped into the high lights of his life. There were so many we sat spellbound for over an hour. Whittled down to the bone, his story goes something like this:

"He was born in Akron, Ohio, thirty-six years ago. His father was the chief of police there for many years and a popular figure in the sporting world. Damon Runyon flew from New York in a storm to attend his funeral.

"At the age of sixteen, Suey was playing professional football against such giants as Jim Thorpe, Knute Rockne, the Nesser brothers, et cetera. He weighed 140 pounds, suit and all. Hence tackling big jobs is nothing new to him.

"Finished high school despite being expelled for mischievous pranks three times. Played one year of football at Heidelberg College.

"Before he was twenty-one he was managing director of all athletics at the mammoth Goodyear rubber plant; operated a thriving sporting goods store; a night club and a boxing and wrestling arena, in addition to managing fighters and a football and basketball team.

"Early in his career he decided to be a fighter. Entered an amateur tournament and won two bouts. In the third he was defeated and promptly showed signs of genius by turning around and signing his conqueror to a contract. Piloted him into close to $50,000.

"Made $500,000 for K. O. Christner, $300,000 for 'Gorilla' Jones, and small fortunes for several others. He donated most of his end to the depression. Recently disposed of Charley Coates, Gus Lesnevich, Hank Hankinson, Al Manfredo, Emilio Martinez and Tommy Hart to take over present job.

"He's been a success at everything he's tried, and there aren't many things he hasn't.

"Of course he'll make good. That's why he sings 'How Come They Do-om Me Like They Do?'"

Mark Kelly, former sports editor of the Los Angeles *Examiner*, is back writing a sports column for that paper. John Connolly remains as sports editor. Kelly is still writing for the studios. He sends in his column by messenger service daily. The red-haired fellow writes like a streak. Welcome back, Mark!

Willie Ritchie, new chief boxing inspector in southern California, says boxing has suffered in California because of the limit in length of bouts to ten rounds. To win at that distance, the boxers have sacrificed skill in favor of motion, a good part of which is waste motion, he says.

Leonard Dixon, the lanky Negro heavyweight, sparring mate of Joe Louis, picks the Brown Bomber to stiffen Jim Braddock within five rounds when they clash June 22 in Chicago. I had a talk with the "fighting philosopher" for several minutes at Ontario, when Louis and Co. pulled in for an exhibition bout in the small southern California town. "Joe's the greatest puncher with both hands I've ever seen," Dixon said. "He'll murder Braddock. He punches too fast, and that's fact, not philosophy," he concluded. Louis never says much. He told me he expects to win, naturally, but that was all. I know the Brown Bomber pretty well. He didn't seem to be as shy as two years ago, and he's just as pleasant as ever. If Braddock goes six heats, it will surprise me. Louis will really turn on this heat when he gets in the ring with the champion next summer. Don't say we didn't warn you!

Danny London is back from New York. Hymie Miller, "Mayor of Hollywood," is handling the popular Jewish featherweight.

George Burns, roving fistic scout, wonders why referees aren't given eye tests as well as fighters. And the remark wasn't facetious, either. Burns says there are a couple of refs in southern California who can't see ten feet without their glasses. Tut, tut, Georgie!

Joe Waterman is one of the best pickers of horses in the fight game. The former Olympic matchmaker won more than a grand on the recent Santa Anita meeting on small bets. Waterman turned down a matchmaker's job in Frisco. He expects to promote boxing in Los Angeles during the summer months.

SHORT SHOTS—Earl Mastro has bobbed up with a classy young lightweight named Don Ross, New York Golden Gloves star . . . . Sammy Mandell is now piloting Bobby Mathews, a middleweight out of Fulton, Ky. . . . . Teddy Silva, a crack bantamweight fifteen years ago, is now an electrician at Paramount Studios in Hollywood . . . . his brother, Teddy Silva II, is boxing in northern California with success . . . . fast as a flash and a good puncher, Silva the First ruled the roost for quite a spell in California rings during the four-round days . . . . Southpaws in boxing are beginning to appear more frequently on the Coast . . . . recently during one week in northern California, Pancho Leyvas, featherweight left-hander, fought Joe Roche; Emilio Martinez, Denver's port sider, boxed Marty Simmons, and Young Corbett III opposed Dale Sparr . . . . Welterweight Jack Carroll, the best fighter in Australia, plans an invasion of Coast rings during July . . . . will Australia ever bring out another Les Darcy? . . . . Glen Lee, Nebraska's new wildcat, doesn't drink or smoke, and retires before 11 p.m., whether he is in training or not . . . . As far as the Coast is concerned, Lee is key man of the money welterweight fights. Barney Ross refused $20,000 to box him ten rounds in Los Angeles . . . . the champion asked for $35,000.

Jimmy McLarnin could get $15,000 for taking off his bathrobe in the ring with Lee, who earned top ranking when he defeated Ceferino Garcia at the Olympic in ten savage rounds . . . . a rematch between Lee and Garcia is a "natural" and would sell out Suey Welch's club . . . . Johnny Brown, Chicago C. Y. O. featherweight, has joined George V. Blake's fight stable in Los Angeles . . . . "You can tell the world that the Little Brown Doll isn't through yet by a long shot," writes Dick Sharp in the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, following Speedy Dado's defeat at the hands of Billy Buxton . . . . the vet Filipino gave the Northwest youngster a tough battle, and it was very close, according to the genial and portly Mr. Sharp, who knows his boxing.

This from Sid Ziff's breezy column in the Los Angeles *Herald:* "A sportsman suggests a way to clear the boxing game of its slug-nutty characters. 'Take up the card of every fighter after he has been knocked out for the fifth time,' he offers . . . . There is some room for thought in his plan . . . . Hardly a fighter is now alive who has not been knocked out at least once . . . . But when they begin bouncing, and five times is a lot of knockouts, it's about time to call a halt."

IN THE NORTHWEST

By DAVID CAVADAS

"THE greatest fistic prospect I have ever seen in the Northwest."—Gus West, well-known Seattle manager.

"A half-million-dollar proposition."—Ted Moore, star middleweight of a few years ago.

"He has everything necessary to make a great fighter," says this writer.

Yes, all these refer to only one fighter—Chuck Nickason, sensational twenty-one-year-old light-heavyweight, who has only been boxing nine months. Nickason possesses a build that would make a professional model jealous. In the ring, he is as shifty as a lightweight and is the *hardest* puncher, pound for pound, in the Northwest.

In his first professional fight, Chuck fought a draw with the experienced Danny Pahl. In his second fight, he kayoed Jerome Lewis in three rounds. Then he stopped Len Hytz in one minute. In his fight this month, Chuck Nickason kayoed Bearcat Baker, veteran Northwest heavyweight, in the second round with a volley of punches that came from nowhere. Watch Chuck Nickason. He is destined to go a long way over the hard road to fistic heights.

Billy Buxton, Victoria featherweight, and brother of Sonny Buxton, kayoed Abie Isreal in the third round to annex the State of Washington featherweight title in one of Nate Druxman's headline cards.

Ted Moore, who fought such fighters as Schmeling, Loughran, Greb, Flowers, Thil, Downey, Lomski and others, is out to put Vancouver, Canada, on the boxing map. Ted has taken over the promotional reins of this city and intends to bring back the game to the highest level it has seen in history. Although several shows have gone in the red, Ted feels he is building one weapon which he will succeed with. He is building up a half dozen drawing cards, all local fighters.

Danny Pahl, Bud Davies' heavyweight protege, had to exert all the energy and stamina he could possibly find to squeeze out a six-round win over Bearcat Baker. At the official weighing-in, Baker was eight pounds heavier than when he fought Nickason and was swinging wildly, thereby giving Pahl a better chance to cop the decision.

Johnny Blochlinger, the Edmonton policeman, stopped Dick Gerrard's comeback by winning an easy decision. Al Ford stopped Joe Foley in one round of a scheduled six-rounder. Eddie Ryan did likewise with Frankie Villa, Seattle Filipino.

Al Ford, Vancouver Chocolate Soldier, stole one of Ted Moore's all-star cards in the semi-final bout with Winnie Mails of Seattle. Although Ford lost the decision, it was a sensational fight all the way through with plenty of good, solid punches landed.

PRELIMINARY RAMBLINGS—Eddie Hossack beat Bobbie Davis of Seattle . . . . Bobby Carrington won a decision from Johnny Blochlinger . . . . Eddie Wise lost to Eddie Hossack . . . . Emil des Rocher stopped Ed Shaw in one round . . . . Gordie Smith won from Jackie Pascoe.

FISTIC FOOTNOTES—Tommy Burns has Johnny Kilbane back in training . . . . Johnny, now a light-heavy, has been roughing it in the woods . . . . Ted Moore is a student of Shakespeare . . . . Sonny Buxton may take a trip to England . . . . Eddie Brady will see the coronation with all expenses paid by the community . . . . Brady is a diamond belt winner . . . . This column sends congratulations to Suey Welsh, new matchmaker of the Los Angeles Olympic, and sympathy to Joe Waterman for his loss.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.

By JACK SAUNDERS

IN the main attraction and on his first showing here, Jeromino Tribino, light-heavyweight champion of Colombia, gained the decision over Syd Brown, one of our most promising young boys. It was Syd's first go in the light-heavyweight division and he conceded nineteen pounds to his strong opponent.

Kid Silver, the ex-welterweight champion, in an attempt to regain his lost laurels, earned the decision over George Dixon, the pride of Montego Bay, in a speedy bout.

Arnaldo Cruvas K.O.'ed Jack Cyclone in three rounds. Jack and his supporters were not satisfied at the beating he received in a previous bout, so his second K.O. at the hands of Cuevas should leave no doubt in their minds, and in particular, Cyclone himself, as to whom is the better man.

Battling Dawns gained the referee's decision over Chick Bullock. Baby Walcott won from Speedy Beckett. Breezy Boy and Vin Grant divided honors.

Kid Williams, one of our formidable middleweight scrappers, stopped Kid Vassel in the second round of their scheduled ten-round main bout. Kid Gans scored a T.K.O. over Pantera in the second round. Kid Hartley masterly outpointed Kid Rodney.

To Our Foreign Readers

Would appreciate various stamps, old and new issues, for our "Ring" collection.

NAT FLEISCHER, The Ring, 825 Eighth Avenue, Madison Square Garden, New York City, N.Y., U.S.A.

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

SERIES fights are gaining a strong foothold here and, as such are paying well to those interested, the idea can be said to be working out all right. In the May issue of THE RING, was set forth the sixth of the series between Sammy Fuller, Chelsea, and Andy Callahan, Lawrence, the former coming out of retirement to stop Callahan in one round at Mechanics Hall, Boston, the Goodwin A. C. sponsoring the fray. Sammy and Andy were back at it again, same ring and same club, with more than 5000 fans looking on. This latter occasion saw Callahan come through in a good fight to win the ten rounds decision. Their next, now being considered, is tentatively arranged for May. Fuller will be liked on that occasion. He is the stronger physically and better of the pair.

The
All-America
Sports Magazine
A new 128-page book
A Sports Fiction Magazine
written by
AMERICA'S FOREMOST SPORTS WRITERS
for
AMERICA'S SPORTS READERS
The book of the day! Surpasses any magazine on sports now on the market. In a class all by itself. Read it and you will agree with us.
Price 15 cents
The Magazine of Thrills in Sports Fiction
Another Nat Fleischer publication—
That Means Class

A Story with a PUNCH

The Most Stirring Biography of a Fighter Ever Written

Revised Edition

Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana

with additional chapters, bringing the life story of the most popular fighter since John L. Sullivan's time, up-to-date.

Heaps of pictures—Enjoyable reading. Even if you have a copy of the original edition of this famous book which had a record sale of 16,000 copies, you'll want the latest, newly revised edition of **Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana,** for your library.

Send Money Order for $1.25 to **Nat Fleischer, THE RING BOOK SHOP,** 825-8th Avenue, Madison Square Garden, N. Y. City.

Enclosed find Money Order (Foreign subscribers should make certain that a MONEY Order, not a Postal Order which cannot be cashed in America, is sent) for $1.25 for a copy of Nat Fleischer's Latest, Revised Edition of **Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana.**

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State.....

Under the feature bout Ralph Zannelli of Providence, former amateur welter ace, who has yet to meet a "pro" defeat, scored his second win in recent weeks over Eldred Davenport of New York, while Dante Yanetti of the Fuller stable collected an award in a six from Gaby Paulin of Augusta, Me.

Since January, Promoter Eddie Mack of the Egleston Square A. C., has been staging a middleweight series at his club—Eddie Carroll of Lowell vs. Don "K.O." Labbe of Lewiston, Me. Their third came and after 10 hot rounds, was declared a draw. It was such a busy cup of tea that Mack aired the pair again at his club—a tener. Labbe was out in front much of the way and won the decision. The bout was not so good, so the series may be discontinued. As it now stands, Labbe holds two wins, and two draw verdicts.

Al McCoy, N. E. heavy champion, is still at Miami, Fla., as these notes are being witten but, according to reports, has been doing some training there. However, as was the case with him a year ago, he has let the best part of the winter boxing season slip away. It may be that Al will make up for lost time during the coming outdoor season, but as by that time the horses, dogs and baseball will be in full blast, there'll be plenty of serious competition. Boxing in this section, unless on big league lines, is up against it in the summer months.

The Goodwin A. C. clicked again on April 2, at Mechanics Hall, with Dante Yanetti, 155½, Chelsea, meeting Joe Ricciotti, 154½, in the feature, a scheduled 10. It was a rather listless affair in spots, with the spectators turning loose the "razz" in the sixth frame. The boys then warmed up and, in a mix, Ricciotti damaged his right hand, also received a cut alongside the left eye. The referee stopped the contest at the end of the seventh and awarded the win to Yanetti. Yanetti's next effort may be Andy Callahan, who about two months ago dropped him to the deck in three heats. The youngster hopes to reverse that upset.

Under the Yanetti-Ricciotti bout, Salvatore Bartolo, East Boston, former N.E. amateur 118 pounds champion—the boy who made such a fine showing in the All-Eastern championships a while back at New York, was given his first "pro" chance to shine. Boxing as a feather, Bartolo encountered Art Nadeau of Cambridge, who was retired in the third round. Nadeau took a count of 10, but bounced up a bit too quickly after the final toll. The bout over, East Boston admirers of Bartolo presented him with a check for $250. All in all, some night for the kid. This boy has plenty of makings.

In other bouts, Abe Denner, 130, West End, Boston, another ex-amateur star, whipped Joe Monte, 137½, Somerville, in six rounds, and Jack Capparell, 154, Roxbury, ex-amateur, defeated Walter Marciezyk, 162, Providence, an ex-Little Rhody "pure" hopeful. The best fight on the card was a six-round prelim—Tommy Logan, 136, Holyoke, vs. Pat Foley, 130½, Worcester—a two-fisted hectic session, won by Logan.

The annual New England amateur championships, forerunner of the senior Nationals to be boxed here April 12, 13 and 14, drew more than 5000 out at Boston Garden, Mar. 15. The ring performances, as a whole, were very good. The titular winners in the various classes were as follows: 112, Larry Bolvin, Providence, R. I.; 118, Florant Desmarais, Manchester, N. H.; 126, John Farren, South Boston; 135, Mike Panczyk, Chelsea; 147, Fred Cabral, Cambridge; 160, Raymond McPeck, Roxbury; 175, John Hayes, Roxbury; heavy, Yancey Henry, Lynn, Mass.

To keep the game going—bring in new blood, the Irish American A.A., which is the backbone of amateur boxing in this section, staged an all-novice tourney, eight classes, at the Arena, April 5. Though the performers were but beginners, there was plenty of willing mingling and game effort. Of the 24 bouts put into the ring, 17 ended with kayos. Less any gentle souls become alarmed—fear that our fistically inclined youth are being led to the slaughter, we explain that 17 kayos does not mean that this number of boys were beaten into insensibility. As a matter of fact there were but one or two clean kayos. Otherwise the referee stopped the bouts, or the performers were retired by thir seconds or stopped of their own accord. It is the custom in this section to credit the winner of an incompleted bout—anything short of the regulation three rounds, with a kayo.

Aside from the doings of the amateurs, we have noted a growing tendency in "pro" rings of what we term "playing dead." That is, a performer goes down, often from a blow that barely grazes him, and takes the full toll of the referee. After "10," he bounces up like a rocket—usually smiles and shakes hands with his conqueror—then hikes to the box office to collect. While there are fairly numerous exceptions, the idea now creeping into the "pro" game seems to be to get the money for the least possible exertion. The honor and prestige of scoring a victory is entirely secondary. Offhand we know of but two ways to check this growing evil—either a winner-loser division of battle money, or the refusal of the promoter to pay a quitter.

Boston fight followers got their first glimpse of Jack Gibbons, son of the once famous Mike of St. Paul, at the Egleston. Jack, seconded by his father, was pitted against Johnny Duarte of Providence, R. I., a willing colored boy, but hardly more than a semi-finalist. The weights were given as 170 for Gibbons, and 169, Duarte. About a 1000 customers turned out. Gibbons had too much class for his opponent and, just as the bell rang for the ninth, Duarte crossed over from his corner and surrendered the fight—a kayo for Young Jack. The result was no surprise.

Old-timers like ourself, who had expected to see another near-Mike Gibbons in his son, were disappointed. Such ring duplications are rare. What we did see was a fine, young ringster who, in general appearance, somewhat reminded us of Mike O'Dowd in his early ring youth. Young Jack's jabs and left leads lacked snap—were pushes rather than driving blows, but he hooked fairly sharply with either hand, and showed a good right hand. In close he knew how to protect himself and, at the same time, pass out punishment. Though Duarte, except for his gameness, was not much of a test, we opine that Mike's son will not prove to be a second Mike though he may go quite a way against the calibre of present day performers he is likely to encounter.

Charley Gordon, the local mat promoter, who is always handing out something new—circus stuff, had Jack Sharkey and Tony Shucco, ex-ring champions, in there together to referee a "battle royal" at the Arena, the "royalists" being four of the toughest matmen the promoter could get together. It was one of those "everything goes" frays—two rounds of it, and was a ripper while it lasted. Both Sharkey and Shucco were heaved from the ring during the melee, while they, for their part of it, bowled over the wrestlers like 10-pins—slams to jaw or wind being handed out. A wrestler, one "Killer" Murdock of Tennessee, was the eventual winner. The battle has been the talk of the town ever since.

Steve "Crusher" Casey of the Bowser troupe, has been out of the mat game for several weeks, due to an infected knee resulting from a mat burn. He was operated on at the Carney Hospital, Boston, and for a few days his case looked tough. However, the big Irishman came through all right and, by the time these notes appear in print, will be back on the canvas doing his bit.

Speaking of the Irish, Danno O'Mahony had his second fling at George Clark of Scotland—a real foe in this case, at the Boston Garden. Danno sought to reverse a win registered over him several months ago by the Scot. After each had "copped" a fall, they tangled up with body locks in a corner of the ring, to finally topple out over the top rope to the granolithic floor of the Garden. It was a nasty fall for both, and no fooling about it. As the warriors were unable to continue, the referee ruled the affair a draw.

The managerial firm of Al Clemente and Johnny O'Brien are burning red fire these days over Bobby Allen, their welter, who recently arrived back in Boston from the Provinces. Up at the Valley Arena, Holyoke, Allen defeated Joe Gelinas of Athol, 10 rounds of hot battling. It marked the first upset in months to befall the Athol warrior.

The State Athletic Commission is giving its attention to those managers of boxers who, though minus a license, are booking their charges at various New England clubs. It is following up its investigations with the axe and many of the unlicensed managers and their charges are feeling its edge.

Promoter Gordon recently sought the services of Bob Pastor to act as a referee on his wrestling mat but, when four figures were mentioned as the price for about ten minutes' work, the mat impresario backed away. Inasmuch as the average ringster knows practically nothing about wrestling—can be but little more than a doubtful figurehead, their value as third men is open to serious question. Dempsey, Sharkey and one or two others are about the lone exceptions.

Lou Brouillard having asserted his claim to the N.E. middle title, in which he has been sustained by the Boxing Commission, the chances favor that he will be showing his wares in Boston at a fairly early date. Later he may again cross to France, there to encounter Edouard Tenet.

The mauling in the corners frequently experienced by amateur boxers at the hands of their seconds may result in a rule being put through by the Boxing Commission barring all but experienced licensed handlers from ring corners. It is no rare happening in amateur rings to see an unfortunate receiving far worse treatment from his seconds than befell him while out at scratch facing his opponent. Frequently referees, seeing a boy being deluged with cold water, also slapped and mauled by his seconds, has gone out of his way to interfere in behalf of the victim.

Several New York sports writers have brought to our attention that some phoney, pretending to be our brother and using our name, is panhandling about Gotham newspaper offices and sport resorts. Sport writers in New York, also elsewhere, will favor us by giving this phony the hand and boot the minute he opens up with his tale of woe.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

RAY KID INGRAM of Washington easily defeated Johnny Defoe of New York City in a ten-round feature at Turner's Arena in Washington. Ray put the New Yorker down for a nine count early in the battle, but Johnny would not stay put and made a fight of it the entire distance, taking quite a pasting for his willing effort. Bobby Detcher of Philadelphia had the better of Joey Teems in the six-round semi-final. Jimmy Jones took a split duke over Bob Turner, and Joe DeCarlo drew with Doug Swetman in the other sixes.

Pete Galiano of Baltimore won over Joey Allen in a furious ten-round battle at Baltimore. Galiano, in the best shape of his varied career, came with a rush in the final three rounds to take the decision. Allen made a great fight of it for seven rounds but wilted under the pace. Angelo Meola lost on a technical knockout to Sanford Carrier in five rounds after taking a terrific lacing, the bout being stopped on account of a cut eye sustained by the game Baltimore Italian. Valenti Brown beat Russel Baker, and Bob Anderson drew with Russell Tucker in four-rounders.

Hobo Williams, Alexandria, Va., middleweight, surprised in holding Eddie Mader of New York to a draw in an eight-rounder at Washington.

Baby Miller of Richmond, Va., and Charley Burns of Scranton, Pa., went ten fast rounds at Richmond, with honors even. Jay Thomas, the new Richmond promoter, has a find in Miller from a drawing standpoint, and is assured a capacity house every time the Baby goes to the bat in the Virginia capital.

Al Gillette of New York City proved easy pickings for Harry Jeffra of Baltimore before a capacity house of disappointed fans when Harry belted out Al with his first stiff punch. Jeffra is entirely too good for the rank and file fighters of today and Matchmaker Sylvan Bass will not show Jeffra in his home town again unless some logical opponent can be obtained. Joey Teems of Washington knocked out Benny Kessler in five rounds of the scheduled eight-round semi-final.

Eddie Mader of New York licked Hobo Williams in a return affair in Washington, the route being nine rounds. Mader, in perfect shape, was a far better fighter than on his previous occasion. Max Roesch belted out K. O. Williams of Baltimore in two rounds of the semi-final encounter. Roesch is the best looking heavyweight prospect seen in these parts in some time.

Lew Feldman, cagy New Yorker, took a split duke over Cowboy Howard Scott in Baltimore for the Cowboy's first loss in the Monumental City since first showing there in over a year. Feldman, who had previously boxed Scott on even terms in Washington, took no chances with the Cowboy. Jimmy Schwemmer, Baltimore heavyweight, handed Joe Finazzo a terrific beating in eight rounds. Finazzo is far too small for the promising young Swemmer, who looks like Baltimore's best heavyweight to come up since Red Burman. Benny Kessler licked Calvin Calp and Bill Teems won over Joe DeCarlo in six rounders.

Baby Miller took a twelve-round decision over Wesley Martin at Richmond, Va. The fight was hang-up all the way, with Miller handing Martin a real pasting for seven rounds, only to have the Akron fighter come back and decisively win the final three heats, but not enough to even the score. Stanford Carrier of Washington knocked out Hunter Crosctic of Richmond in five rounds in the main prelim.

Johnny Lucas, making a last minute substitution for Teddy Loder, lost a split duke to Werther Arcelli of Boston, Mass., in ten heats at Washington. Nick Camarata was too strong for Doug Swetman, handing the Washington boy a severe lacing for seven rounds when the bout was stopped. Joe Letto whipped Frankie DeAngelo, Sam Bracala flattened Bill Robinson in three heats, Bill Teems trimmed Joe Mathews and Joe DeCarlo licked Norman Cohen in the fours.

PICK-UPS—Matchmaker Goldie Ahearn wired Freddie Steele a fifteen-grand offer to defend his title at the Griffith Stadium in Washington in May, only to learn that Nate Druxman had clinched the bout for Tacoma, Wash. . . . . The Chris Dundee stable is just about tops in the South at present, consisting of Hard Rock Harden and Frank Tymosko, heavyweights; Bob Turner, light-heavy; Ken Overlin, middleweight; Phil Furr, welterweight; Norment Quarles, lightweight; and Nick Camarata, featherweight, with Eddie Ross, former Baltimore matchmaker, acting in the capacity of trainer . . . . Harry Raskin, former Buffalo middleweight boxer, is making a good job of tutoring young Max Roesch, Texas two-hundred-pounder . . . . Roesch is sponsored by a group of Texas sportsmen and it looks like they have a very good investment, from the way Max is improving.

SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH

By WILLIAM PIKER

A NEW middleweight star is aglittering in Pittsburgh's pugilistic heaven. Billy Conn, East Liberty ringster, hurdled overwhelming odds to score decisively over Babe Risko in a sensational ten-round tussle at Duquesne Garden. Conn, a nineteen-year-old lad with twenty-six wins in a row to his credit, was the picture of confidence as he pummelled Risko from pillar to post with an astounding two-fisted attack. The East Liberty youngster took seven rounds by an unmistakable margin. The fight attracted a gate of six thousand dollars.

Making his first appearance locally, Tiger Terry Warrington, Negro light-heavyweight from New England, knocked out Lloyd Clements, Jeanette heavyweight, in the fifth round. Harry Krause, lightweight stablemate of Billy Conn, was stopped in the second round by Lee Shepard, Cleveland Negro. In the opening bout, Billy Miller lost on a foul in the fourth round to Jack Sharkey, Jr., son of the ex-bantam king.

Eddie McCloskey, ex-pugilist and former mayor of Johnstown, has been replaced as chairman of the State Athletic Commission. His successor is Dr. William D. McClelland of Pittsburgh. McCloskey is now a member, along with Joseph H. Rainey of Philadelphia.

Fritzie Zivic, Lawrenceville's ace welter, took on Bobby Pacho, Los Angeles Mexican, at Motor Square Garden. The bout developed into a thrilling punching affair from beginning to end. At the conclusion of ten rounds, the official award went to Zivic, although the verdict could have gone either way without causing any undue consternation.

In the semi-final, Billy Nichy, Charleroi heavyweight, kayoed Joe Alois of the North Side in six rounds. Tiger Walker grabbed the honors over Billy Miller. Freddie Wilson won from Kid Teeko. Making his professional debut in the opener, Carmen Notch, Diamond Belt star, scored a kayo in the third round over Nick Rosanik.

John Henry Lewis, world's light-heavyweight champion, managed by Gus Greenlee of Pittsburgh and trained by Larry Amadee, is about the most active of the current title-holders. John Henry Lewis is truly a champion in every sense the word implies. The light-heavyweight king keeps in tip-top fighting shape as a champion should—by meeting all comers. John Henry, unlike most champions, is not afraid to risk the crown.

The return bout between Oscar Rankin, red-haired Negro from Chicago, and Solly Krieger, Brooklyn dynamiter, went the ten rounds with Rankins winning the official verdict. The majority of the fans, however, were of the opinion Krieger deserved the honors. The Brooklyn fighter staged a remarkable body-punching attack that had the Chicagoan in a bad way at the finish of the battle. The contest was held in Duquesne Garden. Harry Krause, Smoky City lightweight, kayoed Irish Mickey Devlin of Springdale in the semi-final. Whitey Schramm, Pittsburgh middleweight, gained the official award over Herbie Katz of Brooklyn in six rounds. In his pro debut, John Henry Thomas, Diamond Belt champion, stopped Mike Markrusian of Aliquippa in the second round.

Bud Mignault, the New England Thunderbolt, proved a mere "dud" against Al Gainer in Motor Square Garden. Mignault, who went over in sensational style a month ago in knocking Oscar Rankins to the canvas four times to win in a round, was like putty in Gainer's hands. The victor molded out his triumph just as he pleased. Gainor, who also hails from New England, permitted Mignault to last the limit. One knockdown was recorded—by Gainer in the seventh.

In the semi, Honeyboy Jones stopped Mike Bazzone in five rounds. Eddie Hogan, the Eastern heavyweight sensation, making his first Pittsburgh appearance, scored a half dozen knockdowns to beat Al Gatchell of Cleveland. Hogan carried a thirty-seven-pound advantage in weight. Freddie Wilson, Pittsburgh, and Babe Dunning of Cleveland—two Negro light-heavyweights, boxed a six-round bout, with Wilson emerging the winner. In the curtain raiser, Carmen Notch defeated the veteran, Sammy Paris.

SPARRING AROUND—Jackie Wilson gave away nine pounds and then proceeded to belt the daylights out of Charley Burns at Lancaster . . . . After scoring eight knockouts in a row out on the Coast, Sunny Jim McVey, Pittsburgh Negro heavyweight, was tagged in the first round by Hank Hankinson . . . . Johnny Ray, ex-boxer and one of Billy Conn's handlers, suffered a heart attack at the arena when Conn and Risko were to have gone into the ring . . . . Despite his shaken condition, Johnny insisted on viewing the fight from the ringside . . . . he saw Conn blaze his way to a roaring triumph . . . . Buck McTiernan, former local middleweight star, and Willie Davies of Charleroi, once leading contender for the flyweight title, are back in the fight game, but not as fighters . . . . Buck is a referee, while Davies recently made his bow as a judge.

Don't forget, readers—mail your fight correspondence to the writer in care General Delivery, Donora, Pa.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES

By SAM PORCELLI

FOLLOWING are the results of the best amateur bouts that took place during the month: Joe DiCarlo, Rochester, outpunched Billy Furrone, Syracuse, welters (5); Joe Birdie, Rochester, kayoed Bobby Martin, Cleveland, welterweights (1); Bob Erne kayoed Pete Husser (1), both Rochester lightweights; Frankie Custer, Syracuse, beat Nick Hook, Rochester (5), featherweights; Billy Furrone, Syracuse, outpointed Jimmy White, Cleveland (5), welterweights; Nello Nucelli, Rochester, awarded decision over Tony Tanice, Cleveland (5), featherweights; Kid Snookie, Rochester, kayoed Willie Burke, Cleveland (4), lightweights; Jake Hagerman, Rochester, outpointed Joe Borrell, Endicott (5), heavyweights; Red Tokas, Binghamton, won from Tony Polazzi, Rochester (5), welterweights; Jock Gorlan, Rochester, decisioned Dean Hoffman, Johnson City (5), welterweights; Mike Fracassi won from Jerry Favell (3), both Rochester welterweights.

The following wrestling bouts took place during the month: Fred Gaubmeier flopped Paul Jones, Blue Sun Jennings threw Irving Halpem, Jack Vincent defeated Roy Cleets, Lee Wykoff tossed Orville Brown, Sammy Cohen beat Jack Vincent, Andy Reaschler won from Nino Giraldi.

FISTIC MORSELS—"Red" Smith, Rochester's clarion-voiced fight announcer, is fully recovered from a brief illness . . . . Mike Marcel, one-time local bantam threat, is now doing well as an auto salesman . . . . Tiger Smith is visiting friends in New York . . . . The Tiger will be back in a few days and rarin' to get into action . . . . Al Walker and Big Bill Fogarty, Rochester heavyweights, showed their wares in Scranton and captured the crowd's fancy with their two-fisted attack . . . . Vincent Jambrone is still in the taxi-business . . . . Billy Baird, the old welterweight, owns what is perhaps the coziest little gymnasium in these parts . . . . Jack (Three Star) Hennessey is packing them in at his semi-monthly shows at Scranton . . . . Al Stern has reopened his club at Binghamton and will run weekly shows . . . . Send in your notes early if you want to read them in THE RING . . . . You can get THE RING in Rochester at Clinton and Main Streets on the first of each month . . . . If you want a return answer, send a stamped envelope to 238 Lyndhurst Street.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

LEN HAMPSTON, the Batley bantamweight, threw a cog in the wheel of Benny Lynch's plans when he scored a sensational win over the world's flyweight champion at Belle Vue, Manchester, in the fifth of a scheduled twelve-rounder.

The match was made at bantamweight limit, and the full house saw an unexpected defeat of the champion, who was forced to take eight counts, and would have failed to beat the last, when the latter's seconds jumped into the ring and carried him into his corner. Referee Gus Platts had no alternative but to disqualify Lynch and declare Hampston the winner amid great excitement.

A crowd of fifteen thousand saw Peter Kane, the sensational Liverpool flyweight, batter Pierre Louis, French flyweight champ, to defeat at Jeff Dickson's Palais Des Sports, Paris. After an even four rounds, Kane changed his tactics and punished the Frenchman with a severe body attack. In the seventh, Louis appeared helpless after taking more body punishment and the referee, M. Schreimer, stepped in and stopped the contest and declared Kane the winner.

Tommy Rose of Liverpool scored a T.K.O. over Peter Miller of Gateshead at Rushden, when the referee intervened at the end of the sixth after Miller had taken considerable punishment.

Larry Gains and Alec Bell met in a scheduled twelve-rounder at West Ham Baths, but the contest ended at the end of the sixth. Both suffered badly cut eyes, with Bell's being the more severely cut, and he retired.

Punching Paul Schaefer came in as a last-minute substitute for Lefty Flynn, and suffered a points defeat against Ernie Roderick, after a hard-hitting twelve-round bout at Liverpool.

Two eliminating bouts took place at the Stadium Club, Holborn, over twelve rounds. In the first, Benny Caplan showed marked superiority over Freddie Morris, whose seconds skied the towel in the tenth round when the latter's eye was closed completely, and in the other bout, Jimmy Lester and Joe Brahams fought a fast battle with very little to spare at the end, the referee giving his decision to Brahams.

Alby Day outpointed Ivor Pickens of Wales in a ten-round contest at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Jack Powell continued his winning sequence by outpointing Pat Haley over ten rounds at East Ham after a good bout.

George Marsden outpointed Young Beckett in a close twelve-round contest at Nottingham that was full of thrills.

Bob Scully, the Glasgow middleweight, outpointed Bert Bevan of Wales over twelve rounds at Paddington.

Jimmy Vaughan, the Becontree lightweight, and Lefty "Satan" Flynn, the welterweight champion of Jamaica, starred at The Ring, London, and a big crowd turned up to see this bout. After an exciting first round, Flynn was ruled out in the second for hitting Vaughan very low, which left the referee with no other option but to disqualify him.

In the other bouts, Dodo Williams of Jamaica was outpointed by Billy Brooks after a rousing scrap, and in the other ten-rounder, Jackie Hurst of St. George's was a narrow winner over Jim Collins of Glasgow, and Stafford Barton stopped Fred Clements in the third round.

The Jewish Sportsmen's Committee staged their fifth annual boxing show at the Royal Albert Hall and every seat in the big building was sold twenty-four hours before the doors opened.

Lord Melchett, president of the Jewish National Fund, and Moss Deyong, in an appeal from the ring, raised over £1,700 in fifteen minutes.

A first class boxing program was provided, which resulted as follows: Jimmy Walsh, British lightweight champion, was defeated in an overweight match by Harry Mizler over ten rounds; Jack Hyams, who is now matched with Jock McAvoy for the middleweight title of Great Britain, received a points setback at the hands of Frank Hough; Small Montana, flyweight champion of the U. S. A., boxed cleverly to outpoint Pat Palmer after ten interesting rounds, and George Odwell was forced to retire in the third of his ten-rounder with George Daly when he sustained a severe cut on the head.

Johnny McGrory, British and Empire featherweight champion, was K.O.'ed in the seventh of a twelve-round bout at Liverpool Stadium by the local, Chris "Ginger" Foran.

The bout was brimful of interest as McGrory was matched with Petey Sarron for the world's title. The K.O. resulted in a broken jaw and other injuries. The world's title bout has been cancelled for the present.

Ernie Simmons, the Birmingham cruiserweight, outpointed Jack Robinson of Nottingham in a spirited twelve-rounder at West Ham Baths.

Dodo Williams, lightweight champion of Jamaica, met with another points defeat after ten rounds, this time from Len Wickwar at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Bob Simpkins created a good impression at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, when he knocked out Buster Osborne in the third of a twelve-rounder with a right to Osborne's jaw.

Dave McCleave continued his winning sequence and confirmed a previous victory over "Ginger" Sadd, when he outpointed the latter in a stirring contest of ten rounds at the Ring, London.

Ronnie James can be considered very unlucky to lose against Arnold Lagrand of Holland in his ten-rounder. The Hollander was cautioned several times for hitting with the inside of the glove, but nevertheless received the decision.

Norman Rees gained a points decision over Nobby Baker after twelve hard rounds at Bargoed.

Jock McAvoy, British middleweight champ, defeated Cheo Morejon, Cuba, in a twelve-round contest at Belle Vue, Manchester.

In the other bout, Johnny King, bantam champ of Great Britain, received a surprise points defeat at the hands of Alex Alston, who showed more enterprise than King and deserved the decision.

Sonny Jones of Canada was too good for Alby Day in the two rounds fought at the Earl's Court, N. S. C., before the referee stopped the one-sided contest.

Jack Powell of Sheffield showed improved form in his contest with "Punching" Paul Schaefer of Canada for after taking two counts in the first and third, he came on with a burst of speed, and outpointed the Canadian at the end of ten rounds.

Jack London K.O.'ed Pancho Villar of Spain in the second of a twelve-round bout at Bristol. A left to the body, followed by a right to the jaw, put the Spaniard down for the full count.

Pat Warburton outpointed Katsumi Morioka, the Canadian Jap, after ten rounds.

Tiny Bostock outpointed Al McCoy of Argoed in a sparkling contest of twelve rounds at Swansea.

"Nipper" Cusick scored a quick K.O. over Dick Titley, whom he put out in the second at Sutton-in-Ashfield.

Charlie Baxter of Birmingham made one of his rare appearances in the ring when he defeated Jim Langford in the ninth at Smethwick, when the latter retired.

Jack Kilrain, welterweight champion of Great Britain, was forced to retire at the end of the tenth of a twelve-rounder with a severely cut eye in his contest with Ernie Roderick at Kelvin Hall, Glasgow.

It was a fight of thrills from the first gong. Kilrain was floored for eight, with a right to the jaw, and the same thing happened again in the second round and eighth, and after taking considerable punishment, the towel was thrown in.

Johnny Lafferty, who is sure to be heard of in the future, came through against Ernie Brandeschi, who pluckily stayed the distance of ten rounds to lose on points at Greenock.

Dick Corbett and Len Lemaux fought a great twelve-round bout at Portsmouth before a packed house. Jim Kenrick, the referee, gave his decision as a draw.

A new British and Empire heavyweight champion was crowned when Tommy Farr of Tonypandy received the decision of Jack Hart over the title-holder, Ben Foord of South Africa, at the end of fifteen rounds at Harringay Stadium.

The bout was a hard fought one, but could not be called of championship class. Nevertheless, Farr certainly deserved the decision.

Tiny Bostock, who surprised everyone when he outpointed Small Montana, scored a narrow win over Ernst Weiss of Austria at the end of twelve rounds of a good contest.

George Daly outpointed Jack Garrick of Hull in another ten-round contest.

Frank Hough stopped Glen Moody at the end of the eighth when the referee intervened after Moody had sustained a badly cut eye.

Tommy Martin and Jack Robinson fought a hard-hitting bout of ten rounds and at the end the decision went to Martin by a narrow margin.

Jimmy Vaughan scored an easy points victory over Billy Hughes of Birkenhead over twelve rounds at West Ham Baths.

George Odwell beat Ivor Pickens in the second of a ten-round contest at Paddington Baths.

Jack London knocked out George Bennett in the second of a fifteen-round bout before a good crowd at Newcastle.

Jackie Brown K.O.'ed Staf Van Meensal of Belgium in the tenth of a fifteen-round contest at Rotherham.

Bill Hardy of Leicester forced the referee to stop the bout in his favor during the eighth when he freely punished Louis Weustenrad of Belgium at Bury St. Edmunds.

Johnny King, British bantam champion, defeated George Marsden in the ninth round at York, when the referee intervened to save a game man unnecessary punishment.

Arnold Kolblin, heavyweight champion of Germany, won the I.B.U. European title when he outpointed the holder, Pierre Charles of Belgium, at Berlin.

Peter Kane, the eighteen-year-old flyweight sensation, added to his long list of victories the name of Fortunato Ortega of Spain, who lasted the twelve rounds by cleverly avoiding Kane's big punch.

The bout drew a crowd of sixteen thousand and was fought in the open air at Anfield, Liverpool. Johnny Best now has designs of matching Kane with Benny Lynch for the latter's titles.

Freddie Mitchell and Paddy Roche put up a very hard bout over twelve rounds at West Ham Baths and at the end the referee gave his decision as a draw.

Paul Schaefer boxed well to outpoint Bill Hardy, Leicester, over ten rounds at Devonshire Club, Hackney.

In the other ten-rounder, Jackie Hurst was outpointed by Jimmy Lester after a great bout.

Gustav Eder, the German welter champ, was lucky to receive the full honors over Al Baker, the colored Belgian champ, at the Sports Palace, Berlin, over ten rounds.

Dave McCleave had an easy task in defeating his local rival, Harry Gains, at the Ring, London, over ten rounds.

In the other bouts, Billy Brooks received a badly cut eye in his contest with Dodo Williams, the colored Jamaican, and was forced to retire at the end of the fourth round; Joe Brahams outpointed Billy Walker over ten rounds, and Kid Bonsor of Nottingham outpointed Joe Griffiths of Wales after a good contest of ten rounds.

Joe Curran, the Liverpool flyweight, scored a points victory over Pat Warburton, flyweight champion of Wales, at the end of ten hard-hitting rounds at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Jackie Brown of Manchester stopped Juanita Fernandez, the Spanish bantam champion, in the eighth of a twelve-rounder at Manchester.

A peculiar incident arose during the contest between George "Panther" Purchase and Nobby Baker at Bargoed. The boys were fighting during the sixth of a twelve-round bout when the lights failed. All the king's horses and the king's men could not fix the lights, so the bout was terminated and the decision withheld. It will go down in records as "no decision."

Sonny Jones of Canada has put up some sterling performances since coming to Great Britain, but his bout with Jim Lawlor was a corker and easily one of the best seen at the N.S.C. shows at Earl's Court. They battled ten rounds without flinching from hard punches received, and at the end Jones received a hard-earned victory.

The bout between George Reynolds, lightweight champion of Wales, and Lefty Flynn, welter champ of Jamaica, was fought mostly at close quarters for the full seven rounds, when Reynolds sustained a very badly cut eye and wisely retired.

Katsumi Morioka, the Canadian Jap, and Dave Keller put up a sparkling bout over eight rounds and the former received the decision.

Benny Lynch, world's flyweight champ, revenged himself over Len Hampston of Batley, when he caused the referee to stop the bout in the tenth of a twelve-rounder.

In their previous battle, Lynch was knocked down for eight long counts and was disqualified when his second entered the ring, but this time it was Hampston who took the counts and was helpless on the ropes when the referee intervened.

Jack "Kid" Berg and Louis Saerens of Belgium battled it out for ten rounds at Bristol before a packed house, and at the end the referee, Billy Swift, gave his decision as a draw.

The benefit for Benny Sharkey of Newcastle, who has been on the sick list through an injury in the ring, was a pronounced success, and the new St. James' Hall, Newcastle, was packed to the doors. The contests resulted as follows:

Harry Craster defeated Raymond Renard, the latter being disqualified in the fifth of a ten-rounder. Another disqualification resulted when Ginger Roberts was ruled out against Johnny Peters, and Benny Caplan outpointed Billy Charlton over ten rounds after a good bout.

After a spirited twelve-round bout, Tommy Rogers was given the decision over George Chaplin at Wolverhampton.

Nelson Parks, the Monmouth heavyweight, was knocked out in the second of a ten-rounder by Bert Layton at Newport.

Bob Firmin outpointed Johnny Summers of Leeds in a hard-hitting twelve-round contest at Lowestoft.

Billy Bird, who, like "Johnny Walker," is still going strong, forced Sid Ireland of Coventry to retire in the eighth of a twelve-round bout at Coventry. In another bout, Joe Zeman of U. S. A. stopped Bert Ikin in the fourth of a twelve-rounder.

Tony Arpino, the Bedford heavyweight, K.O.'ed Joe Foord, brother of big Ben Foord, in the third of a ten-rounder at Bedford.

Johnny Lafferty again showed his good form when he well beat Kid Jackson over ten rounds at Glasgow.

This is to remind readers that they can receive their copies of THE RING monthly by sending P.O. for one shilling and fourpence to John S. Sharpe, 3 Edward Street, Mile End Road, London, E. 1, and also any other books advertised in THE RING Magazine, by enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. A catalogue will be forwarded, and please order your RING before the first of the month. The sales have been increasing tremendously, so don't delay in ordering your copy of THE RING.

RING NEWS FROM SOUTH AFRICA
By BERT COHEN

PETEY SARRON, world featherweight champion, made short shift of his American adversary, Andy Martin, in his second fight on the Rand. After dominating the contest and scoring several knockdowns, Sarron toppled Martin to the resin for the full count in the fifth round. Martin was badly damaged in the process. Sarron again proved to be a devastating right-hand puncher, and has made a big hit in South Africa. He sailed for England soon after the fight, but will return soon for a bout with Laurie Stevens, after he has defended his title against Ginger Foran.

Two South African boxing titles changed hands during the last month. Firstly, Willie Smith, the featherweight champion, announced his definite retirement following a motor accident. Smith's was a long and glorious career. South Africa could do with another like him. "Babe" Smith of Pretoria and George Anderson of Johannesburg clashed to decide who was to succeed Willie, and a good fast twelve-rounder resulted. Smith was the cleverer of the two and also a far harder puncher. Anderson kept trying, however, and gave a game display, but Smith quite correctly gained the verdict.

The other champion dethroned during the month was Les van Rooyen, who held the welterweight title. Les lost his title to Teddy Braun, the rising young ex-amateur, after a gruelling twelve-round contest. Braun, young, fast and aggressive, has yet to be defeated.

Robey Leibbrandt, South Africa's ace prospect among the heavy men, made a good debut in the professional ranks when he outpointed Tom Porter over six rounds. Porter, who was considered to be a pushover for the ex-amateur, gave a sterling display, and there was very little in it at the end of a great scrap.

Other results of the month: J. L. Smith beat Dan Bushney on points. Alec Hannan, a fine bantamweight prospect, won over Nick Swart and Rex Phillipson. The former was an exceptionally fine performance, for Hannon got up from a count of eight in the first round to win the bout on points. Charlie Catterrall defeated Dave Katzen on points after a fast bout. Len Delaport, a good welterweight prospect, outboxed and outfought Jack Goosen, winning a hectic bout on points.

Jim Londos concluded his tour of South Africa with a great victory over Karol Zbyszko. An erroneous report, belittling Londos' South African performances, appeared in the March RING. While in South Africa, Jim has proved an unqualified hit in every contest he has fought, and leaves our shores with an unbeaten record. He has proved himself to be a great showman and a master wrestler.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

GORDON WALLACE is still wearing the Canadian welter crown after disposing of his Toronto challenger, Sammy Luftspring, in a title bout at Toronto that attracted a goodly gathering of the rapidly growing Queen City fight conscious. The Vancouver veteran was too experienced for the Toronto youth, who had only eight or nine pro starts under his belt, and held a decided edge despite the handicap of a bad thumb on his left hand.

The semi-final was an attraction that rivaled the title bout, with two leading contenders clashing, Tommy Bland outscoring Frankie Genovese, another case of experience being the main factor, though Bland did not win by the big margin Wallace enjoyed over Luftspring.

Harold "Babe" McLeod, Montreal's most popular amateur, who wears the Canadian lightweight crown, has made the jump to the pro ranks and hopes to capture similar honors in the monied divisions. The "Babe" boasts one of the most consistent and impressive records ever achieved in local amateur rings, as besides his Canadian title, he captured North American honors in a U.S.A.-Canada-Ireland tourney at the Boston Garden a few months ago, along with two City titles, three Provincial crowns, and international, interprovincial and intercity laurels.

Fred Osborne is continuing his successful shows in Edmonton, featuring elimination bouts between contenders for the vacant western Canada middleweight title he forsook upon retirement. The leading middles are Louis Lavoie, 1932 Olympian; Eddie MacSporran, Sailor Goodland and Mickey McGuire, a promising 19-year-old lad who was visiting Montreal when Promoter Osborne, his former coach, wired him to return immediately for the tourney. Osborne's young heavyweight, George Shank, is also promising.

Now that the hockey season is over in Montreal the promoters should shortly be getting their cards on deck. However, there are no promoters definitely in the field but two or three are more than likely to get some action underway according to apparently reliable sources. Maxie Berger, who has been going sensationally in the lightweight ranks around New York, is likely to show his wares, possibly against his old rival, Dave Castilloux, who is now under the direction of Raoul Godbout. Castilloux has been knocking them over in Maine and should be back in his form of last year after a lengthy layoff due to an operation.

Sam Gibbs returned from his nine-week trip with Frankie Martin, his brilliant bantam who holds the Canadian title, as well as rating as a serious challenger for Sixto Escobar's world crown. Gibbs and Martin had some unusual experiences in their travels which carried them to Havana, Cuba, and to Miami, Florida, and other American cities on the way back. Gibbs is ready to pit Martin against Harry Jeffra or Aurel Toma, but Martin is none too popular with his rival contenders, Jeffra, in particular, shunning a meeting with him until he gets a crack at Escobar, whom he twice outscored in non-title bouts.

STRAY SHOTS—Babe McLeod collected more than 120 prizes in his amateur battles . . . . trophies, shields, statuettes, etc., all over his house . . . . has turned more practical now and wants to start collecting cold cash . . . . his loyalty in sticking to his coach, George Smith, is a nice gesture . . . . when McLeod won the North American championship at Boston he became the proud possessor of a handsome belt . . . . Joe Marsh, Montreal welter, rates a shot at Gordon Wallace's Canadian title . . . . he would give Wallace a merry time of it . . . . am not moving this year . . . . address still Apt. 10, 1035 St. Viateur Street, West.

ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS
By G. A. M. TUTTY

BILLY MARQUART, from Winnipeg, a little guy with a big "sock," seems to be heading for the "big time." He flattened his third ring foe in ten days. Billy is the boy who ruled Canada's amateur bantams not so long ago and wore the Maple Leaf in the Olympic ring at Berlin last summer. He turned professional as a featherweight soon after returning from Berlin. They call him "Billy the Bomber" in Winnipeg.

Big George Leslie of Souris Line Road has left Prince Edward Island for the United States. The slugging heavyweight will fight in and around the New England States, it was reported in his home town. A former heavyweight champion of the Province, Leslie lost his title to Jimmy Evans of Kensington, the winner of a "White Hope" tournament run off in Charlottetown.

Joe Gollob, hard-hitting Montreal fighter, is in St. John, New Brunswick, where he intends to start a campaign among the lightweights.

Gussie MacGibbon, the New Waterford lightweight, and "Young" Charlie Leyte of North Sydney, are two good Canadian fighters.

Ted Moore and Dave Cavadas leased the Auditorium in Vancouver, B. C., and are producing weekly fight cards, featuring local boys. Johnny Blochlinger won over Dick Gerrard of Vancouver in the first show.

Shamrock A. C. of St. Catherines, under Jack Leonard, has met with considerable success. Al Stevens at 135 pounds is a smart fighter from this Ontario city. We wish the club lots of luck in 1937.

Maxie Rubin of Montreal lost a four-round decision to Babe LaVarra of Chicago.

"Kid" Lantz may be one of the Provincial Sports Association's big shots, but he was only a very small spoke in Gussie MacLellan's wheel of progress on the card held at the Table Head Club in New Waterford. C. B. MacLellan should be given more work around Cape Breton. He is a good boy.

Tony Odo, New Waterford welterweight, won a decision over Young Dempsey, Sidney, in a ten-round contest. In the semi-final, Gussie MacGibbon and Bucky Sampson, Steel City slugger, stepped around in a two-round exhibition go that ended in a draw. In the other two bouts, Ike Gillis received a decision over Young Dedieu, and Young Nemis and Joe Louis battled to a draw.

Eddie Carroll, Ottawa welterweight, fought Phil Furr and Teddy Loder in New York City, winning the decision over Loder and holding Furr to a draw.

Gordon Thompson of Calgary, Alta., drew with Carl Marks, Los Angeles, on the Killer Coates-Lenglet card in Los Angeles.

Sid Marks, Canadian lightweight of a few years ago, is Lou Daro's "Man Friday" in the wrestling game in California these days.

Mike Martyke, St. Catherines, Ont., beat Ralph Warbardo, Chicago, Ill., in Buffalo, N. Y., and George Bird beat Webster Epperson, Chicago, in five rounds on the same card.

Gordon Wallace of Vancouver, B. C., Canadian welter champion, is in Toronto for his first Eastern defense of his title, and he has taken his time in coming where the best boys are located.

NORTHERN CANADA NEWS
By JACK KELLY

EDDIE McSPORRAN, rugged young Edmonton middleweight, is the first definitely recognized champion to come out of the title eliminations now being staged under the direction of the Western Canada Boxing Federation. McSporran won the Alberta championship in his class here in Edmonton when he outpointed "Sailor" Harry Goodland in a ten-round battle that was promoted by Fred Osborne.

In his climb to the title, McSporran had to defeat Louis Lavoie, former Dominion amateur champion and member of Canada's Olympic team in 1932, Emil Lust of Medicine Hat, Gordon Grayston of Edmonton, and finally Sailor Goodland, former member of the U. S. Navy, who has had over two hundred pro fights on the United States Pacific Coast and in western Canada. McSporran is now ready to meet Smokey Huperville of Regina for what will be the first definitely recognized western Canada championship ever awarded.

Efforts are now being made by Promoter Osborne to bring Huperville and McSporran together here in Edmonton for the western title in the near future.

Eddie Wenstob, the Edmonton light-heavy, who has recently been fighting around St. Paul after an extensive campaign in England, is now back here again. He returned for a tonsil operation, which he came through perfectly.

The most talked of fight in this section is the proposed battle between Wenstob and Jack Tebo of Fairview, Alberta, for the heavyweight title. Wenstob and Tebo are leading contenders for this crown, along with Sonny Buxton of Vancouver and Oliver Shanks.

The most sensational of the present bumper crop of fighters in this section of the Northwest is Mickey McGuire. This middleweight, who is just getting under way, seems to have every potential quality for a national champion. The black-haired Irishman is a born fighter and in his first fight here, scored an instant hit with the fans. He also scored a knockout in the third of a six-rounder over Ben Flood, an unorthodox style of fighter who was tough to handle.

Dick Johnson, the Herculean light-heavy from Ponoka, Alberta, is continuing to develop fast. He hung up his third straight knockout when he put George Tanton of Sedgewick away in the second.

Al Shanks, middleweight cousin to Oliver Shanks, turned in a brilliant knockout over Les Gates of Lloydminster in the second round of their semi-final on the McSporran-Goodland title card. Al expects to fight in Seattle shortly under the promotion of Nate Druxman.

The Shanks family is filled with fighting men. George, the most promising heavyweight to show up in this section in ten years, is now back in training in Edmonton. He was forced to take a three months' layoff when he injured his thumb just before Christmas. He has a terrific wallop in both mitts and has scored quick knockouts in his last six fights. Most of his kayo blows travel less than a foot. He is almost a replica of Jack Dempsey in physique and fights at 195 pounds. He is under a long-term contract to Fred Osborne. He is just nineteen years of age.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS

By BILL DAVEE

THE Joe Louis exhibition entourage that invaded our fair state the past month was a decided flop for promoters and fighters alike.

Although Texas fight fans may not be an ultra-smart set of folks, it is an established fact that high class fighters of the Louis type have lost their appeal here as vaudeville attractions. They insist on fights, not names, and make their wishes known in no uncertain terms by politely remaining at home when "names" are on parade. For instance, in Houston, Joey Parks and Cowboy Owens boxed on a Tuesday night, drawing $2,238. The following night, the Louis exhibition, supported by Tom Beaupre in a ten-round fight, drew $2,190.

Tom Beaupre, highly touted and ballyhooed heavyweight from Dallas, made his initial appearance in Houston on the Louis show, meeting someone by the name of Shropshire, who went out in a couple of rounds from a light blow on the shoulder. Beaupre left a very sour taste in the mouths of the Bayou City fans, for he didn't show that he is a real fighter.

Joey Parks, Eddie Vandeventer's light-heavy sensation, still remains tops in Texas, both as to ability and as a drawing card. The reason: he gives them action. His latest victim was Cowboy Owens, whom Joey belted out in two rounds.

Incidentally, Pete Malone, a stablemate of Parks, stepped out as the best heavyweight in these parts, by blasting out a knockout victory over Tommy Blanton in nine rounds. Malone is a young Irish kid with the kick of a mule in either hand, and for the writer's money, can flatten any heavy around at present. Vandeventer certainly has a pair of aces in Parks and Malone.

Jo Jo Passante, Houston featherweight, made it 100 consecutive victories when he won over Joe Lucero. Jo Jo has had 80 amateur and 20 pro fights, and has never failed to come home in front. During the month, he stopped Frankie Wallace in nine, beat Lucero in six, knocked out Red Roberts in seven, Joe Angie in three and won from Raul Gomez in ten. He is a youngster of nineteen summers with apparently everything it takes to reach the top. He appears to be ready for the best now.

Tiger Pelon is another youngster with a promise. This nineteen-year-old welter stepped into the ten-round class with a great win over rugged Bob La Monti.

Sully Montgomery, former heavyweight star, has bobbed up with a couple of the best prospects we have seen in a long time in the Elder twins, James and Joe. Both are recent recruits from the amateur ranks and are undefeated as pros. James turned in a neat win over hard punching Sonny Smyer, and Joe did likewise against Tiger Pelon.

George Salvadore proved conclusively that he is the best welter in this neck of the woods by punching out a very decisive and one-sided win over Tracy Cox. Salvadore and his affable manager, Jack Thurmond, left following the Cox fight for California, where George has several fights booked.

Several new clubs have gotten under way within the past month. Port Arthur, Corpus Christi, Harlingen, Ft. Worth and Shreveport started with a bang and are looking forward to a fine summer season.

Oscar Mathews, Negro heavyweight, billed as the "King Kong of the South," showed his wares in Galveston against one billed as Jim Williams. It was about the worst "fight" ever staged in the island city, as both seemed to be rank strangers to boxing gloves, and Williams went out in three rounds without ever throwing a punch. It was a blow to Dr. Mihovil and Ralph Smith, who have been gradually building the town up to good houses.

Battling Burroughs, the rough club fighter, wound up a strenuous two months' campaign with ten straight wins, and is taking a rest on his farm. His most notable wins were over Toots Bernstein, Bill Raggio, Ventura Arana and Bob Lamonti.

Promoter Hugh Benbow continues to pack them in at his Olympia Arena in Houston. Here are the figures for the month: March 2, Parks-Blanton, $2,120; March 9, Salvadore-Cox, $2,303; March 16, Owens-Tiger, $1,563; March 23, Parks-Owens, $2,238; March 30, Burroughs-Arana, $1,862.

Amos Tiger, a middleweight imported from Florida, where he was supposed to be a whirlwind, forgot to duck one of Cowboy Owens' right-hand tee shots, and went out in three heats. Owens is one sweet puncher, but has the very bad habit of blocking too many punches with his face.

Maxie Rosenbloom slapped out an easy decision over Tom Beaupre. Rosey still is plenty cagy and has far too much on the ball for the current crop of youngsters.

Billy Hood, Shreveport light-heavy, showed exceptional ability in trouncing Mickey Breen and Maxie Long. Hood is a good fighter and will in all probability be seen against such boys as Joey Parks and Buddy Scott in the near future.

The writer's address: Houston *Press*, Houston, Texas. Always glad to do a favor to anyone connected with the fight game.

OTHER RESULTS OVER THE STATE—Mike Pereira K.O.'ed Paul Lasiter and beat Dick Porter, but was held to a draw by Ramon Torres. Torres was beaten by Dick Porter and Lou Beard. Beard lost to Joe Lucero, who is about the best lightweight around. Pete Malone K.O.'ed Marshall Grosso and Tommy Blanton. Billy Deeg stopped Vincent Lopez. Battling Burroughs beat Dick Porter. Sonny Smyer flattened Mickey Dundee and beat Young Sena, but dropped a close one to James Elder. Haywood Storey stopped Launcelot Johnson.

Frank Peirron, former amateur star of Port Arthur, made his pro debut an eventful one with a K.O. victory over Dallas Goodwin. Emory Latiolas and Pete Girolamo, also former Port Arthur Simon-pure stars, beat Jimmy Fox and stopped Harry Benson, respectively. Ralph Vitela won over Tommy Fox and Emory Latiolas. Earl Crowe beat Chet Gideon and Jack Rodriquez. Rodriquez defeated Cy Vester. Red Crisp beat Ed Wilson, drew with Lee Stanfield and lost to Chet Gideon. Sonny Smyer beat Santos Delgado and drew with Bob Kirkland. Jakey Nanziz won from Johnny Owens. Paul Lasiter beat Dallas Goodwin. Goodwin knocked out Bobby Hunt. Jack Ellis won from Arthur Espree. James Elder K.O.'ed Dallas Goodwin. Joe Elder beat Paul Lasiter and K.O.'ed Erwin Cude and Pete Bertilino. Billy Parks drew with Lee Stanfield. Maxie Long K.O.'ed Ted Way.

$250 OFFERED

For One complete set—Bound Volumes The Ring Magazine

From 1922 to 1936 inclusive

MUST BE IN Very Good Condition

Address—M. WALSH

30 WILLARD AVENUE, MOUNT VERNON, N.Y.

WHY RACK YOUR BRAIN?

Why worry what to give your boy, your sweetheart or your daddy for a gift?

We have just what he'll most cherish—several new sports books which will furnish him with hours of enjoyable reading.

You make your choice—we will do the rest.

Here are the latest sports books, highly recommended by Nat Fleischer, Editor and Publisher of The Ring:

1—"From Milo to Londos"

The story of Wrestling through the ages—from 2000 B.C. to 1936. Highly illustrated with more than 100 photographs. By NAT FLEISCHER.—Price $3.25.

2—The Revised edition of "Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana"

Brought up-to-date. Autographed to the recipient by the author, NAT FLEISCHER. Price $1.25

3—"Relief to Royalty"

The story of the career of Jimmy Braddock. By "LUD."—Price $1.25.

4—"Everything Happened to Him"

The story of Tex Rickard's life as told by MRS. RICKARD. A true and humane story of the greatest sports promoter of all time. Price $2.50.

5—"The Bruiser"

The greatest story on a fighting man's career ever written by this famed author. Realistic. His fighting talk holds you spellbound.—By JIM TULLY.—Price $2.00.

7—"Knockout"

Another great boxing contribution by CHARLES FRANCIS COE. A fast moving novel telling the inner story of the fight game.—Price $2.00.

8 — "The Story of The Olympic Games," from 776 B.C. to 1936 A.D.

By JOHN KIERAN.—Price $3.50.

Order by number from The Ring Book Shop, 825 8th Avenue, Madison Square Garden, N. Y. City, N. Y. U.S.A.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Please send me Books No.
For which find Money Order check or cash.
(If foreign, don't send a Postal Order—Ask for a MONEY-ORDER as a Postal Order cannot be cashed in the U.S.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

NORMENT QUARLES, the North Carolina lightweight, decisively defeated Freddie Miller, Cincinnati's former 126-pound king, in an overweight match during the current month at Music Hall, Cincinnati. In the semi-windup, Johnny Kayo Stevens, Cincinnati, won the ten-round duke from Quarles' stablemate, Stumpy Jacobs. It was an even night for North Carolina and Ohio.

Quarles was immediately matched with Stevens for the first week in April. Matchmaker Jimmy Shevlin, Jr., secured the Armory for this match as Music Hall was unavailable due to Maxwell Katz's second Roller Skate Derby. The latter was delayed for a few days due to the tragic bus crash in Missouri in which over nineteen skaters slated to appear in the Cinci roller derby were killed.

Bill Garrison's Columbus Al George strengthened his somewhat present claim on the Ohio lightweight championship when he defeated Kenny Manes, Buzz Martin and Jerry Martin in recent matches. Promoter Rebel Howard at Kenton, Ohio, had the George victory over Manes as his main eventer. George's other two wins were scored in Dayton, O.

Still booming down the fistic trail is the new middleweight champion of Indiana, Wendall Bubp, the Portland, Ind., slugger. Bubp, after cleaning up everything within Indiana at 160 pounds, is now invading Kentucky and Ohio and is going great guns in his smooth, coming up way. Bubp knocked out Billy Merz of Toledo in the seventh at Dayton. Bubp and his manager, Archie Hindman of Hagerstown, are ready for the leaders of the middleweight division.

Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana seem to be the mecca of promising material in the battling ranks. While Indiana has its Wendall Bubp and Jimmy Buckler, Ohio is coming along with Lloyd Pine, Johnny Stevens and several other lesser lights.

Speaking of Buckler, Jimmy is now going great around Indianapolis and his manager, H. B. Ferguson, is looking for youngsters wishing to break into the game under his direction. Ferguson can be reached direct at 30 West 21st St., in Indianapolis.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Bob Nestell is your next heavy champ, so says my brother, Charlie Amann of Los Angeles . . . . And Charlie picked Schmeling, Dempsey and Tunney . . . . Wonder if he's on the right track with Nestell? . . . . Leo Rittenour dropped a close decision to Lloyd Pine on a recent upstate Red Cross relief program . . . . Before two thousand fight hungry fans at Centerville, Ind., Wendall Bubp won the Indiana middleweight title by beating Karl Martin of Indianapolis in ten rounds . . . . Joe Basco has a New York promoter's word that Pine will be fighting in the big town within the next month . . . . Pat Wright is packing them in at his Fort Lauderdale, Fla., club . . . . Pat is A-1 as matchmaker and the former pilot of good days Cecil Payne has a mighty nifty head on him . . . . G. C. Williams, Cinci politician and former fight manager, is getting the itch to get back in the game as a promoter . . . . So comes the red hot word from G. C.'s downtown offices . . . . Phil Shapiro is still plugging to get his Chink, Ralph Chong, in around Ohio.

Jack Strike and Ben Golden, merging forces and stables, have a crack group of scrappers under their direction out of New York City, and the combine seems to be headed by heavyweight Tiger Jack Fox . . . . Jack Lofthouse's Mexican featherweight, Henry Huerta, seems to be quite an attraction in Dayton, Ohio, for Promoter Jim Dowling has used Huerta against Buckler and Paul Lee and Gem City fans are demanding the Mexican's soonest return . . . . Carmen Cook, former lightweight, is looking for talent . . . . You can reach Cook at 270 Frank St., Bridgeport, Conn. . . . . Likewise Pinkey Lou Masters at P. O. Box 1396, Savannah, Ga. . . . . A closing word for Don Koons, the amateur heavyweight: If Koons had been in the last amateur tourney in Cincinnati, it wouldn't have been printed Ed Hackley, Toledo, heavyweight champion.

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

CHICAGO promoters are making preparations for a successful outdoor season, despite the fact that one of the poorest indoor sessions in the ten-year history of legalized boxing in this state has just ended.

Not one major show was held in January, February and March of this year. As a result, fans had to rely on the neighborhood clubs for entertainment, most important of these being Marigold Gardens, Broadway and Grace Street.

The club, one of the most popular in the country, is understood to be the only one conducting weekly cards here to show a profit at the end of the season.

Capacity crowds were in attendance at two of three shows offered in January, three of four held in February, and five programs in five presented in March.

Co-promoters Irving Schoenwald and Jack Begun, who previously had sub-leased the Marigold arena from Maurice Rivkin, became sole lessees of the building for seven years on March 22. So immediately after conducting a card topped by Harold Brown and Gaston Le Cadre, they started plans to enlarge both the indoor and adjacent outdoor arena.

Meanwhile, Morrie Feldman, North Side; Billy Cepak, West Side, and Mique Malloy, South Side, continue promotional operations in the hope of emerging with a big fight this summer.

Barney Abel, erstwhile fighter and manager, died suddenly a few weeks ago at the age of sixty-five. He died penniless, although reputed to have earned about $100,000 from boxing. Abel was one of the most skillful fighters in the ring forty years ago. He fought in various countries until his retirement. About fifteen years ago he joined Kid Howard in conducting a gymnasium at Clark and Madison Streets. He also represented several leading boxers, including Sammy Mandell and Wolcott Langford. When the depression came, Abel turned to politics and for the last two years was Democratic precinct captain of the forty-third ward. He was employed as a counter clerk in the recorder's office. He resided for the last thirteen years at the Story Hotel, 2113 Sedgwick Street.

A few days after Abel's death, Joseph J. Mullen, father of James C. Mullen, Chicago Stadium promotion director, died of a heart attack while at work. He was eighty-four years old. He is survived by four sons, James, Thomas, an attorney; Joseph, Jr., and John, and three daughters, Mrs. Thomas Cummings, Mrs. Thomas Wright, and Mrs. John Gutzen. Boxing notables in attendance at the funeral included Secretary of State Hughes, one of the sponsors of the Illinois boxing law; Gene Meany, former secretary of the state athletic commission, who was in line for an appointment as a commissioner to fill the vacancy created by the death of Packey McFarland; and Jack O'Keefe of the West Side. The commission was represented by Inspector Bill Bolton and Phil Collins, referee.

Paul Beeler, timer at the second battle between Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey, was publicity director for the bout between John Henry Lewis, light-heavyweight title-holder, and Harold (Millionaire) Murphy at Omaha, Neb., in April.

Frankie Doyle, trainer of Maxie Rosenbloom, former 175-pound king, stopped off in the Loop en route to Detroit to purchase training equipment from Sammy Frager for Rosenbloom's encounter with Pete Malone at the Olympia.

Chet Le Vere, Chicago Golden Gloves light-heavyweight graduate, was in quest of his fifteenth triumph in eighteen battles as a professional in a ten-round bout against Johnny Erjavec of Duluth, Minn., at Majestic Arena.

Herbie Baker, middleweight member of the St. Norbert High School boxing team, established training quarters at Trafton's Gymnasium during the Easter holidays. Barney Ross was impressed by the young Green Bay, Wis., boxer's form.

TEN YEARS AGO IN THE RING—Bud Taylor, Terre Haute, Ind., who was recognized as bantamweight champion in eighteen states, was presented with a diamond studded belt emblematic of the championship. The presentation was made at Sullivan, Ind., where Promoter James C. Mullen announced that Taylor had signed to defend the crown against Tony Canzoneri of New York at Wrigley Field in June . . . . Harry Forbes, Columbus, O., 121-pound boxer, beat Harold Smith of the Stockyards in the ten-round wind-up of Henry Stickel's card at Eagles' Hall, 5247 Madison Street . . . . Paulino Uzcudun, Spanish heavyweight, won his second contest in the United States by beating Tom Heeney, wayfarer from New Zealand, in ten rounds at New York. Tex Rickard promoted the affair . . . . Jack Kearns, manager of Mickey Walker, middleweight monarch, came to Chicago to confer with Jim Mullen regarding a prospective title match against Dave Shade.

IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

AT Scranton—In the only boxing show of the month at the Scranton Armory, conducted by the Scranton Sporting Club, Charlie Loughran, brother of the famous Tommy of Philadelphia, decisioned Roxy Allen of Camden, N. J., in the featured eight-round bout. Allen was a last-minute substitute for Chester Palutis, who was forced to withdraw due to the death of his father, who died the night previous.

In the six-round semi-final, "Wild Bill" Fogarty of Rochester, N. Y., outpointed "Young" Hippo, Edwardsville "giant." "Big" Jack Downey, 200 pound, 6 ft. 5½ in. Goliath from Scranton, lost a split verdict to Chester Bart of Dickson City. In another bout scheduled for six rounds, Al Walker of New York kayoed Johnny Snyder of Wilkes-Barre in three rounds. Al Nevers of Scranton kayoed Johnny Miller in the first round of a scheduled six. In the opening bout, Joe "Caveman" Stevens of Scranton, stopped Jimmy Sharkey of Hazleton in the third round.

In another boxing show at Scranton, Henry Palmeri of Cleveland, outpointed Red Finnegan of New York in the star bout of ten rounds. In the semi-final, Pete Susky of Scranton kayoed Paul Cortney of Taylor in the fifth round. Jackie Munley, fast rising middleweight from Old Forge, decisioned Young Gaylord of Binghamton in six rounds. Danny Dell of Dunmore lost to Rego Dell, another Dunmorean, in four rounds. In the opening bout of four rounds, Gene McCauligan of Scranton beat Joie Dunn of Taylor.

In the best boxing show of the month at Scranton, Tony Rock of Mayfield won a three-way split decision over Mickey Serrian of Scranton. The contest was hard fought throughout and should have been called a draw. Rock, being a last-minute sub for Wildcat O'Connor, present welterweight champ of the Coal Fields, who was forced to pull out due to a sore back and a heavy cold. After watching Rock and Serrian perform, the writer is convinced that O'Connor is the best thing in his division hereabouts. In another bout scheduled for six rounds, Johnny Vandurek, hard-punching welterweight from Scranton, was deprived of a well earned decision over Johnny Greycar of Hazleton. Papers claim Vandurek won at least four out of the six rounds and should have gotten the duke.

At Hazleton—In the first boxing show conducted by the writer here, Rex Fallabell of Hazleton outpointed "Irish" Joe Nealon of Scranton in a hard fought battle which was the eight-round star attraction. Jimmy Young, Italian middleweight from Dunmore, drew in six rounds with Johnny Tillman, Hazleton. Young and Tillman provided action plus and will be back headlining one of the future shows. In another six-round affair, Johnny Vandurek of Scranton kayoed Mickey Bellettere of Hazleton in five rounds. Jack Downey of Scranton lost to Jimmy Sharkey of Hazleton, while Danny Dempsey of Scranton drew with Patsy Gall of Freeland in six rounds.

JUST RAMBLING—Eddie Brink, Scranton's leading lightweight, lost a close eight-round verdict to Leonard Del Genio at the Bronx Coliseum . . . . Jackie Munley of Old Forge beat Joie Ryan in eight rounds at Philadelphia . . . . Eddie Brink, in his second New York appearance of the month, drew with Maxie Berger in eight rounds of a return match . . . . Steve Kahley of Hazleton beat Johnny Pastor in eight rounds at Lancaster . . . . Paul (Doc) Stenson, Armory announcer, is one of the best in the state . . . . Jack Hennessey, Scranton promoter, will try to secure the local ball park for outdoor boxing . . . . Fight managers will do well to contact him . . . . He is a member of the old school and easy to do business with . . . . Jimmy Young is back ready for action . . . . Young was forced to cancel his last two fights due to a broken nose . . . . The following boys are training daily at Father Luke Holly's St. Patrick's gym: Jack Downey, Jimmy Young, Pat Henehan, "Irish" Joe Nealon, Danny Dempsey, Johnny Vandurek, Chester Palutis, "Midget" Mickey Walker, Joe Petronis, Mickey Barron, Al Lewis, Pete Susky, Joe Tassie, Wildcat O'Connor, Al Nevers and others of lesser prominence.

Mickey Barron is still the buzzsaw of old . . . . His battle with Al Lewis is still being talked about by the local fight crowd . . . . Mickey has met such stars of the squared circle as Mike Belloise, Al Roth, Orville Drouillard (beating him twice in ten-round battles), Frankie Wallace, Jimmy Vaughan, and others . . . . The entire fight element in Scranton were at Spec's Book Shop waiting to buy THE RING to read the story about Wildcat O'Connor, which was held out due to lack of space . . . . The writer assured them that a picture of the "Cat," who is the owner of a gold belt (presented by Nat Fleischer of THE RING) emblematic of the welterweight championship of the Anthracite Regions . . . . O'Connor is the best liked fighter in the Coal Belt, his admirers wonder why he isn't rated with the ten best of his division . . . . His record for 1936 stands out with the best of his division . . . . In his last 19 fights, O'Connor had only two verdicts rendered against him.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES
By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

A STATE boxing commission has been organized which will affiliate with the National Boxing Association. As is often the case, officials were selected who were politically appointed. The chairman is to receive the sum of $2,500 a year and the secretary is to be paid $1,700.

Boxing and wrestling appear to be in a tough position while the state boxing commission is in existence. The newspapers of this state, as well as the whole fight paying folks, are knocking it.

Phil Shapiro, New York manager, was on the verge of selling Ralph Chong's contract for $150. However, twenty-four hours before the contracts were to be signed, Phil received engagements for Ralph that netted him over nine hundred dollars in one month. Phil called the transaction off.

At Houston, Georgie Salvadore whipped Tracy Cox (ten), welterweights . . . . Earl Dixon, Georgia state bantamweight kingpin, is attending college . . . . Though he won the first encounter to shove Wesley Ramey down the pugilistic ladder, Carl Guggino of Tampa did not fare so well with the former in their second setto. Wesley took the duke at Grand Rapids . . . . Hugh Benbow is hustling to bring the sport back to Houston, and a mighty fine job he is doing . . . . At Dallas, Maxie Rosenbloom slapped and employed many other means to take the nod over gangling Tom Beaupre. On the same card, Billy Hood, lashing Florida middleweight, scored over Max Long.

At Wheeling, W. Va., Billy Miller shaded Lloyd Pine. They are bantams . . . . I wonder why it is that Memphis cannot stage fights regularly? . . . . W. L. Wittich of Pensacola is praising the ring aspirations of his thirteen-year-old protege, James Harvey Butler. In ten bouts, James has won seven, drew in one, lost one and scored one knockout . . . . Jack Chancey, on the other hand, is exploiting his star lightweight, Neno Falzone.

Natie Brown of Washington lambasted Big Boy Brackey at Buffalo . . . . Wesley Ramey shaded Dominic Mancini at Louisville . . . . The ever-popular Chino Alvarez, who is aces in Southern rings, flattened Jackie Kid Kelly at Sarasota . . . . Melio Bettina scored over Joe Lipps at West Palm Beach . . . . Cowboy Marlin Owens stiffened Amos Tiger at Houston . . . . Barney Brock continues to be the South's best heavyweight prospect.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

WICHITA, KANS.—Joe Louis stopped Seal Harris, his sparring partner, in two rounds and worked a full three rounds with Tommy Dixon, another stable mate. The show was of very mediocre caliber and did not give the fans much to think about, and neither can such barnstorming keep a boxer in condition, as it was a poor workout for all concerned. Owing to two boxers not showing up, a change at the last minute was made. Clyde Freeman, a middleweight, was knocked out in two rounds by Louis Hefley, a heavyweight. Raymond Cook shaded Earl Bartholomew. White Rhoads and Joie Harnandez fought four rounds to a draw. Kenny Hill stopped Jack Hagerman in one round. A fair crowd witnessed the show.

Les Showers, the top man among amateur boxing directors in the United States, filled the Arena at Albuquerque, New Mexico, to capacity all three nights and turned them away. Promoters in that section are agog at the tremendous turnout Showers had. Les has many spots in view and enough work ahead to keep him busy the next two years. He is one promoter that keeps going twelve months of the year.

Scammon, Kans.—Billy Atkinson and Steve Salina, former professional boxers, are staging shows weekly at Croweburg, Kans., and having good crowds each show. They are using only amateur boxers and selecting the best talent for each show. Any fighters in this section wishing to show there, get in touch with Atkinson at Scammon, Kans.

Wichita, Kans.—The American Legion is staging a four states amateur boxing tournament this month. Kansas, Oklahoma, Missouri and Nebraska boxers will compete in the tourney. Harry Ortmeyer will direct the tournament and Jack Slattery will have charge of the training of Wichita boxers. And to friends of Jack Slattery, let me give you this news—Jack is the father of a baby girl, born March 21.

Bob Capocy, Chicago manager of a good stable of pro fighters, toured the South recently and met up with Hugh Benbow of Houston, Texas, who promotes in that city. He praises Benbow very highly and says he is one of the finest fellows he met and did business with on his tour, and that pro boxers heading South would do well to get in contact with him.

IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO
By SHERIDAN BROWN

THE reign of "Sunny Jim" McVey as Knocker-outer Number One of the Bay Area came to a violent end when Hank Hankinson, the Akron, O., Swede, flattened the colored man in approximately two minutes of what was to have been a ten-round setto at the Oakland Municipal Auditorium.

Eight thousand fans, lured by the prospect of watching two poisonous hitters in action, were brought to their feet seconds after the initial gong when Hankinson dropped a right hand on McVey's chin and the Pittsburgher hit the canvas with a crash that shook the rafters. Upon his arising at the six-count, Hankus-pankus let fly again—with the same result—down went McVey. This procedure was closely followed a third time, at which juncture Referee Jimmy Duffy decided that enough was enough. McVey was badly hurt and another of the Swede's poleaxing wallops might have wrought serious damage.

The semi-windup was a sensational affair, Al Laboa of San Jose coming back from a terrific pasting to stretch Jerome Lewis, colored middleweight, in the fourth round.

As a result of injuries suffered in a bout with Glenn Lee, our "Babe" Marino needed hospital care. Lee gave the popular Mission Italian a terrific thumping in their Hollywood bout, Referee George Blake stopping it in the eighth round.

Still defying the man with the whiskers, Young Corbett III began his umpteenth "comeback" attempt by registering a fifth-round technical knockout win over Gus Lesnevich, hardy Russian battler, in a battle which attracted a large crowd to the Dreamland Auditorium. The former welterweight monarch had his hand lifted by Referee Toby Irwin with Lesnevich suffering from severe cuts over both eyes, the most serious of which being opened when the Fresno forkhander accidentally butted Gus early in the fifth round. Which all went to start arguments as to whether Irwin, instead of awarding the fight to Corbett, should rather have called it a draw, or "no contest."

In our humble opinion, Corbett was indeed guilty of butting the Russian, though we are positive that it was accidental, because never has there been any doubt as to the Italian's ring ethics. He's a clean fighter. But, because he was guilty of the foul, why should he be awarded a victory brought about by illegitimate means?

A few weeks later Corbett tangled with young Dale Sparr, a product of the Navy rings, and Corbett was pretty fortunate to grab the decision after ten hectic rounds during which Sparr, a modern Bat Nelson, swarmed all over the veteran. Corbett piled up points with his vicious portside shots and perhaps did have a deciding edge, though the assemblage roundly hooted the decision. Dale is a tough kid, a great crowd pleaser, and will probably be up among the best in his division before many months go by.

Most experts are of the opinion that Young Corbett's 31-year-old legs can no longer stand the brunt of active campaigning—that he'll never fight his way to a match with Steele. Be that as it may, it still takes a mighty good boy to lick the smart southpaw from the Raisin City.

Suey Welch, one of the most capable managers in the game, had to dispose of his string of battlers when he accepted the matchmaking duties at the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles. Welch was handling a very capable troupe of leather tossers, among them Lesnevich, Hankinson, Gorilla Jones and Al Manfredo. Seems to be doing well in his new post, putting on a great bout between Andre Lenglet and Alberto Lovell, a sweet heavyweight bout.

Speaking of Lenglet, he seems to be a great fighter only when the chips are down. Either that or Lovell, former Olympic Games champ, is quite a heavyweight. Alberto whipped the big Frenchman after Andre had electrified local fight fans with a pair of kayo wins over Phil Brubaker, whom Tom Laird of the *News* chooses to refer to as the "Dynamited Dinuban."

Johnny Martin, classy little Indian flyweight from Phoenix, Ariz., who was a sensation here a few years back in the Tri-State and Diamond Belt tournaments, is now doing his battling for shekels and plans an active campaign in California. He got off on the wrong foot by dropping a nod to Jackie Jurich of San Jose, but then Jurich is one of the best prospects to crop up in quite some time.

Fighting his first important main event, pitted against a ranking bantamweight, Young Joe Roche, pride of the North Beach, turned in a nice fight but dropped the decision to Pancho Leyvas, slashing Los Angeles Mexican, who has been in there with Salica, Montana, Armstrong, Dano and other topnotchers.

Handicapped by a cut eye which Leyvas opened in the second round, Roche nevertheless gave his foe a tough tussle for six rounds only to tire badly in the later stanzas. Leyvas was pouring it on aplenty in the latter portion of the scrap and won going away.

It was a good lesson for Roche—though being his first defeat in thirty fights, it hurt. He still is a sweet little prospect and will scale the heights yet, believe me.

George Theodoratos, 217-pound Greek Adonis, gained sweet revenge on Chet Shandell, 225, in the six-round semi-windup. A few months ago Shandell knocked George cold in the first round of a Los Angeles fight. Theodoratos asked for the rematch and, his request granted, he proceeded to hammer the big stevedore all over the Civic Auditorium battle pit, flooring him three times and knocking out two of his tusks with a piledriving right hand. If Theodoratos did appear a bit cautious in following up his advantages, it is excusable in that Shandell, a tremendous one-punch fighter, is liable to rock anyone to dreamland with one of his right-hand swipes.

Dick Foster, the up-and-coming Berkeley middleweight, looked like a pretty fair fighting man when he knocked out Tiger Floyd of Oakland in one of the preliminaries, as did George Anderson, big Daly City heavyweight, who punched Ralph Pancoast all over the place for four rounds.

The city of Sacramento was the scene of this year's National Intercollegiate Boxing Championships, and after three nights of bruising warfare, the following eight champions were crowned:

115 pounds—Ray Petragallo, Washington State College.
125 pounds—Carl Eckstrom, North Dakota University.
135 pounds—Ben Alperstein, University of Maryland.
145 pounds—Rolly Shumway, University of Idaho.
155 pounds—Ed McKinnon, Washington State.
165 pounds—Ray Matulewicz, Duke University.
175 pounds—Louis Schmidt, University of Virginia.
Heavyweight—Harry Mullins, Mississippi State.

Incidentally, Shumway is the boy who once knocked out Fred Apostoli when Freddie was a Simon-pure. Matulewicz, who looks a lot like Apostoli, was the class of the three-night stand, whipping opponents without too much trouble.

Louis Nova, former amateur heavyweight champion of every place excepting Abyssinia, returned to the scene of his amachoor conquests, appearing against Nash Garrison, San Jose Mexican, at the Oakland Auditorium. A vastly improved fighter since he last boxed locally, Nova gave the Mexican a bad beating before knocking him out in the sixth round. Nova, a plenty heavy hitter, had Garrison on the deck for about five different counts before settling him for keeps with a right to the jaw.

Dick Foster, Berkeley's 160-pound darling, trounced colored Jerome Lewis in the six-round semi-windup.

Plans are afoot to use Nova against some of the better heavies hereabouts, perhaps Lenglet or Sonny Walker. But perhaps Los Angeles could get Larruping Louie in there with Bobby Nestell, which, we assure you, would be sump'n!

Marty Simmons, the roly-poly Saginaw, Mich., middleweight, whom nobody will get in there with, decided to pick on the light-heavies and as his first 175-pound antagonist, chose Emilio Martinez, Denver southpaw. Simmons walloped Martinez pretty thoroughly in the Oakland ring and now seems to have run out of opponents again.

On the same bill, Frankie Hammer of Oakland went the ten-round route with Charlie Belanger, the Canadian, which was declared a draw.

Young Peter Jackson, claimant to the state lightweight crown, won a decision over Johnny Dias in ten rounds at San Jose. In a second full-length feature, Horace Mann, former amateur star, punched out an exciting ten-round win over Santos Hugo, rugged Filipino bantam.

A few weeks before, Mann was given a decision over Speedy Dado at Stockton. It was evidently not a very good decision, for the Filipino fans got rather angry, nearly wrecked the auditorium and caused the city fathers to close said auditorium to the ringmen.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS
By T. W. McNIEL

AT Estancia, N. M.—Jim Perry, Fort Sumner heavyweight, won an easy ten-round decision over Eddie Cerda, Brooklyn mauler. Cerda was spotting his rugged opponent nearly twenty pounds and the handicap was far too much to overcome. Perry had a big edge in eight of the sessions. It was Perry's first start in nearly six months.

Don Anderson and Bob Vinson, heavyweights, mauled their way through eight rounds to a draw in the semi-windup.

At Fort Sumner, N. M.—In one of the best battles in New Mexico's history, Joe Perry, local lightweight, annexed the state 133-pound title in a bout with Tiny Garcia of Santa Fe. Perry won seven of the ten rounds from the durable "Matador."

Joe Garcia, brother of Tiny's, defeated tough Dick Vick, Fort Sumner welterweight, in a torrid six-round semi-final.

At Pueblo, Colo.—Ted Garcia, featherweight champion of the Dakotas, pounded out a ten-round decision over Ernie Lara, Pueblo, Colo., 126-pound champ. Lara scored a knockdown in the second, but Garcia enjoyed a big lead in most of the other rounds.

Eddie Cerda surprised the large crowd by stabbing out an eight-round win over Cyclone Lynch, Walsenburg heavyweight, in the semi-windup. Cerda was drafted in at the last moment as a sub for Bob Vinson, who was taken ill.

At Belen, N. M.—Abie Chavez, Belen bantamweight, pounded out a ten-round decision over Chato Laredo, veteran Juarez warrior. The battle-scarred Laredo stepped out and won the two opening heats with ease, but from then on to the final bell, it was all Chavez's fight.

Denver—We out here in the towering Rockies got our first peek at Joe Louis, when the Brown Bomber appeared in an exhibition at the Stockyards Stadium. Joe belted out two big slow-hoofed gentlemen answering to the names of Seal Harris and Eddie Malcolm, in two rounds each. Harris, with a paunch like a well-fed alderman, crawled through the ropes and quit when Joe dug a couple of stiff lefts into his oversize tummy. Malcolm and the Bomber put on a fair exhibition for the two rounds Eddie lasted.

The crowd of three thousand poured nearly four thousand dollars into the till.

Quite a few of the gentry went away raving what an open target Joe is for a right. Maybe so, maybe so, but this humble judge of fisticuffs has a few hard-earned bucks that he would like to put on Josephus to take Schmeling and Braddock, either singly or collectively, being a confirmed die-hard of the first water.

Babe Shosky has his star middleweight, Young Joe Louis, out on the Pacific Coast gunning for some of the better known talent. Well, some of the boys are due an unpleasant surprise when they tangle horns with the Walsenburg "Thunderbolt."

At Denver, Colo.—Hank Bath's long awaited "comeback" struck a snag in the person of Cowboy Frankie Edgren, veteran Denver mauler. Edgren was given the decision at the end of ten torrid rounds, after both boys had been bounced off the floor. The Cowboy was floored for no count in the second round, only to hop back up and put Hankus flat on his back with almost his next punch.

The Fort Morgan mauler piled up a big early lead, only to have Edgren come back and take the latter rounds almost at will. Bath was floored twice in the last round and barely survived the attack.

The result was a big upset, since Bath was favored to win going away. Hank was plainly rusty from his long layoff. The bout was his first since his defeat at the hands of Billy Treest a year ago.

At Hobbs, N. M.—Billy Firpo, Las Vegas welterweight, scored a knockout over rugged Dynamite Tito of Albuquerque, in the seventh round of a scheduled ten-round bout.

On the same card, Mexican Pete Regal, Borger, Texas, stopped Ernie Townsend of Snyder, Texas, in the fourth round of a savage slugging bee.

At Springer, N. M.—Billy Firpo continued his winning ways by taking a ten-round decision over Mexican Pete Regal, Borger, Tex., battler. Regal was down in the seventh for a nine count. The pair are welters.

Frankie Higgins, Las Vegas 118-pounder, and Ernie Cordova, Wagon Mound, fought a slashing six-round draw in the semi-windup.

At Hobbs, N. M.—Billy Firpo seems to be one of the busiest boys in the Southwest at the present time. Two weeks after taking the measure of Dynamite Tito, he came back to score a technical kayo over Kid Perez of El Paso, Texas. Perez was badly outclassed and chucked the fight after taking a thorough drubbing.

Pete Regal and Buzz Woods fought a nip-and-tuck six-round melee, with Regal getting a disputed decision. The latter pair are welterweights.

Incidentally, Joe M. Roybal, Las Vegas promoter, is about the busiest ring maestro in the Southwest. Right now, he is running shows in Las Vegas, Hobbs, Clovis, Terrero and Santa Fe, in addition to co-promoting at Springer.

The writer recommends Roybal to any boys wishing to show their wares out in this region. Mail addressed to Joe M. Roybal, Boxing Promoter, Las Vegas, N. M., will reach him. He is especially interested in contacting some new talent. All weights.

The writer has a complete list of active promoters out in this neck of the woods that you can have for ten cents. Will also answer any questions relative to the mitt industry out here, but please inclose return postage if you expect a reply. Address all mail to T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

G. Gavin, Denver, Colo.—One person's opinion is no better than the next fellow's, but personally, I think Jack Johnson stands head and shoulders above any other heavyweight champion. How would he have shaped up against Jim Braddock? Don't make me laugh.

MAINE MITT MORSELS
By CHARLEY MILLER

AT Lewiston—K. O. Tardiff, 144, of Topsham, put the K.O. on Lee Anderson, 155, Bangor, in the fifth round. Anderson staggered Tardiff early in the fight and had the Topsham battler down for the count of seven, but Tardiff rallied, wore the Negro down with hard, right-hand punches to the head and body, and won with a left to the solar plexus.

In a six-round semi-final, Battling Violette, 128, Lewiston, stopped Art Faucher, 130, Portland, in the second heat. Dave White, 165, of Harpswell, kayoed Eddie Burke, 164, Portland, in the third. John Nash of Lisbon hung a left on the chin of Tiger White of Lewiston in the first for a K.O., while Roy King of Lewiston gave K. O. Gagnon of Lewiston a terrible beating for a round and the bout was stopped.

At Orono—Floyd Atwell of Wilton won on a technical K.O. from Billy Gallagher of Somerville, Mass., in the sixth. Emile Dupuis of Old Town knocked out Gabby Gibbs of Orono in the second. In the top four, Kid Roberts of Bangor fought a draw with Mickey Flynn of Bucksport, while Al Morency of Old Town won a technical K.O. over Jack Chase of Orono in two. In the opening, Cyclone Willette of Old Town stopped Kid Clair of Orono in three heats. A large crowd witnessed the show in St. Mary's Hall.

Ray McIntyre of Montreal will box some of the first class middleweights in and around Maine this summer. His first start will be in June at an outdoor arena. He will train at Charley Miller's camps and will stay in Maine all summer. The writer will bring in some high class boxers to meet this lad from Canada. His first start will be in Waterville and his opponent will be one of the best middleweights in the East.

At Rockland—Butch Wooster of Rockland won over Tommy Burns of Bangor at Rockland. In the semi-final, Bobby Campbell of Brewer had his own way with Rookie Wright of Belfast. Campbell is the latest sensation in these parts and no doubt will get places. Slasher Porter of Rockland and Barney Campbell of Brewer went four rounds to a draw. K. O. Brieley of Belfast kayoed Battling Hastings of Camden in the second, while in the opening, Percy Colson of Belfast went four fast rounds with Charlie Brann of Rockland.

Paul Junior of Lewiston, one of nineteen children, is the active manager of a boxing stable in which four of five brothers are punching their name plates on the jaws of their opponents. They are Paul Junior, who is twenty-eight years of age; Jack (Renault) Labbe, a middleweight, who will be thirty; Arthur K. O. Labbe, a lightweight, who observed his twenty-ninth birthday in April, and Dominic, a middleweight, and the baby of the family, who will be twenty-three in May. Anthony Labbe, who was called "Red" in his fighting days, has retired from the ring.

At Bangor—Dave Castilloux of Waterville moved up another rung on the lightweight ladder when he scored a knockout over Eddie Bangs of Cambridge, Mass., in the second round of a scheduled six-round bout. In the semi-final, Tommy Regan of Bangor pulled a surprise when he handed the durable and courageous Johnny Lawless of Bangor a terrific six-round lacing. Lawless, a K.O. puncher, was unable to land his heavy rights on the darting Regan and the latter beat him unmercifully about the body. In the top preliminary, little Bobby Campbell, 131, of Brewer, jabbed his way to a sweeping victory over Walter Reynolds, 129, of Rockland. Campbell was far too classy and took every round. In the opening four-rounder, Frank Peavey, 136, of Brewer, made good his professional debut when he came fast in the last round to win the verdict over Rookie Wright of Belfast, 133 pounds.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

IRISH EDDIE DOLAN, Waterbury fisticuffer, displayed boxing skill to triumph over Bobby Cortez of Mexico in a six-round bout.

Pete Koloffo, the fighting Bulgarian, continues on his winning ways and turned in ring wins over Tony Grebb and Jackie Reernen.

Phil Baker, Norwalk clouter, met defeat at the hands of Maxie Berger.

Harry Gentile, Hartford warrior, dropped a points decision to Havana Kid at New York.

Eddie Hogan, heavyweight, slammed out a six-round victory over Al Gratchel of Cleveland. Gratchel was floored four times.

Al Nelson Gainer, New Haven colored kayo artist, outscored Bud Mignault in a ten-rounder. Mignault hit the deck for a nine count in the ninth round.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

ALL'S quiet on the Syracuse fistic front with no pro cards scheduled until the outdoor season rolls around. It is likely several big shows will go in at the Municipal Stadium this summer. Utica and Binghamton will also operate during the summer months.

Following his decision loss to Billy Conn at Pittsburgh, Babe Risko, former middleweight champion, wisely decided on a two months' rest from active ring competition. The Babe has been training and fighting too much and Gabe Genovese believes a layoff will do Risko a world of good. Risko plans to marry his childhood sweetheart, Miss Sally Cibor, this month.

A show featuring Ralph De John and Joe Lyons, scheduled for Binghamton last month, was cancelled despite an attractive ticket sale. Al Stern, owner of the club, had made a deal with two Syracuse men calling for five shows, but when the local men informed him they would have to put the card over for a week for various reasons, Stern objected, and decided to operate himself.

SHORT RIGHTS—Joey Brown, central New York's best featherweight, is angling for a bout with Indian Quintana . . . . Don Willets, Utica promoter, is putting over wrestling at the Utica Armory, but will go back to his first love, boxing, at the Stadium this summer . . . . Bill Schwartz, widely known throughout the newspaper world as circulation man for various papers, has opened a cigar and news store here, and is also handling fight and wrestling tickets . . . . Tony Kelly, demon golfer, picks most of the winners correctly, but never bets on fights . . . . Ralph De John, Joe Netro's crack middleweight, looks more like Jimmy Slattery every day . . . . De John and Jimmy Clark will go in Buffalo again, their last meeting having set a record with an $8,002 gate . . . . To fight fans who have flooded me with letters requesting autographed photos of Babe Risko: Please write Gabe Genovese, 133 Cresline Drive, Syracuse, N. Y., as we have run out of the pictures . . . . To Ken Ferguson: No spot for Joe Lipps here at this time as Olympic Club has suspended activities until summer time . . . . Bob Kenefick, Jr., son of the *Journal* sports editor, pinched hit for Leo Bolley over WFBL sports time, and did a fine job . . . . Bob gave boxing a big play . . . . Nick Stemmler, fightcaster of WSYR, went to Chicago for the radio men's convention.

The Ring decorated the walls of Jack Dempsey's, Mickey Walker's and Tony Canzoneri's Restaurants. Let us furnish photos for your grills.

WHY SUFFER FROM THESE AFFLICTIONS?

We can help you correct them at home. Write confidentially, TENS-O-METER, 939 - 8th Avenue, Room 203, New York City

After many years of research and practical application of perfected scientific principles with successful results uniformly attained, I have developed an outstanding substitute for manual resistance which is not only comparatively inexpensive but also safe for all to use. The climax of my efforts has produced the **Pilates' Tens-O-Meter** which is now available at a nominal cost within the reach of everybody.

My printed chart accompanying each Tens-O-Meter gives simple and full explanations covering the carefully-selected exercises recommended for the improvement and correction of the various conditions set forth thereon.

The Pilates' Tens-O-Meter is a simple, scientific apparatus.

It is a small, compact, inexpensive and portable exercise device that is designed to improve your personal appearance and develop your body as it should be.

The Tens-O-Meter is substantially an exercise device that is broadly applicable to all parts of your body as graphically pictured and indicated in the printed chart which I give you that explains its many uses as applied to specific parts of your body. It is suitable for men and women.

Send for particulars to

PILATES' TENS-O-METER

939 Eighth Avenue, New York City, N. Y., U. S. A.

From MILO to LONDOS

From MILO to LONDOS

by NAT FLEISCHER

Limited Edition

The story of wrestling through the Ages, from 2000 B.C. to 1936.

Contains a complete history of the heavyweight championship from William Muldoon to Dean Detton.

A complete history of early wrestling traced through every country.

Beautifully bound — Autographed by the author Nat Fleischer, Editor and Publisher of THE RING.

100 illustrations—old masters—present day stars.

Only 995 copies of this limited edition printed.

Order now so that you won't be disappointed.

Send check or money order to

Nat Fleischer, THE RING
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
825 8TH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Please send me ..... copies of your Limited Edition of "From Milo to Londos to Detton," for which find check or money order for $3.25.

Name .....

Street .....

State or country .....

Nat Fleischer's

Universal BOXING COURSE

A Home Course in Scientific Boxing

« Nine Lessons »

that's all ! ! !

Two Weeks for Each Lesson

You get one book every two weeks or can get all books at one time. Tell me which you prefer.

For $6.00

you get two sets of booklets, either every two weeks until the nine have been sent, or all at one time, according to your choice, and you also get two pairs of boxing trunks and two shirts, one for yourself and one for the pal who is going to train with you.

If you don't want two sets of books, (ONLY ONE), then the price for the complete set of nine books and the two trunks and two shirts is only $5.00.

Get some pal to go into this with you and share the expense—split it two ways. That means that the course costs each of you only $2.50, and only $1.00 extra if your pal wants to get the nine booklets the same as you are to get.

Study Together *and* Train Together

Boxing skill can best be developed by working out the lessons in actual exercises with a friend.

If you don't want the trunks and shirts, then send only $3.98 and get one set of booklets without the trunks and shirts.

The Universal Boxing Course contains also special exercises, such as boxers use to keep in trim and to prepare for the strenuous sport.

In the Universal Boxing Course, I had the collaboration of

JACK DEMPSEY
The greatest fighter of modern times.

TONY CANZONERI
Holder of three championships.

TOMMY LOUGHRAN
The Marvel of Modern Scientific Boxing.

Fill out and mail with a Money Order ($5.00 for one set of books and 2 trunks and 2 shirts; or $6.00 for two sets of books) and 2 sets of trunks and shirts; or $3.98 for one set of books, no trunks or shirts.

Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course
Madison Square Garden, New York City, N. Y.

Name .....
(Print)

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Size of Trunks ..... Pal's Size of Trunks .....

Size of Shirt ..... Pal's Size of Shirt .....

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

TOMMY O'LOUGHLIN, Sioux City boxing promoter and manager, who has been making Los Angeles his headquarters during the winter months, is slated to return home along about the time this copy hits the press. O'Loughlin recently bought the contract of Perfecto Lopez, a tough Mexican lightweight.

O'Neil, Nebr.—Results of a boxing card staged here were as follows: Junior Vanderlinden beat Lester Davidson; Robert Gonn defeated Allan Spindler; Billy Randall won from Walter Cole; Andy Schaaht and Max Wolfe fought to a fast draw; Charles Smith and Walter Spangler drew; Bork Hunt and Jack Vincent drew; Maywood Bruegman and Jimmy Harty drew; Young Fick and Young Cavenaugh drew.

Sioux City, Ia.—In the only big boxing card of the month staged under the promotion of Ty Dillon, the Chicago C. Y. O. boxing team defeated the Tristate amateurs before a large crowd.

Brookings, So. Dak.—Five South Dakota State College boxing champions were crowned in the first all-college boxing tournament staged as an intramural sport under the direction of Al Arndt. Jerry Stablein, Aberdeen, won the heavyweight title, outpointing Clifford ("Farmer") Dale of Lynd, Minn. Ray O'Rourke, Highmore, was winner of the light-heavyweight crown over Arden Brill, Aberdeen, and Harry Willey, Brookings, pounded out a close decision over Alex Oppelt of New Ulm, Minn., in the welter class. Peter Schumaker, Aberdeen, outpointed Everett Schuelke of Mud Butte in the featherweight division, and John Malcolm, Newell, won the decision over Charles O'Rourke, Highmore, in the bantam class.

Sioux City, Ia.—The boxing tournament staged in the Trinity Gym ended with three T.K.O.'s, eleven decision bouts and one draw.

Mason City, Ia.—Ralph O'Dell, Ottumwa, Ia., heavyweight, had his winning streak halted when he dropped a decision to Mike Klomp of Lime Springs in a six-round bout. Outweighing his opponent by thirty pounds, O'Dell was unable to solve the unorthodox southpaw style of Klomp.

Marcus, Ia.—A capacity crowd attended the second boxing card of the season staged here under the direction of B. R. Crowningshield.

Omaha, Nebr.—The Chicago and Omaha C. Y. O. boxers broke even in an intercity duel, with each team winning six bouts. Three thousand fans witnessed the program.

Des Moines, Ia.—Bobby Venner, Hastings, Neb., welterweight, who has been making his home in Des Moines, and under the management of Pinkie George, has announced his retirement from the ring. Venner was considered one of the best prospects in Iowa. In his last bout he defeated Wild Bill Hendrix of Perry, Ia.

Mason City, Ia.—A large crowd turned out for the American Legion Golden Gloves tournament staged here. The tournament produced a number of good prospects.

Osage, Ia.—Stacyville won an intercity boxing meet with Osage here. The winners captured four out of the scheduled five bouts on the program. The fifth ended in a draw. Joe Gilles, Stacyville light-heavyweight, scored a T.K.O. over Virgil Adrian of Osage in the main event.

Washington, Ia.—One of the largest crowds of the season turned out to witness the boxing show presented by local promoters, who have plans to feature some of the leading Iowa boxers on their future programs.

If you have boxing news of interest, please mail same to the writer at either the Sioux City *Tribune* or our home address, 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Ia.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—Boxing promoters around this section are pushing forth every effort to develop boxing talent by holding amateur tournaments . . . . For the past two years, professional fighters around here have been at a very low ebb . . . . Through these tournaments there is no doubt that a number of prospects will be uncovered, and the promoters of the tournaments should be given a pat on the back for their interest in the sport . . . . Al Pahl reports that he will start training for a comeback . . . . Pahl, when he is right, is no soft touch . . . . He will fight as a lightweight . . . . Sailor Burke is looking around for prospects for his stable . . . . Ray Mann, veteran middleweight, has also started to train, and will take off in a number of tune-up bouts . . . . Ross Abramo, manager of Andy Miller, light-heavyweight, has a number of bouts lined up for his ace . . . . Abramo has several fighters under his wing.

Joe Louis showed his wares in Des Moines under the promotion of Pinkie George . . . . Johnny Miler, Albia, Ia., light-heavyweight, has returned home from Los Angeles, Cal., and will remain in this vicinity for several weeks . . . . Miler is the boy who knocked Louis down seven times in their amateur days . . . . Irish Mickey Walker, formerly of Fort Dodge, Ia., is booking himself from Sioux City . . . . Walker is going good in Chicago . . . . He just recently punched out a win over Johnny Campbell of Alberta, Can.

Ty Dillon, Sioux City boxing promoter, is getting things lined up for the outdoor season . . . . Clayton Johnson, Sioux City *Journal* amateur Golden Gloves featherweight champion, fought for the championship of the Chicago *Tribune* Golden Gloves tournament . . . . He was defeated by William Joyce of Gary, Ind. . . . . Johnson spent several weeks in Chicago training . . . . Tony Chavez, Los Angeles featherweight, halted the winning streak of Everette Rightmire by winning a decision in ten-rounds . . . . Jack O'Brien, manager of a stable of boxers in Proctor, Minn., has announced a "sit down" strike for his boxers . . . . He is seeking more pay for their ring services.

At St. Paul, Minn., Bert Paxton, Detroit, Mich., Negro light-heavy, won over Johnny Erjavec of Duluth in ten rounds . . . . Billy Marquart of Winnipeg won over Albert Manriquez of Sioux City . . . . Carl Vinciquerra, Omaha heavyweight, stopped Jimmy Kennedy of St. Paul in the first round . . . . Whitey Walden of Albert Lea, Minn., scored a T.K.O. over Buzz Smith at Mason City . . . . Guy Sanders is promoting for the American Legion at Lead, So. Dak., and is seeking talent . . . . Reach him at Belle Fourche, So. Dak. . . . . Johnny Apt of Salina, Kans., is also after talent, along with Barney Kofrom of Cleveland, Ohio . . . . Jack Strike and Ben Golden, New York managers are seeking work in Iowa for their stable.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY

By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

HOLMAN WILLIAMS, Chicago welterweight and prime Negro favorite of New Orleans, this time defeated Louis "Kid" Cocoa, New Haven, Conn., star, on points over the twelve-round route at New Orleans. The tussle was the wind-up attraction of the initial show staged by the Lew Raymond-Martin Burke combine and was the third time these two ranking welterweights met each other in the Crescent City. Cocoa won the previous affrays. The "gate" was $5,500, a long way from the recent low averages.

So well were the fans satisfied with Raymond's show that he immediately put the principals into one grand "star" card. In this one Williams knocked out Slugger White of Atlanta, Ga., and Cocoa trounced Tommy Jones of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Although Willard Brown, the transplanted Indiana welterweight now of Baton Rouge, La., on numerous occasions beat the knockout artist, Tracy Cox, he tried to do it over again just once too often, this time going down to a humiliating kayo loss in four rounds. The bout inaugurated the season at Mobile, Ala.

After several months of enthusiastic reception and eliminations, Southern A. A. U. champions were declared. The amateurs representing this territory in the Boston run-off were: Harold Wattigney, flyweight; Conrad Picou, bantamweight; Sam Scurto, featherweight; Jerome Comforto, lightweight; Tom Littleton, welterweight; Bob Shaw, middleweight; Claude Mason, light-heavyweight, and Jim Schoenfeld, heavyweight.

The runner-up amateur class which traveled to St. Louis, Mo., as representation included: Sewele Whitney, flyweight; Joe Zanca, bantamweight; Peter Spinato, featherweight; Jeff Newman, lightweight; Joe Walsh, welterweight; Vic Lacroix, middleweight; Cleve Heyl, light-heavyweight, and Homer Davis, heavyweight.

After a reported successful invasion of Australian rings, Tommy Jones, the colored Brooklynite, found the U. S. A. boys a bit rough. In addition to losing to Louis "Kid" Cocoa, Jones was badly trounced by Jack Elverillo of Chicago, Ill.

Other bouts of interest resulted as follows: Bob Brady was knocked out by Kid Johnson, middleweights. K. O. White buttoned Honey Boy Lee, welterweights. Bill Hargroder stopped Joe Ackman; Joe Civello chilled Tony Ferachi, lightweights. Dewey Cannon beat George Murla, and Elliot Lamerault decisioned Carl Coste, featherweights.

OUTCROPPINGS—With the revival of boxing interest in New Orleans, due to the excellent matchmaking of Lew Raymond, all the old-time personages and places are blooming again . . . . Kelly's Gym was renovated and reopened . . . . Trousers have dusted off seats in the Coliseum Arena, which had long been unoccupied . . . . Abe Katz, the other promoter in town, is by no means idle . . . . He has come out with such stars as Kid Chocolate and others . . . . In communicating, please inclose postage if answers are expected . . . . The writer's address is 1028 No. Salcedo, New Orleans, La.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

NATIE BROWN administered a severe pasting to Big Boy Brackey at the Auditorium. Big Boy was knocked down nine times. Brackey should not have been permitted to continue after he hit the canvas three times in the sixth round. The new commission rule makes it mandatory for the referee to stop a fight after three knockdowns in a round. The full card results follow:

Natie Brown, 201, defeated Big Boy Brackey, 211; six rounds, official decision.

Paulie Mahoney, 162½, defeated Tony Tozzo, 165½; six rounds, official decision.

Tommy Tedesco, 138½, defeated Tommy Howells, 133½; six rounds, official decision.

Irish Eddie Dolan, 143½, defeated Bobby Cortez, 150; six rounds, official decision.

Tony Paul, 138½, knocked out Lee Bacca, 139; minute and forty-three seconds of sixth round.

Bill Humphries, 137, won on a technical knockout over Art Fletcher, 133½; second round, stopped by referee owing to cut eye.

Referee, Luke Carr; judges, George Needham and Billy Meyers; timer, Frank E. Klipfel; announcer, Manny Weitz.

Little Jack Donovan, featherweight, and Harry Smith, Indian middleweight, won Golden Glove championships in New York on March 9, when Donovan gave Sammy Ventimilglia of Gotham a pasting and Smith defeated Walter Pavlo of Philadelphia in a gruelling encounter.

Following their sensational showing in New York, Donovan and Smith went on to Chicago for the Golden Gloves tournament at the Chicago Stadium. Both met defeat in the mid-west metropolis, Jackie losing to William Joyce, and Smith suffering a knockout in the first round at the hands of Al Wardlow, a Negro southpaw with a hefty wallop.

Hiram Jackson, Lackawanna colored bantam, lost to Frank Kainrath in a hotly contested bout.

Jimmy Clark has lost two decisions to Ralph De John of Syracuse and it is beginning to look as though Ralph can outbox Jimmy any day in the week. Clark has the punch, but not the science to whip De John.

A CORRECTION—This column erroneously reported Dean Detton as losing a match with George Zaharias here. This was an error as Detton in his only Buffalo appearance made a great showing and won from Lou Plummer. Promoter Jack Herman hopes to use Detton again in a championship match.

Art Johnson, promoter of amateur boxing for the Orioles, has done more to build up the Simonpures than anyone ever connected with the sport hereabouts. Each year Johnson unearths and develops some new fistic star and generally raises the cash to send a team to the National amateur boxing championships.

Big Boy Brackey, who was punched helpless by Natie Brown, ought to heed the advice of friends and quit the ring. The boxing commission should not permit Brackey to be knocked down a dozen times every fight. The solons ought to cancel Big Boy's license. He is all in.

Tony Tozzo is another who should hang 'em up. The brother of Rocky Kansas was a rough, tough kid in his day, but he is a battle-scarred veteran now. Paulie Mahoney, who took two lickings from Jimmy Clark himself, was so far superior to Tozzo that Tony was punched from pillar to post.

Vince Plunkett has severed his relations with the Buffalo Sporting Club. Vince made the matches in the few shows the B. S. C. staged, but local conditions made it tough for him to assemble a decent card of bouts. In the future, it is likely that the club will stick to wrestling. Jack Herman, veteran mat promoter, is in charge and plans to run a show every Friday night. Herman has already made good, increasing his attendance each week.

Irving (Itchkie) Robbins, hustling young manager from Syracuse, was in town with Bob Courage, promising young college amateur . . . . Itchkie says the fight business in Syracuse is having its difficulties. Robbins was at the ringside at the Orioles boxing show esquired by his pal, Red Murray.

FISTIC MISCELLANY—Jimmy Clark and Joe Lyons of Lancaster recently boxed at Oil City, Pa., and Clark won by kayo . . . . The gate was slightly in excess of six hundred dollars . . . . Lyons was no match for the Negro middleweight . . . . A splendid selection: Knockout Brennan's appointment as referee by the State Athletic Commission . . . . Old Kayo was one of the best middleweights ever produced here and still holds his big following on the East Side . . . . This column has been plugging for Brennan's appointment for over two years . . . . It wouldn't be a bad idea for the commission to cut the number of judges here to four . . . . And pick those who know something about boxing . . . . Out-of-town faces predominate on the boxing cards here . . . . Good local talent is mighty scarce . . . . There isn't a topnotch Buffalo fighter left to headline a card . . . . And what a great bunch of fighters used to make up the local brigade . . . . There were Jimmy Duffy, Jimmy Slattery, Knockout Brennan, Dick Loadman, Benny Ross, Jimmy Goodrich, Rocky Kansas, Joe Kansas, Harry Coulin, Bud Christiano and a host of others . . . . Give the fans what they want and they'll turn out in droves . . . . A wonderful opportunity awaits white fighters who can punch . . . . Especially if they are heavyweights, light-heavies or middleweights . . . . The Roesch Memorial Stadium will be completed late this summer . . . . It would be an ideal site for a championship fight . . . . Already Tulane and Colgate are booked for a football game in October . . . . A professional football club may also take the field for Buffalo . . . . Jack Herman is planning some outstanding wrestling tournaments for the open-air season.

George Nichols quit Jack Singer and has gone on to Detroit to do business with Tommy Walsh and Jack Kearns. Nichols stuck with Singer a long time and at one period was an outstanding light-heavyweight.

Tony Paul, brother of Tommy Paul, one-time featherweight title claimant, has also severed relations with Mr. Singer. Tommy Paul is now doing his brother's business.

The Mineo gym at Jefferson and East Eagle Streets is one of the cleanest and most up-to-date little training emporiums your correspondent has come across in a long time. While not as large as Singer's, the Mineo brothers have everything necessary in training equipment and many of the town's best boxers are working there.

Good young heavyweights, light-heavies and middleweights who are free from managerial alliances and contracts can make a connection to show here by writing Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
With SPARKY RUDOLPH

CARMEN BARTH, Cleveland's bid for light-heavy honors, came back to his home city to box Eric Seelig at the Public Hall, with Barney Kofron, well-known health specialist, as the promoter. It was the first boxing show in Cleveland since the Brown Bomber, Louis, stopped Eddie Simms.

Promoter Al Zill of Youngstown had a show which was, I think, the shortest in history. In the feature, Harry Thomas stopped Joe Sofi of Philadelphia in one. Johnny Erjavec kayoed Silent Shelby of Cleveland in a few seconds of the second heat. Tiger Jackson of Akron T.K.O.'ed Art Bate, Cleveland, in one. Johnny Haines of Cleveland was stopped in one by Elmer Sheridan.

Walter Taylor is still packing them in at his weekly wrestling shows, where the fans enjoy seeing the ref thrown out more than they do the wrestlers.

Al Sutphin and Jimmy Avon are the managers of Lem Franklin, hard-hitting heavyweight, who stopped four out of five in the Chicago *Tribune* tourney. He then went back to box on the Chicago team against the New York Golden Gloves champions, where he stopped the New York boy in less than two minutes.

Jimmy Vaughn, Cleveland's baby face, won his first bout when he beat Baby Arizmendi. It is rumored that George Raft is interested in Vaughn's contract.

An amateur boxing show which packed the Metal Trades Temple and was sponsored by the Commission House Drivers' Union Local 400, attracted a large turnout of fans. Young Oscar Gardner, who has been a consistent winner, easily defeated Bobby Martin, 1937 Golden Glove champion, dropping Martin for a count of nine in the fourth round. Midge Mangine, 1937 Golden Glove champ, defeated Ray Gregg in a close match. Tiger Brown defeated Ray Rogers of Akron. Joey Sper beat Johnny Bonus. Geo. Jones of Buffalo won from Harry Moore. Tom Butowicz of Akron defeated Lou Marn, Cleveland. Frank Brenkus defeated Johnny Kochan of Lorain. Johnny Joca defeated Sammy Firentino. Matt Yannie, a good-looking prospect, beat the more experienced Joe Maxim.

JABS FROM CAULIFLOWER ALLEY—Mike Gamiere is back from New York . . . . Jabbering Joe Lewis, former promoter, has opened a cocktail lounge . . . . Joey Simon, a good fighter, has quit the game and is working as a machinist . . . . Little Steve Cala is back from Los Angeles, where he says Joe Kelly has a pretty fair light-heavy . . . . Uncle Lew Raymond is doing well down in New Orleans . . . . Harold Dettman defeated Sam Grippe at Ashtabula . . . . the original Oscar Gardner is running amateur shows monthly at the Cleveland Club, where he is an active member . . . . Lew Silverman is managing the Gold Bond Grill, where the sporting element can be found at any time of the day or evening.

Here is another treat!

With a complete sell-out of

"MODERN WRESTLING, its Holds and Methods"

A newly revised edition has been printed and now is for sale

Following the requests of many of our wrestling students, we have added several chapters and photographs to our unexcelled wrestling book.

For the same price that you paid for the first edition of our book, you can now buy the

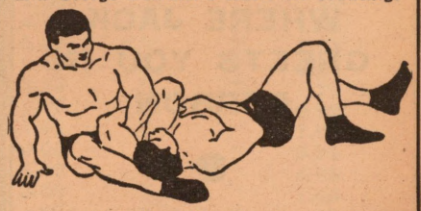
REVISED EDITION

with special chapters on

Frank Gotch's Famous Holds Explained

and Fully Illustrated,

and George Bothner's Hints on Training.



Seventy illustrations like the above, showing all Important Holds, in addition to 80 photographs.
The Most Complete, up-to-the-minute, most thorough book on wrestling ever published.
A training, Muscle Building, Wrestling and History book, all Combined into one.

"Modern Wrestling"

By Jack Curley

Internationally Famous Promoter,

and

Nat Fleischer

Editor and Publisher of THE RING

The addition of the chapters on Gotch's Famous Holds and Bothner's invaluable Hints on Training for Wrestling, makes this book the most prized textbook on wrestling ever published.
Nothing like it ever brought out nor attempted before.
A book that tells you all there is to explain on training methods, your gymnasium workouts, how to build up your muscles for wrestling, what to eat and what not to eat when in training in addition to explaining in minute detail the following:

The Various Holds Most Commonly Used.
How to Counter and How to Block.
How to gain a hold on your opponent.
Describes the most famous holds used by the Most Famous wrestlers of all time, and in addition, with the aid of seventy full-page photographs of present-day and old-time stars, shows pictorially how the holds are obtained.
A book that every wrestler should have.
A book that every high school, prep school and college boy should study.

Even if you purchased the First Edition, you can't miss by investing an extra dollar for the New Revised Second Edition of

"MODERN WRESTLING" Its Methods and Its Holds,

You Get Everything that was in the old edition which is now out of print, and new material on Gotch's Famous Holds and Bothner's Training Hints.
You can't beat that for one dollar. Other concerns ask from $2.00 to $5.00 for books on wrestling that cannot compare to "Modern Wrestling." Get on the band wagon now.

Get your copy today by sending $1.00 in money order to

Nat Fleischer

THE RING BOOK SHOP

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ARCADE, 8th Ave. and 49th St., New York City, N. Y.

FILL OUT THIS ORDER

Enclosed find $1.00 for a copy of "The Revised Modern Wrestling, Its Holds and Methods," with the chapters on Gotch's Famous Holds Explained and Bothner's Training Hints.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

POSITIVELY NO C.O.D. ORDERS MAILED

MEET THE CELEBRITIES

at

JACK DEMPSEY'S

CORNER

"The Sports Headquarters of the World"

WHERE JACK GREETS YOU IN PERSON

●

Popular Prices

Complete Luncheons from 65c

DINNER

Entrees from 85c

●

DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF

JAN BRUNESCO

AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Nightly After 10:30 P.M.

●

Ladies' & Gentlemen's

Bar and Cocktail Room

●

50th St. cor. 8th Ave.

OPPOSITE

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

IN HAWAII

By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

PRO boxing will be buzzing with action in a month or so, what with the arrival of Baby Johnson, Filipino sensation from the mainland. Expected to arrive on the same boat with the Baby was Star Frisco, who failed to catch the boat but will be here at a later date.

Two thousand fans saw Salvador Leboy decision Harry Higa in the main event of the regular weekly amateur card at the Civic Auditorium. Other fight results:

Miguel Abut (Waialua) beat H. Horiuchi (JAAA); Mariano Dias (St. Patrick) decisioned Thomas Leong (Citywide); Rudy Tancayo (St. Patrick) won from Robert McKee (Unat); John Ledesma (St. Patrick) decisioned Herbert De Lima (Waimanalo); R. Miyashiro (Waipahu) decisioned Eddie Liu (Waimanalo); Bob Mip (St. Patrick) decisioned T. Mizusawa (Citywide); Ben Kaai (Citywide) beat Gabriel Vierra (Unat); Eugene Strohlin (Unat) decisioned John Soares (Kahuku); Peter Nishi (JAAA) beat Larry Shima (St. Patrick); N. Leekwai (St. Patrick) won from Ed Leslie (Unat); John Quizon (Citywide) decisioned H. Akamine (St. Patrick); Sam Rodrigues (Waialua) decisioned T. Castillo (Waipahu); Francis Lum (St. Patrick) decisioned Myles Narimatsu (Waialua); F. Fernandez (St. Patrick) won from Paul Nobriga (Citywide); Juan Lucero (Kahuku) decisioned Roger Omura (St. Patrick); James Konno (Waipahu) decisioned Johnny Chong (Citywide); Harold Krause (St. Patrick) beat Ronald Robb (Citywide); Sadao Amioka (JAAA) decisioned Alex Awa (St. Patrick); and Lucas Pasion (Waipahu) decisioned Douglas Tanaka (St. Patrick).

There have been more promising amateur fighters developed in recent years and many are contemplating joining the pro ranks after the season is over in the latter part of March. Among them here are the lists: David Young, bantamweight; Harry Higa, featherweight; Frank Fernandez, lightweight; Salvador Leboy, featherweight; and Jose Mercado, flyweight.

Altogether fifteen fighters from the Philippines, Japan and mainland will be imported to Honolulu as was revealed by the various promoters. From Mark Choo of the Enterprises, Ltd., came word that he has arranged with George Blake, who was here a year or so ago, to bring with him five fighters from the mainland. The first three to come here are Joey Rosenberg, Everett Rightmire and George Hansford. Jimmy Christy and John Brown are expected here later.

From Manila will come these notables: Cunning Nene, bantam; Little Dado, flyweight; and B. De Guzman, featherweight; while from Japan there will be Umio Gen, outstanding bantam, and Joe Eagle, who recently beat Piston Horiguchi, but the decision was given to Piston to keep Piston's slate clean.

In a sensational "natural," with the featherweight title at stake, Adolph Samuels, hard-hitting Puerto Rican, successfully defended his crown when he gained a draw verdict from Young Tony in one of the "thrills of thrills" before two thousand hysterical fans at the Civic Auditorium, a card sponsored by the Woodrow Wilson Post 10. Altogether six knockdowns were scored during the eight-round toe-to-toe slugfest. The champion weighed in at 123 while Tony hit the beam at 124.

In the semi-windup, Tony Roccaforte polished off Packo Pass in the second round with a left stab to the nose; Abe Konaaihele won from Freddy Imperial; Manuel Bochan kayoed Kid Libaste in three; Kid Frederico, an old-timer, decisioned Johnny Cabanela; Bobby Kakutani fought a draw with Kid Mamaclay.

Baby Johnson, junior welterweight, who recently hit port from the mainland, was introduced from the ring. He will meet Kid Moro shortly.

In a great Simon-pure card, Richard Lee, unattached southpaw, dethroned lightweight champion Antone Generalao of Waialua in the main event. A crowd of five thousand spectators saw the milling. Other fight results:

Hilary Wong (St. Patrick) beat N. Nakamoto (Kakaako); Herbert de Lima (Waimanalo) kayoed Hermo Madolora (Waipahu) in two rounds; M. Furuta (Kahuku) finished Eddie Lui (Waimanalo), first round; Roy Strohlin (Unat) T.K.O.'ed John Camanse (Hawaiian Pines) in 3 rounds; Peter Nishi (JAAA) beat Bob Kiyono (Waipahu); Eddie Yasui (Waipahu) beat Harry Higa (St. Patrick); Alexander Awo (St. Patrick) decisioned F. Harada (Kakaako); Jimmy Ing (Unat) beat E. Strohlin (Unat); R. Miyashiro (Waipahu) beat Takeo Sato (JAAA); W. Murakami (JAAA) decisioned N. Navarro (Waialua); F. Fernandez (St. Patrick) T.K.O.'ed Peter Chang (Unat) in 3; Sadao Amioka (JAAA) T.K.O.'ed Gilbert Higa (St. Patrick) in two; Fred Yasui (Waipahu) decisioned Herbert Rego (St. Patrick); A. Medeiros (Unat) T.K.O.'ed Edward Leslie (Unat) in three; D. Fernandez (St. Patrick) decisioned Kenji Nobori (JAAA); David Young (St. Patrick) beat Lucas Pasion (Waipahu); Jose Mercado (St. Patrick) beat Tom King (Palama); and Kenji Horie (JAAA) T.K.O.'ed James Konno (Waipahu) in the third round.

PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!

By CONRADO MATA

LITTLE PANCHO, kid brother of the late Pancho Villa, world's flyweight champion, has been offered to fight Benny Lynch, present world's flyweight champion, in a titular fight in London some time this year. Pancho has been offered to battle the tiny kingpin for five thousand dollars by John Rogers, English promoter. Lynch recently earned the right to the title by closely beating Small Montana, Little Pancho's former sparring partner.

Little Pancho, in what was supposed to have been his farewell appearance prior to the continental invasion, gave away reach, height and weight to Clever Sison, veteran featherweight and once conqueror of Baby Arizmendi, when that stunt was still a novelty, and stopped him in the ninth of a scheduled twelve-round scramble.

The Philippine Boxing Association, of which Justo Porcuna is the president and Bebeng Gutierrez is the matchmaker and promoter, led with the wrong foot by antagonizing the various Manila sports editors with consequent fatal results for the P. B. A. Play ball with the "boys," Messrs. Porcuna and Gutierrez. They are regular fellows, like you and me.

Dencio Cabanela, Jr., son of the great Dencio, continued on his way to glory by stopping Star Sac in two. Junior has so far won most of his bouts.

Naning Sangle, brain storm of the Sangle Brothers' Sports Enterprises, is planning to hold another mammoth boxing show which he says will be bigger and better than the Guzman-Pineda featherweight championship fight.

After losing to B. de Guzman in their initial fight at the Rizal Tennis Stadium a month ago, Cris Pineda, bantamweight titlist, decisioned the former in a return go to win the 126-pound crown.

Clever Henry, kingpin of the lighties, had a difficult time with ponderous Young Narsing in the supporting main event to the Pancho vs. Sison mix-up.

Local sportsmen and boxing scribes had a grand time at the inauguration of the modern gymnasium of the Sangle Brothers' Sports Enterprises. A bevy of beauties from the Palace Theatre and Cine Savoy graced and enlivened the occasion.

Korean Chin, featherweight and hitherto an unknown, surprisingly defeated Ventura Marquez of Mexico City in a ten-rounder. Marquez's Philippine featherweight championship was at stake.

We haven't heard from Arsenic Lacson, Dr. Joaquin Quintos, Dr. Pablo Anido and Danny Capili for the past few months. Mac Bayan Rivera's continued absence from the game can be accounted for by his zealous interest over the billiard tournament at the Employees' Recreation Hall. Mac told the writer that the cue and the billiard ball make a better proposition than the resin and the padded mitts.

BOXING IN LIMA, PERU

By PROF. WILFRED STEPHENSON

LUIS GUTIERREZ'S partner, Willie del Pino, Cuban manager, who has been over here since last year, has announced the early arrival in Lima of Baby de la Paz (welterweight) and Kid Bradad (lightweight), both from Havana. Baby de la Paz is well known in this city, where he successfully performed last year against Max Aguirre, Oscar Galván and Luis Marfurt. Before returning to Havana, the Baby stopped over at Kingston, Jamaica, where he was not very successful.

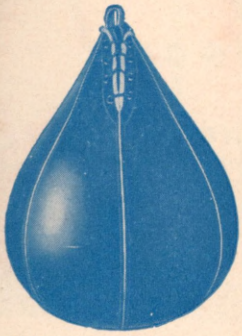
Kid Bradad, according to Del Pino's information, is known in Havana as the "Oriental Phenomenon," and it is said that his style of fighting is much like that of Kid Chocolate, the former Cuban marvel. He has scored K.O.'s over such men as Kid Sila and Joe Coego, the lightweight champion of Cuba. Baby de la Paz is to meet Raul Carabantes, "the Valdivian Express" of Chile in a ten-round scuffle on April 17, and Bradad will tackle Carlos Abate, the Uruguayan lightweight.

According to an announcement made to me by Ruggero de Santis, by the time this appears in print, the following boxers will have arrived in Lima for the purpose of brightening up things still more this season: Middleweights—Raul Carnese and Alfonso Sknof, from the Argentine; heavyweights—Ernesto Carnese, José Fernandez, David Werner and Dionisio Cristante from the Argentine, Victorino Andrade from Chile; welterweights—Oscar Busoni from Italy, and Jesus Rodil from Venezuela; lightweight—Carlos Abate from Uruguay; featherweight—José Wilson from Chile. It is evident that Lima will be having a hot time soon, it being given out that there will be shows twice a week.

SPECIAL VALUES

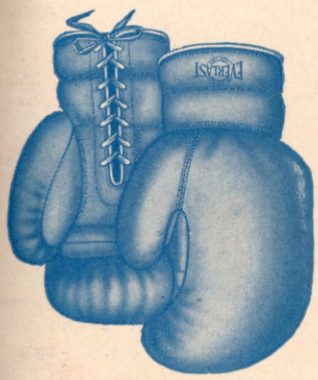
in EVERLAST EQUIPMENT

NOTE THE STRIKINGLY LOW PRICES



STRIKING BAGS $4.95

SOLID COLOR TIGHTS 59c



14-oz. GLOVES $9.95

BOXING SHOES $3.25

JSR	Skipping Rope	Regularly	$ .75	SPECIAL PRICE	$ .39
SR	Skipping Rope	"	2.00	"	1.39
R20	Boxing Shoes	"	7.00	"	4.25
R160	Boxing Shoes	"	5.00	"	3.25
RKWP	Knuckle & Wrist Protector	"	10.00	"	6.95
RHB	Handbandages	"	1.00	"	.59
R4	Striking Bag Gloves	"	2.00	"	1.25
R3	Striking Bag Gloves	"	3.00	"	1.95
RB 60	Striking Bag	"	6.00	"	3.45
RB 10	Striking Bag	"	8.00	"	4.95
5710	Speed Bag	"	11.00	"	6.95
1596	Striking Bag Bladder	"	1.00	"	.59
R 1	Earguard	"	4.00	"	1.95
RH2	Earguard	"	5.00	"	2.95
R 30	Training Jerseys	"	5.00	"	2.95
RBU	Sweat Shirts	"	1.50	"	.79
E 39-	14 oz. training gloves	"	16.00	"	9.95
JD1	12 oz. Jack Dempsey gloves	"	14.00	"	7.95
JD2	10 oz. Jack Dempsey gloves	"	10.00	"	5.95
RBGT2	Gene Tunney Boxing gloves	"	8.00	"	4.45
R 2MC	Aluminum cup supporter	"	3.00	"	1.45
REB	Supporter elastic	"	.50	"	.29
RS	Athletic Training Shirt	"	1.00	"	.37
RST	Boxing Trunks—all colors	"	1.50	"	.59
	Official Boxing Trunks— Blk & Red—Purple & Blue	"	2.50	"	.95
	Special colors to order	"		"	1.25

NO DISCOUNT ALLOWED FROM THESE SPECIAL PRICES

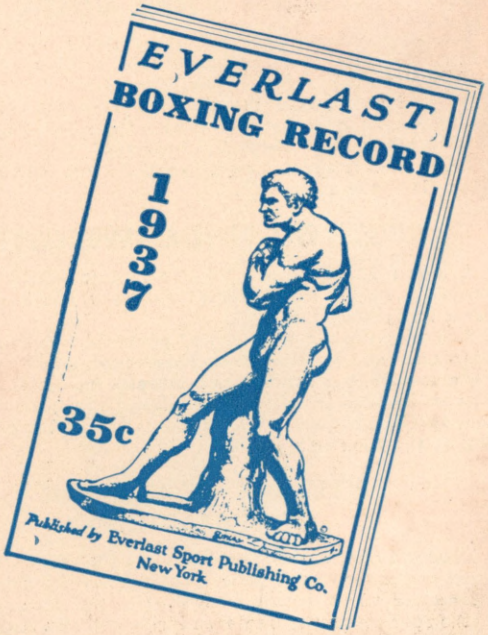
ALL C.O.D. orders must be accompanied by a deposit of 35% of the amount of order.
Add 10% to cash orders for postage.
On Foreign orders send full amount by postal or express money order.

Get Your Copy of the 1937 Record Book TODAY!

On Newsstands 35c, by Mail 40c

FREE CATALOG!

Send your name and address for a copy of this free list of bargains in boxing equipment. Or ask us to include one with your order.

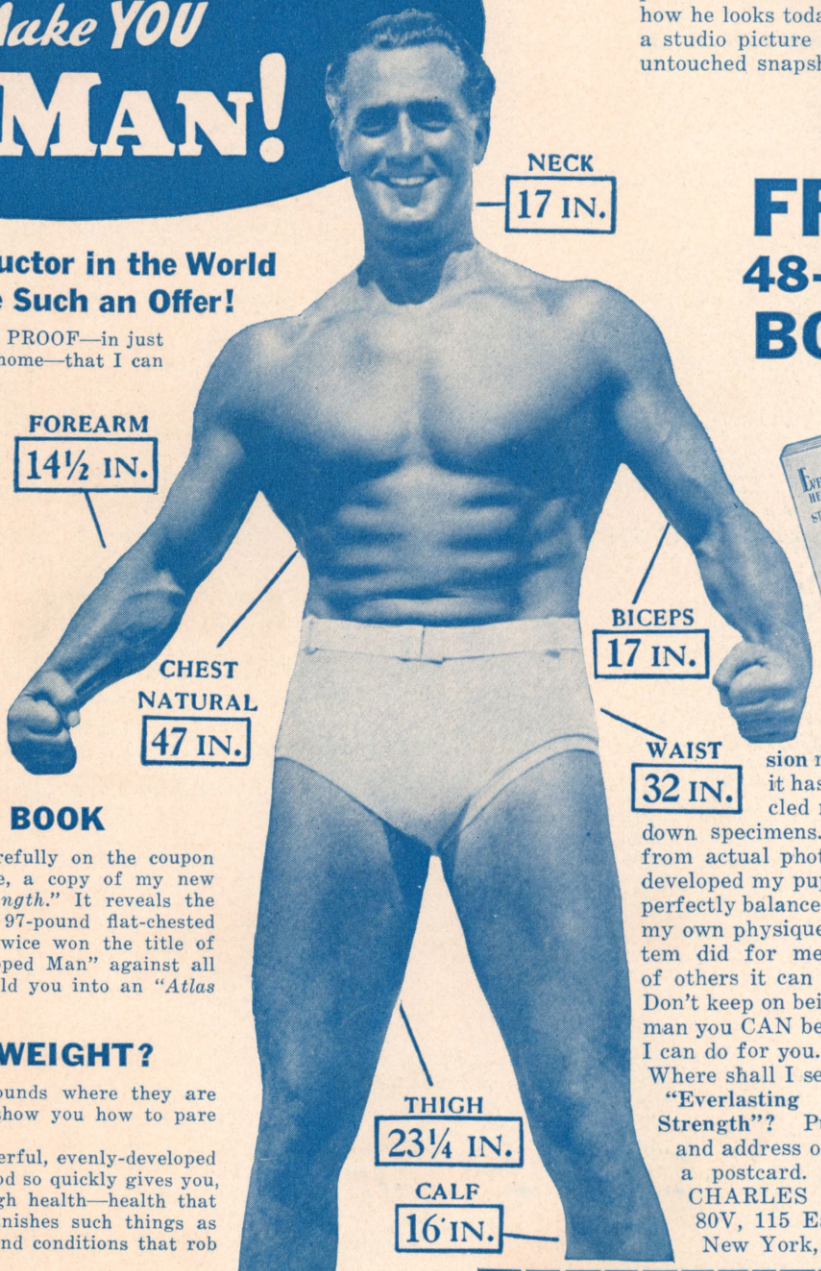


29 W 14th Street **EVERLAST** New York City

Lend Me Your Body for 7 Days...

and I'll Give You PROOF I Can Make YOU a NEW MAN!

NOTE: This is the latest photo of Charles Atlas showing how he looks today. This is not a studio picture but an actual untouched snapshot.



No Other Physical Instructor in the World Has Ever DARED Make Such an Offer!

ALL I want is a chance to give you PROOF—in just 7 days, and right in your own home—that I can give YOU the mighty muscles and boundless energy you want! Right in the first week under my guidance you will see and feel the improvement! Then as my weekly instructions arrive in your home you continue to re-build, renew and "overhaul" your body. By the end of three months you are the owner of a powerful body that you will be proud to display.

People will notice the ruddy glow of health in your face, the sparkle in your clear eyes, your broad shoulders, and they will seek your company. You will be the fellow who will walk off with the prettiest girl and the best job while the others wonder how you did it!

GET MY FREE BOOK

Write your name and address carefully on the coupon below. I'll send you, absolutely free, a copy of my new book, *"Everlasting Health and Strength."* It reveals the secrets that changed me from a 97-pound flat-chested weakling into a husky fellow who twice won the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" against all comers! And it shows how I can build you into an *"Atlas Champion"* the same way.

ARE YOU UNDERWEIGHT?

Are you underweight? I'll add pounds where they are needed! Are you fat in spots? I'll show you how to pare down to fighting trim.

And with the big muscles and powerful, evenly-developed body that my *Dynamic-Tension* method so quickly gives you, I'll also give you through-and-through health—health that digs down into your system and banishes such things as constipation, pimples, skin blotches and conditions that rob you of the good things of life.

I'VE GOT NO USE FOR CONTRAPTIONS

I haven't any need for contraptions that may strain your heart and other vital organs. I don't dose you or doctor you. *Dynamic-Tension* is all I need. It's my natural, tested method for developing real men inside and out. It distributes added pounds of powerful muscles over your body, gets rid of surplus fat, and gives you the vitality, strength and pep that win you the admiration of every woman and the respect of any man.

Get my free book, *"Everlasting Health and Strength!"* Mail my coupon today. Gamble a stamp to prove I can make YOU a new man!

GET FREE BOOK NOW...

FREE 48-PAGE BOOK

It tells you all about my **Dynamic-Tension** method, and how it has made big-muscled men out of run-down specimens. It shows you, from actual photos, how I have developed my pupils to the same perfectly balanced proportions of my own physique. What my system did for me and hundreds of others it can do for you too. Don't keep on being only half the man you CAN be! Find out what I can do for you.

Where shall I send your copy of **"Everlasting Health and Strength"?** Put your name and address on the coupon, or a postcard. Mail it today. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 80V, 115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 80V,
115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of *Dynamic-Tension* will make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name .....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City ..... State .....